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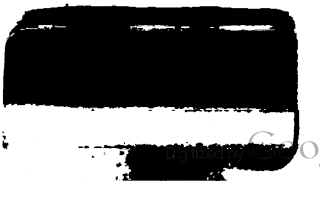

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THE attention of our readers has already been called to a subject, to which, the more it is considered the more importance must be attached—we mean that of children's books, which, no less in quality than in quantity, constitute one of the most peculiar literary features of the present day. The first obvious rule in writing for the amusement or instruction of childhood, is to bear in mind that it is not the extremes either of genius or dullness which we are to address—that it is of no use writing up to some minds or down to others—that we have only to do with that large class of average ability, to be found in children of healthy mental and physical formation, among whom in after life the distinction consists not so much in a difference of gifts as in the mode in which they have been led to use them. In a recent article our remarks were chiefly confined to a set of books in which not only this but every other sense and humanity of juvenile writing had been so utterly defied, that the only consolation for all the misery they had inflicted, consisted in the reflection that—however silly the infatuation which had given them vogue here—they were not of English origin. We now propose casting a sort of survey over that legion for which we are more responsible—taking first into consideration the general characteristics of those which we believe to be mistaken both as

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to means and end—from which many who are concerned in the education of children are vainly expecting good results, and to which many who know nothing about the matter are falsely attributing them.

In this department the present times profess to have done more than any other; and it has become a habit, more perhaps of conventional phraseology than of actual conviction, to congratulate the rising generation on the devotion of so many writers to their service. Nevertheless there are some circumstances contingently connected with this very service, which may warrant us in expressing doubts as to the unqualified philanthropy of those who enter it. Considering the sure sale which modern habits of universal education provide for children's books—the immense outfit required by schools and masters, and the incalculable number annually purchased as presents, it would be, upon the whole, matter of far more legitimate surprise if either the supplies were less abundant, or the suppliers, some of them, more conscientious. Ever since the days of Goldsmith the writing and editing of children's works has been a source of ready emolument—in no class of literature does the risk bear so small a proportion to the reward,—and consequently in no class has the system of *mere manufacture* been carried to such an extent.

After the bewilderment of ideas has somewhat subsided which inevitably attends the first entrance into a department of reading so overstocked and where the minds of the writers are so differently actuated, and those of the readers so variously estimated, the one broad and general impression left with us is that of the excessive ardour for *teaching* which prevails throughout. No matter how these authors may differ as to the mode, they all agree as to the necessity of presenting knowledge to the mind under what they conceive to be the most intelligible form, and in getting down as much as can be swallowed. With due judgment and moderation, this, generally speaking, is the course which all instructors would pursue; nevertheless it is to the extreme to which it has been carried that parents and teachers have to attribute the stunted mental state of their little scholars, who either have been plied with a greater quantity of nourishment than the mind had strength or time to digest, or under the interdict laid on the imagination, in this mania for explanation, have been compelled to drag up the hill of knowledge with a wrong set of muscles. Doubtless the storing up of knowledge at an age when the powers of acquisition are most ductile and most tenacious, is of the utmost moment; but a child's head is a measure, holding only a given quantity at a time, and, if overfilled, liable not to be carried steadily. Also, it is one

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one thing to stock the mind like a dead thing, and another to make it forage for itself; and of incalculably more value is one voluntary act of acquirement, combination, or conclusion, than hundreds of passively accepted facts. Not that the faculties can be said to lie inactive beneath this system of teaching—on the contrary, the mere mental mechanism is frequently exerted to the utmost; but the case is much the same as in the present modern school of music, where, while the instrument itself is made to do wonders, the real sense of harmony is sacrificed. For it is a fact confirmed both by reason and experience, and one which can alone account for the great deficiency of spontaneous and native power—that which comes under the denomination of genius—in the schools, English and foreign, where these modes of instruction are pursued—that the very art with which children are taught exactly stifles that which no art can teach.

As regards also the excessive clearness of explanation, insisted upon now-a-days as the only road to sureness of apprehension, it is unquestionably necessary that a child should, in common parlance, understand what it acquires. But this again must be taken with limitation; for Nature, not fond apparently of committing too much power into a teacher's hand, has decreed that unless a child be permitted to acquire beyond what it positively understands, its intellectual progress shall be slow, if any. As Sir Walter Scott says, in his beautiful preface to the Tales of a Grandfather, 'There is no harm, but, on the contrary, there is benefit in presenting a child with ideas beyond his easy and immediate comprehension. The difficulties thus offered, if not too great or too frequent, stimulate curiosity and encourage exertion.' We are so constituted that even at the maturest state of our minds—when length of experience has rendered the feeling of disappointment one almost unjustifiable in our own eyes—we find the sense of interest for a given object, and feeling of its beauty to precede far more than to follow the sense of comprehension—or, it were better said, the belief of fully comprehending; —but with children, who only live in anticipation, this is more conspicuously the case; in point of fact they delight most in what they do *not* comprehend. Those therefore who insist on keeping the sense of enjoyment rigidly back, till that of comprehension has been forcibly urged forward—who stipulate that the one shall not be indulged till the other be appeased—are in reality but retarding what they most affect to promote: only inducing a prostration, and not a development of the mental powers. In short, a child thus circumstanced is submitting his understanding and not exerting it—a very deplorable exchange.

'The law of Nature,' in Coleridge's words, 'has irrevocably

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decreed that the way to knowledge shall be long, difficult, winding, and oftentimes returning upon itself.' Thus, to a vulgar apprehension, a child's mind will be apparently sailing away from its object, when in truth it is only following the devious current which securely leads to it. Of all the errors in education that of overmuch dependence upon teaching is most to be dreaded, because least to be rectified. On this account it is, that, even under the most judicious direction, regular series of lessons never do so much good as when a gap is left here and there for the mind's own operations. There is a self-development in what is involuntarily preferred and unconsciously chosen, which the regular habits of mechanical acquirement are indispensable to promote, but insufficient to attain; there is a wisdom gained to the mind in being left to know both what it can do for itself and what it needs from others, which a continuous form of instruction may assist but can never impart; and those parents or teachers can know but little of the real nature of education, or of the being they have to educate, who hesitate to confess that, after all they may have taught him, the nicest art consists in knowing where to leave him to teach himself.

Such views are far too humiliating to find favour in times when a presumptuous faith is placed alike in the means and ends of mere lifeless acquisition; when the value of knowledge is vulgarly computed only by the numbers of things known and not by their influence on the spirit, and when a melancholy disregard is shown for those higher departments of moral training, the necessity for which increases with the increase of attainment. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that the province of external control should be, by many Mentors, directly reversed in application—enforced where least beneficial, and suspended where most needful. If, accordingly, we have, on the one hand, a set of books, whose greatest art consists in reducing all the healthy portions of the mind to a mere receptive machine, and furnishing every kind of splint and bandage for such distorted limbs as perfect liberty can alone restore—we find, on the other, an equally voluminous class whose highest aim is to encourage voluntary development where voluntary improvement is least to be expected, and to emancipate those departments of the will and the reason for which we know 'service alone is perfect freedom.' Nevertheless there will be times when this cross-purposed emancipation presses somewhat heavily on those who have granted it; there must be seasons when it is good for these little independents to be amenable to some authority—and it is rather amusing to trace what provision has been made for such excessive emergencies. It stands to reason that such enlightened theorists would never

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never dream of the old-fashioned slavery of implicit obedience, nor the old-fashioned tyranny of absolute authority; instead therefore of the former a host of arguments are resorted to in order to break to the infantine mind, in the most delicate manner possible, the expedience of some kind of submission—voluntary of course—while, instead of the latter, a host of apologies are put into the mouths of parents for the excessive liberty of requiring their children to do—how can we express what is so derogatory to their dignity?—to do as they are bid! The consequences of these measures may be easily foreseen; the mind to which we apply such means of conviction has unquestionably the right of remaining unconvinced; and children must be duller than we should wish them to be, who cannot discover that, however admirable the argument, they are still at perfect liberty to dissent.

But to return to that idolatry of teaching which we have designated as the broadest mark of the present juvenile school—we cannot proceed without slightly adverting to those books of compound instruction and amusement in which these tendencies are most carried out, and of the multifarious nature of which something was said on a former occasion. For though a further examination of the subject has the more acquainted us with the excessive ingenuity displayed in this amphibious race, it has also the more convinced us that the ingenuity is utterly wasted; —that by a large class of grown-up readers, the works in question are upheld for those very qualities of amusement and interest in which they are most deficient. We admit that it is difficult for a matured mind, in all cases, to form a precise estimate of what is interesting to a child—that it is necessary to recover somewhat of their brightness of vision and keenness of appetite, before we can detect, like them, the schoolmaster beneath every modern variety of sheep's clothing, or feel, like them, what a complete kill-joy he must be to their tastes. But in some instances surely there can be no mistake: in these can any one turn three pages without comprehending how odious it must be to a child to have his head, on all occasions, thrust before his heart—to feel that, whatever path of enjoyment he may enter, an ambuscade of knowledge is lurking ready to rush down upon him and intercept it? What grown up lady, for example, while engrossed in a beautiful poem, could bear to stop and be informed whether the verse were in iambics, or trochaics, dactylics, or anapæstics, with a long dissertation upon the distinctions between the same? Who, while devouring an interesting tale, could tolerate, at the most stirring part, to be called off for a lesson upon the different terms of rhetoric—to be taught that the urgent supplications for mercy, or disjointed ejaculations of despair

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despair of the dying hero or desperate heroine, were precise specimens of *ecphonesis* or *aposiopesis*, or any other tremendously learned word, to be picked up, as we did these, from a *child's catechism*?* The authors of such works are loud in assurances of their adaptation to the minds and tastes of childhood, and profuse in examples of their beneficial influence; but how truly could their little readers retort with the fable of the 'Lion and the Man!' They are delighted, it is true, with the romantic story of 'Peter the Wild Boy,' but they have not the slightest curiosity to know the natural history, or Linnean nomenclature, of the pig-nuts he ate.

There is, however, even in these days a section of works, the guiding principle of which is not so much what they shall put into the mind as what they shall keep out, and where the anxiety to exclude all that may be pernicious has also sacrificed all that is nourishing. There are some writers by whom their young readers are treated rather as languid, listless invalids, than as healthy, hungry boys and girls—who know no medium between ardent spirits and barley-water—and, for fear of repletion or intoxication, put their readers on a diet on which they may exist, but can never thrive. Nothing truly has surprised us more, in our tour through little libraries, than to see the wishy-washy materials of which not a few are composed—the scanty allowance of ideas with which a narrative is held together, and the mere *prate* with which the intervals are filled up. There are some children doubtless who relish this barren fare, as there are plenty of older ones who devour the most vapid novels; and both cases are alike pitiable. We have known a boy of fifteen whose energies were so sapped as not to be at the trouble of finishing King Lear, and a girl of about the same age whose tastes were so rarefied that she stuck fast in the Heart of Mid-Lothian. Mere children especially may be brought so low as not to take interest in what most amuses others; nay, instances are not failing of unfortunate beings whose capacities, both for work and play, had been so desperately mismanaged that they had as little energy left for the one as for the other.

Of course the quality of such works varies somewhat with the writer, though the principle of neutrality remains the same; and sometimes a little frothy liveliness of dialogue is exhibited, which might perhaps amuse an older generation, but is very much thrown away upon children. At best, their notions of smartness and repartee are very limited. They like the jingle of words which compose a pun, but the point is utterly lost upon them. Nor can it be otherwise, since all wit and irony ne-

* Pinnock's 'Catechism of Rhetoric'!

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cessarily derive their weapons from an acquaintance with the world; and therefore cannot exist in children, or is sure to disgust when it does. A practical joke is therefore the only species which they thoroughly understand, and always like; but, in an abstract way, the fable-book is their only Joe Miller, and that as much from the marvellousness as the humour of its contents. They can see some fun in the connexion of human speech and ideas with the nose of the fox or the bill of the raven, while the far-fetched wit of a fellow-child will strike them as great nonsense. Children are sharp casuists as to what is put into a child's mouth. They detect intuitively what is absurd, or what is unnatural; and could we see into their hearts we should find a secret contempt for, or grudge against, the little pedantic spokesman whose perorations form the greater part of such volumes. Under the best of circumstances, we doubt whether children, who are beyond mere babyhood, enjoy the histories and pictures of their own 'life and times' as much as their elders suppose. For us these scenes of childhood, described as some of our modern writers can describe—for us these scenes have an ineffable charm; but we must remember that we stand in direct contrary position to their ostensible readers. We look fondly back to childhood—they, ardently forward to maturity; we magnify the happiness that is past—they, that alone which is to come. For them, men and women are gods and goddesses; and no description of the Paradise they now occupy interests them half as much as a peep into that Olympus which they hope one day to climb.

But to return to this very circumspect generation of little books. Connected with them may be mentioned a kindred class of mediocrity which, if they do not absolutely tie the mind to their apron-strings, are always reminding it of the length of its tether. The obvious intention of these writers is to do good, but the very officiousness of their services renders them unpalatable. The truth is, there is no getting rid of them. From the moment you open the book the moral treads so close upon your heels as to be absolutely in the way. Children have no sooner begun to enjoy, than they are called upon to reflect; they have no sooner begun to forget that there exists in the world such a little being as themselves, than they are pulled back to remember not only what they are, but what they will one day infallibly become. In short, the young idea is not left to shoot one moment in peace, but is twitted and snubbed the whole way through with a pertinacity of admonition, injunction, and advice, which, from its studious incorporation with the tale itself, is more than usually difficult to elude. In this respect the old school was far more considerate. You were allowed to have the story part all to yourself, while the good

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good advice and personalities were carefully summed up in three awfully dry lines at the conclusion, labelled, for fear of mistake, 'MORAL,' which you treated at will, and either swallowed whole or skipped altogether. The consequence, it is true, of this plan was, that children became accustomed to look on tale and moral as two utterly distinct concerns, in no way connected except by conventional proximity; and the little girl of ten years old, who had just been devouring a story where this usual appendage was failing, on being questioned as to the moral, earnestly denied the fact of there being any at all, and brought up her book to prove it! Certain it is that if the moral does not find its way to the heart through the narrative itself, it will scarcely reach it in a subsequent set form; yet the present plan of general distribution is by far the worst of the two, inasmuch as, by the perpetual interruption to the sympathies, you lessen the effect of the tale, and with it the chance of edification. We should always bear in mind that the instruction, whether moral or intellectual, arising from works avowedly of amusement, can be only incidental. It is of no use endeavouring to teach in hours which children consider exempt from learning: they like neither lessons nor lectures in their wrong places, or they cease to be children if they do.

We pass on to another description of juvenile works, which, considering all the parade of protection implied in those we have quitted, have rather puzzled us. It would seem that parents who would on no account permit their children to wander among the absurd extravagances of fictitious life, will not hesitate to introduce them to the pitiful meannesses of real life—would far rather they should dwell on the vulgarities of mere fashion—the nonsenses of mere convention, or the behind-the-scenes of what is most contemptible in the world that is about them—than on the high-flown exaggerations and impossible atrocities of a world with which they have nothing to do. With a certain class of writers facts are truth, and fable falsehood—no matter what either may be in themselves. Children are welcome therefore to know all about the petty hopes and contrivances of a modern dasher—the vanities and flirtations of a modern coquette; but Heaven forbid their being tempted to imitate the cabals of the grand vizier, or the loves and intrigues of Shelsemnihar and the Prince of Persia. Accordingly we have the mean calculations of mushroom manufacturers, the dirty tricks of low lawyers, the personal animosities and emulations of their wives and families, and the eventual smash of all parties, with other scenes of domestic and professional degradation, put into a familiarity of form which is ten times more disgusting as reminding us for whose eyes it is especially intended. God knows, parents need be in no hurry to give

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give their children this kind of information—the world will help them to it soon enough; and who likes it when he has got it? There is no degree of ignorance so unbecoming to a child as the least premature knowledge. At best, an acquaintance with the melancholy truths of this world is only a defensive weapon: why, then, seek to put it into the hands of those who are, or ought to be, under the protection of others? And it were well if such writers stopped here; but in their fear lest the omission of any of the wickednesses, as well as the weaknesses, of mankind should be laid to their charge, or in the anxiety to supply constant novelties for dainty palates, they lay open a side of human life which it might be thought the particular privilege and purpose of parental protection to conceal. For can anybody suppose that it is necessary to acquaint children with those scenes of violence between man and wife which generally terminate in one of the parties being bound over to keep the peace? Does anybody imagine it can be edifying for a child to know that there exists in this world so vile a creature as the grown man son who can lift up his hand against a mother? Children do not require to be shocked into the avoidance of crimes like these; if they are not shocked at such representations, the idea of affecting them in any other way is hopeless; and yet these, and similar occurrences, are by no means uncommon in a set of books which have been admitted into families in lieu of the much vilified fairy tale.

And now that we are on the subject of tale-writing, we must allude to a department of juvenile literature to which it has been much applied—a department so extensive in a numerical amount as to forbid all close analysis, though, from its uniformity of character, it may well permit of a few general remarks. We mean the juvenile religious reading of the day, which, under one shape or another, frequently engrosses the larger share of a child's book-case. We trust there is no danger of our being misunderstood. The high religious tone which pervades some of the best of the modern children's books, we regard as the greatest boon which these times of nominal improvement have bestowed on them: we might almost add the only one—just as the mere deistical morality which pervaded so many beautifully-written books of the last generation might be said to be their only deficiency. The works to which we point are that herd of second and third rate publications which, having religion ostensibly as their theme, are indiscriminately put into the hands of childhood, but which, in point of fact, supply motives as little calculated for the regulation of the heart as the unchristianized elegance of those just mentioned. The usual form is that of a tale: but this seems in general to be adopted not as conveying in itself an illustration of

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of the writer's doctrines, but merely as providing the necessary foundation work, mechanically speaking, to which they may be affixed—a kind of scaffolding by which the expounder holds on—and intended, like any other temporary support or connexion, to be cut away and cast aside as soon as the purpose has been effected. No scruple, therefore, seems to exist as to the clumsiness or flimsiness of materials which are not wanted for any use or beauty of their own, and which, moreover, no usefulness nor beauty could save from neglect. For the pious reader is evidently expected to be far too impatient to get to the religious parts, to care to look close into a story which only serves to hold them together. Renouncing, therefore, equally from expedience and principle, all the pomps of composition, and vanities of invention, nothing, artistically speaking, can be more contemptible than the construction of such tales; which are generally as grossly unnatural as may be consistent with the strictest common-place. Such indeed, in some, is the boldness of non-connexion between plot and *dénouement*, such the utter unconcern with which an individual is made one character in description and another in action, that were it not for the constant interference of Scripture, no deficiency in one source of amusement would be felt.

So much for the secular part of this little tribe—as for their religious side, were we not convinced that children, who are children indeed, will never have the patience of perusal requisite to be much influenced by them, we should stigmatise in no lenient terms that style of writing where they are represented as lisping over all that is most solemn in Revelation with a flippancy that can only lessen their respect for it, and confessing the wickedness of the human heart, upon the most trivial occasions, with an off-hand frequency that can only dull their sense of it:—where children preach to their elders and betters, without the slightest regard for their being such, and end by keeping an open death-bed for the edification and applause of a crowd of strangers. In the words of one of their own writers, 'it is so horrid to make religion a matter of *show-off*, which I really think these stories could teach children to be guilty of.'* And here again much of this evil may be attributed to the dismissal of the imagination as a means of assistance. Everything now-a-days is to be brought *home* to a child's mind: his eyes are to be opened at any cost, regardless of the film which has been designedly cast over them. Instead, therefore, of taking advantage of that sphere of fictitious or allegorical life, in which his ardent feelings may expatiate freely without risk of wrong personal application, he is intruded

* Children's Friend for 1841.

into

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into a field of reality where no other result can possibly ensue. On this account we hail with the more satisfaction a rising class of religious books where the fancifulness of the story or the remoteness of the times does away with that so-called truth for which a child's mind is not ripe. Personalities are never more dangerous than when pressed into the service of religion; and who can question that it is infinitely safer for a child to read of the conversion of a pagan king or queen than of that of his father, mother, or next-door neighbour?

Another very reprehensible feature in these books is the little tenderness for the sensitive feelings of childhood, evinced in their choice of illustration. In order to impress them with the vices and miseries attendant on an ignorance or disregard of the lessons of Christianity, all the worst abominations of idolatry and tortures of slavery are brought into requisition. Wretched Hindoo mothers in whom the voice of nature is perverted, and execrable slave-drivers to whom the dictates of mercy are unknown, are their favourite topics; and the tender minds and ready imaginations of childhood are harrowed with descriptions which we have known to haunt their hours of sleepless darkness quite as effectually as any of the old apparitions and hobgoblins.

While deprecating those works where the legitimate use of an extraneous interest has been denied, or one of a pernicious kind adopted, we are so far from proscribing subjects of a religious nature from the hours of juvenile relaxation, that there are none we should more strenuously encourage. Of all the subjects which fascinate a child, none can compete with those in which religion is the mainspring—the narratives of persecution and conversion, with all their high-souled faith, strong endurance, or deep contrition, have a charm, for the key to which we must look to a higher feeling than imagination. What book is more popular with children than the 'Pilgrim's Progress?' What child will not hang over the tales of the Covenanters in 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,'—or, to take a soberer example, what young heart has not been impressed with the cheerful piety that animates the 'Vicar of Wakefield?' How salutary are such representations, compared with those where religion is professed without reverence, and self-condemnation without humility; or where children are made to see sacrifices for which there are no motives, and sufferings under which there is no consolation, and which at this tender age can only harden or wither the heart!

We may here say a few words upon a set of books which, professing to facilitate and promote the reading of the Scriptures, in reality sometimes exclude them. Endless, now-a-days, are the assistances for the understanding of that which we can neither add to

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to nor take from without danger, and which, as far as concerns young and old, is in itself adapted to every capacity. Innumerable are the 'Guides to Scripture' and 'Helps to the Bible'—the 'Bible Lessons' and 'Scripture Stories'—which, though they may faithfully give the spirit of Holy Writ, materially interfere with the letter. Two or three of these are very beautiful, and several more of them, we acknowledge, in some way edifying; but this is not a walk for ordinary writers—and even as to many cleverly executed works of the class it may be justly questioned whether, in the ardour of exemplification, the clearness of the example has not been obscured, and in the exuberance of commentary, the simplicity of the text forgotten. Some are plain enough, but then what can be plainer than Scripture? Too many, however, seek to give a meretricious interest, the taste for which it is of all things most dangerous to encourage. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that the Bible gains anything by a superficial garnish of sentimentality, or a margin of matter-of-fact elucidation—that the pathos of Ruth's devotion is enhanced by any suppositious romance on which the text is silent, or the miracle of Peter's Deliverance by a mechanical description of the lock which burst open. Some commentary is necessary, and that best determined by those most conversant with the individual mind; but nothing, under any pretext, ought to be allowed to interfere with the knowledge of the Scriptures, word for word, as they are. There is enough in them that children can understand, and what they cannot in no way suffers by being acquired young.

We turn to a class of books in which, the aim being more positive and the form more prescribed, less scope is given to the vagaries of modern ingenuity—though at the same time, from the certainty of demand, this line has afforded the utmost scope to the mere book-maker. We mean the genuine school-book, in which whatever is most worth having in modern improvement is to be found. Parents and teachers are generally compelled, sooner or later, to acknowledge that, in matters of acquirement intended for wear and tear throughout life, all attempt at ornament is superfluous, if not cumbersome—and the whole fill-page family of the Peter Parleys, with their skin-deep gloss of colloquial familiarity—their 'well's,' and 'you know's,' and 'what do you think's,' are, we have reason to believe, waning in estimation. The chief objection, therefore, to the more solid school-books of the day is confined to their needless superfluity of number. And this affects the older rather than the younger generation. Every master of any repute now speculates in his Histories and Geographies—his Keys and his Catechisms—and the pockets of parents are severely taxed in purchasing new school-books

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school-books which differ from the old ones merely in a transposition of words. As regards the department of History, we have at this moment fifteen juvenile Histories of England before us (and these not all), of different degrees of merit—some of them so dry that the pupil has all the task of Hume and Smollett without the honour and glory; while as regards Geography, such are the ramifications into 'Civil Geography,' 'Historical Geography,' 'Political Geography,' 'Physical Geography,' 'Natural Geography,' 'Grammar of Geography,' &c., that among them all the good old '*common* Geography' seems to have but a slender chance. Less harm, however, has been done than might have been supposed. Mere transposers have not the time to alter much more than the name, nor the ability to go far wrong; while, on the other hand, several first-rate writers have employed both, to the great advantage of elementary instruction. Nevertheless, we are inclined to consider that the chief improvement in this department is chiefly attributable to the judicious retaining and remodelling of old works; for much as Goldsmith may require rectification, and Mangnall continuation, no modern work has excelled either. In passing, we must regret that much knowledge that is useful and interesting should be conveyed in the form of conversations. *Vivâ voce*, this is a mode of instruction which stands unrivalled; but in the transition to print, it seldom fails to acquire a pedantry and mannerism, which, ever since the days of 'Tutor, George and Harry,' have been very obnoxious to children. If the subject discussed be merely hard information, these flowery links in no way assist to beguile it—if it be one of amusement and interest, it does not require them. In either case it conveys the idea of filling a book for filling's sake. In private and maternal tuition these roadside endearments are best supplied impromptu, and in school they are somewhat out of place. Mrs. Markham's History of England is one among the few exceptions, but this lady's Conversations have so little *talk* in them as hardly to come under that denomination. Altogether it is to be feared that in the multiplication of works of instruction now supplied, much time is engaged that might be more profitably spent. Much, it is true, is taught that is worth *knowing*, but little attention paid to what is worth *reading*. Young people are directed to authors who will be forgotten in a twelvemonth, to the exclusion of those who have stood for a century; and girls especially leave school with no knowledge of those standard English works which ought to be put into them next to their Bible.

Recent times have produced many works in which vast exertion has been made to bring down the difficulties of *science* to the comprehension of childhood; but without depreciating the intention,

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intention, we are inclined to regard the pains expended as, in great measure, labour lost. Any one concerned in the education of children must soon become aware that all matters of science, however familiarly put, must depend mainly on the explanation of the teacher. There is no reason, therefore, why the best books should not be used at once; and this, in point of fact, is most generally done by those who teach such things with any success.

We must, we suppose, include under the category of school-books—at least we know not where else to place them—those 'much-ado-about-nothing' systems—those ingenious teachers who 'climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate,' who care not how vague an idea their pupils may possess of the multiplication-table, or of the number of the commandments, but sternly insist on their accuracy of distinction between a horse and a cow,* and on their clearness of apprehension of the '*kingdom* of a needle,' and 'the *parts and properties* of a halfpenny!' By which we beg to observe no allusion is intended to the conventional province of the one, or the fugitive disposition of the other—no assistance tendered as to the use of the needle, or the disposal of the halfpenny, but, on the contrary, the attention is solely concentred on certain minutiæ, which the negligence of all former ages had unaccountably left children to find out for themselves. Indeed it is sad to think how many a needle has been plied in mere vulgar mechanical industry, without one thought of its being 'mineral, artificial, metallic, opaque, bright, cold, taper, pointed, slender, useful, fusible, grey or steel-colour, hard, brittle, solid, steel.' It is painful to reflect how many a halfpenny has been pocketed, and, what is worse, spent too, without the slightest attention to its 'surfaces, edges, milling, impression, image, superscription, reverse, date,' &c.† What has the world been about?

Another feature of this novel system is a species of exercise which, we understand, in those particular schools where they teach long words and little matters, is called '*Elliptical Questions*,' but in a printed form assumes the name of '*Rational Readings*.' The recipe consists in leaving blank spaces in the narrative, whether verse, or prose, for the child's imagination to fill up—a plan which combines the twofold advantage of requiring no thought to do, and conferring no instruction when done. For instance—

'A London merchant had , James and Richard. James, from a boy accustomed to every indulgence in his power, and when he was up, was quite a fine . He dressed expen-

* *See* Aids to Development.

† Dr. Mayo's Lessons on Objects.

sively—

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sively—frequented public —kept his hunter at a livery ,
and was a of several convivial . At home it was
almost a footman's sole to on him. He would have
thought it greatly him to buckle his shoes, and if he
anything at the other of the room, he would ring a , and
bring a servant up two rather than rise from his and
fetch it,' &c.

Or this—

'Around the fire one winter night,
The farmer's rosy children ,
The fagot lent blazing light,
And jokes round and careless chat;
When, hark! a gentle they hear,
Low tapping at the bolted ,
And thus to gain their willing ,
A feeble voice was heard to implore.'

Now what can possibly be gained by such exercises as these? A clever child might possibly conceive that the blanks in the prose piece were typical of certain lapses in James's life; but the gaps in Miss Aikin would decidedly be too much for him. If puzzling the brain in search of a word be a necessary portion of education, a few charades from old pocket-books will answer the purpose much better. There is no child but who would look upon this kind of exercise as mere play, and get sick of it on that very account. And yet, reader, these are *Rational Readings!* and are mixed up *pari passu* with lessons on astronomy and hydraulics, &c., requiring a mind of about thrice the age.*

Equally absurd in principle, but older we believe in practice, are those specimens of false spelling, the rectification of which is supposed to be instrumental in promoting a correct idea of such matters; but which, in reality, much more generally succeed in leaving impressions of the wrong way than of the right. This would hardly be worth mentioning here had we not observed a recent advertisement announcing the pains which have been taken to supply the present rising generation with 'quotations from the *best* poets, and the choicest sentences from our *great* writers,' all *spelt wrong!* † So that it may be reasonably expected that for the sake of a *t* too little or an *e* too much, the best ideas of writing will henceforward be inseparably connected in their minds with the worst of spelling. It is like cutting a Sir Joshua to shreds to show them the texture of the canvas.

Having thus expressed our opinion of the majority of modern juvenile books, it may be urged upon us, that, with few excep-

* A Series of Lessons in Prose and Verse, by J. M'Culloch, D.D.
† Pinnock's Exercises in False Spelling.

tions,

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tions, the minds of children are far more healthily exercised and generally cultivated than in a former generation. But, while gladly admitting this to be the fact, we are inclined to attribute it far more to the liberty now allowed them in promiscuous reading than to any efforts which have been made of late in their own department—far more to the power of ranging free over field and pasture than to all the little racks of ready-cut hay that have been so officiously supplied them. Children seem to possess an inherent conviction that when the hole is big enough for the cat, no smaller one at the side is needed for the kitten. They don't really care for 'Glimpses' of this, or 'Gleanings' of that, or 'Footsteps' to the other—but would rather stretch and pull, and get on tiptoe to reach the sweeter fruit above them, than confine themselves to the crabs which grow to their level. The truth is, though seldom apprehended by juvenile book-writers, that children are distinguished from ourselves less by an *inferiority* than by a *difference* in capacity—that the barriers between manhood and childhood are marked less by the progress of every power than by the exchange of many. A mere weaker decoction of the same ideas and subjects that suit us will be very unsuitable to them. A genuine child's book is as little like a book for grown people cut down, as the child himself is like a little old man. The beauty and popularity of Lamb's 'Shakspeare's Tales' are attributable to the joint excellences of both author and transposer, but this is a rare exception:—generally speaking, the way in which Froissart is cut into spoon-meat, and Josephus put into swaddling-clothes, has only degraded these authors from their old positions, without in any way benefiting the rising generation by their new. The real secret of a child's book consists not merely in its being less dry and less difficult, but more rich in interest—more true to nature—more exquisite in art—more abundant in every quality that replies to childhood's keener and fresher perceptions. Such being the case, the best of juvenile reading will be found in libraries belonging to their elders, while the best of juvenile writing will not fail to delight those who are no longer children. 'Robinson Crusoe,' the standing favourite of above a century, was not originally written for children; and Sir Walter Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather,' addressed solely to them, are the pleasure and profit of every age, from childhood upwards. Our little friends tear Pope's 'Odyssey' from mamma's hands, while she takes up their 'Agathos' with an admiration which no child's can exceed. Upon the whole the idea of a book being too *old* for a child is one which rests upon very false foundations. If we do not mistake his department of enjoyment, we can hardly overrate his powers of it. With most

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most children the taste for Robinson Crusoe will be carried out into Columbus's discoveries, Anson's voyages, and Belzoni's travels; the relish for scenes of home-life into Evelyn's Diary, Cowper's Letters, or Bracebridge Hall. With very many the easy neatness or pompous sounds of verse, from John Gilpin, or Gay's Fables, to Alexander's Feast, or Paradise Lost, have an ineffable charm. Some of no uncommon capacity are known to be smitten with the mysterious pathos of Young's Night Thoughts. But yesterday we saw one little miss sucking her thumb over Thalaba.

But to return to the present liberty of indiscriminate reading: we doubt in most cases if it be owing to any conviction of its real superiority, or whether, in the great increase of publications, and the prevailing fashion of throwing open libraries and scattering books through every room of a house, it has not rather been suffered from an impossibility of prevention. We fear, in short, that parents are far more inclined to look on this as a necessary evil than as an incidental good, and are by no means satisfied in their consciences as to the time spent in useless reading, or the risk incurred by pernicious. But may not these misgivings, like many another concerning the education of children, be traced to our giving ourselves too much credit for judgment, and them too little for discernment? As regards useless reading, so long as it does not interfere with habits of application, and powers of attention, we are but poor judges of its real amount. Children have an instinct of food which more cultivated palates lose; and many is the scrap they will pick from hedge and common which to us seem barren. Nor may the question of pernicious reading be left to its usual acceptation, more especially as what is so called deserves the epithet, not so much on account of any absolutely false principle as from a tendency to inflame the passions or shock the taste, and therefore falls innocuous on a mind where the passions are silent and the taste unformed. With the immense choice of irreprehensible works before us, no one would deliberately put those into a child's hands where much that is beautiful is mixed up with much that is offensive; but, should they fall in their way, we firmly believe no risk to exist—if they will read them at one time or another, the earlier perhaps the better. Such works are like the viper—they have a wholesome flesh as well as a poisonous sting; and children are perhaps the only class of readers which can partake of one without suffering from the other.

We are aware that a small party exists who not only deny the utility of the modern juvenile school, but go so far as to question the utility and policy of children's books altogether. Tieck, a true genius as well as a most learned man, is said never to have allowed one to enter his house. Such a mode of prevention, however, is worse

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than the evil itself. Juvenile books are as necessary to children as juvenile companionship, though nothing can be worse for them than to be restricted exclusively to either. Doubtless the imaginary exemption from the rules and ceremonials of general literature, which little books as well as little folks enjoy, has, as we have seen, fostered a host of works from the simply unprofitable to the directly pernicious, which would otherwise not have seen the light. But neither this nor any other consideration should forbid the cultivation of a branch of literature which, properly understood, gives exercise to the highest powers both of head and heart, or make us ungrateful to those writers by whom great powers have been so devoted. For children are not their only debtors—nor is the delight with which we take up one of the companions of our childhood entirely attributable to associations of days gone by—nor the assiduity with which we devour a new comer solely ascribable to parental watchfulness—but it is with these as with some game which we join at first merely to try whether we can play as we once did, or with the view of keeping our little playmates out of mischief, but which we end by liking for its own sake—though we do not always say so.

In truth it is good for both that the young and the old should frequently exchange libraries. We give them a world of new ideas, but they do more, for they purify and freshen our old ones. There is nothing like the voice of one of these little Mentors to brush up our better part. There is no reading from which we rise more softened in heart, more strengthened in resolution, nay, not infrequently, more enriched in information. And this brings us to a more grateful portion of our task, and one in which that general tone we were bound to observe in our deprecatory remarks may be exchanged for a more particular kind—for, considering the numbers of little volumes that have passed through our hands with a view to preparing this article, it may perhaps not seem presumptuous in us to specify modern works both of amusement and instruction which have struck us as, on the whole, most worthy of the attention of parents and teachers. At the same time the following list has been the incidental more than the intentional result of our search, and therefore professes no systematic completeness, or categorical accuracy: moreover, we doubt not that by many a reader our selection has been already anticipated. As regards also the old children's books, the much-read and roughly-treated friends of a whole little generation, whose crazy backs and soft cottony leaves have stood a greater wear and tear than any of their sprucer successors could survive—which tell not only of the times when they were devoured, but of the very places—which recall the lofty bough whence the feet hung dangling at a height which now does not take them off the

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the ground, or the pleasant nook where the little reader sat huddled up in a position which it would now be extremely inconvenient to assume—which speak of days when, engrossed in their pages, all sorrow was forgotten, and when there were no real sorrows to forget, and when even solitary confinement was borne without a murmur, if one of them could be kidnapped to share it—as regards these dearly-loved books, which tell all this and much more, our impartiality of judgment might be well suspected had we not lived to see their charm extend to the hearts of the present generation as well as linger round those of the past. In our enumeration, therefore, of such works as we would most willingly see in the hands of children, we must be allowed to name many of the old school which have been superseded in circulation by works bearing no comparison with them in value, and which, though never to be forgotten by some readers, are, we have reason to know, totally unknown to others. We commence, then, with the books of direct amusement, attempting no further classification than such as the age of the child suggests.

The House Treasury, by Felix Summerly, including
The Traditional Nursery Songs of England,
Beauty and the Beast,
Jack and the Beanstalk, and other old friends, all charmingly done and beautifully illustrated, which may be left to the discretion of parents. These are a grateful relief after the spiritless flippancies—the Prince of Wales's Alphabet, for instance, and other such trash of the day—while the involuntary pleasure they afford to grown up minds will go far to convince us what the delights of children really are.

Puss in Boots, with the designs of Otto Specker. We consider this as the *beau-ideal* of a nursery-book; yet it will afford much entertainment to older readers, and please all admirers of art. The engravings in the English book are even better than those in the German original.

Nursery Rhymes,
Original Poems, by the Misses Taylor, of Ongar. Admirable little books. It was justly said of them by a contemporary Review, 'the writers of these rhymes have far better claims to the title of poet, than many who arrogate to themselves that high appellation.' Nevertheless they are too generally superseded by a tribe of very contemptible juvenile versifiers.

Æsop's Fables. There are several versions in English of this book—which furnishes more amusement to the child and wisdom to the man than almost any other we could mention. Good fables cannot be too much recommended. While other books are labouring at a fact they are teaching a principle, and that the more securely from the child's complete unconsciousness of the process.

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Persian Fables, by Rev. H. G. Keene. A very wise and attractive little volume.

Gay's Fables—it is enough to name: the first we believe in date, and inferior surely to none in merit, of all the classics of the nursery.

Prince Leboo. We would wish this beautiful character to live in the hearts of all children.

German Popular Tales, translated from Grimm. An exquisite book for children, and one far surpassing in every way the many recently published German collections, for which it has mainly supplied the materials. Care should be taken to procure the original edition of 1823, illustrated by George Cruikshank—a baser edition being in circulation.

Evenings at Home, by Mrs. Barbauld and Dr. Aikin; but Mrs. Barbauld deserves the greater share of credit, as the scientific dialogues will scarce find a voluntary reader. There is a classic beauty and simple gravity in this lady's writing, which, knowing how great a favourite she is with all children permitted to possess her, shows how unnecessary as well as ungraceful is that flippant clap-trap manner now so much in vogue. We have been surprised to find the little request at juvenile libraries for this work.

Parent's Assistant, by Miss Edgeworth. Popular as Miss Edgeworth's writings were in the last generation, they deserve to be still more so now, when the beauties of her writing are more than ever wanted, and their few deficiencies, if we may say so of one to whom we owe a deep debt of gratitude, less likely to take effect. Therefore it is with the greatest pleasure that we have observed the preference evinced for her books by children who are plentifully supplied with the more showy works of her successors —all, it is needless to say, greatly her inferiors in mind and skill.

Popular Tales, by Miss Edgeworth.

Garry Owen, by the same, is a charming little piece, perhaps not so universally known.

The Child's Own Book. One of the best modern versions of old materials, and far superior to one entitled 'The Child's *Fairy Library.*'

Leila on the Island,

Leila in England,

Mary and Florence, by Miss Anne Fraser Tytler. These are excellent—especially the Leilas. Miss Tytler's writings are especially valuable for their religious spirit. She has taken a just position between the rationalism of the last generation and the puritanism of the present, while the perfect nature and true art with which she sketches from juvenile life, show powers which might be more ambitiously displayed, but cannot be better bestowed.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Trimmer's Robins,

Adventures of a Donkey. These two books have saved numerous nests from plunder, and warded off many a blow from a 'despised race.' They give, it is true, no precise ideas of the anatomical formation of the animals described, but they invest both the robin and the donkey with a sentiment of kindliness and humanity in the breast of a child which we are inclined to think of far more value.

Son of a Genius, by Mrs. Hofland. A very beautiful tale, and the best of this lady's numerous little books, which are mostly too much of the *novellette* style to recommend.

Hope on, Hope ever,

Strive and Thrive. Both excellent—by Mary Howitt,—whose children's books are numerous, but very unequal in merit, and some of them, we regret to say, highly objectionable.

Holiday House, by Miss Catherine Sinclair; a book full of mirth for children; the work of a genuinely kind, and very clever spirit.

Lamb's Shakspeare's Tales. This is a juvenile gift of the highest value. He indeed understood Shakspeare and children too.

Lamb's Ulysses. Also a beautiful specimen of art in itself.

Robinson Crusoe. No wonder that Burckhardt found the surest plan for captivating a group of wild Arabs—the children of the desert—was to translate for them a chapter of Defoe's masterpiece.

Settlers at Home,

Feats on the Fiord,

The Crofton Boys, by Miss Martineau. These volumes of 'The Playfellow,' especially the first and third, will be read with delight through every generation in a house. We purposely omit the remaining volume, 'The Peasant and the Prince,' which has a reprehensible purpose and tendency.

Masterman Ready, by Captain Marryat. The best of Robinson Crusoe's numerous descendants, and one of the most captivating of modern children's books. The only danger is lest parents should dispute with their children the possession of it.

May You Like It. A pathetic and fascinating volume.

Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life. We have already said a word or two on this delightful volume—the work of one of the highest and most amiable of contemporary minds—a genius which shines with equal felicity in the tender and the humorous vein. It is fast becoming a child's book.

Croker's Fairy Legends. A book quite after a child's own heart—full of dancing fun and grotesque imagery.

Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia.

The Fool of Quality—a well done abridgment—in our early day highly relished by young people.

Undine,

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Undine, translated from the German of La Motte Fouqué—a romance for all ages.

Vicar of Wakefield,

Phantasmion, by Mrs. Henry Coleridge; a tale of fairyland, full of captivation for man, woman, and child.

Arabian Nights. We forbear to intrude our prejudice in favour of the old edition over Lane's more correct version, because we are convinced that whichever children have the pleasure of reading first will be the lasting favourite.

As regards those works which convey more direct information without any expense of interest, we may mention,

Contributions of Q. Q., by Miss Jane Taylor; a work which cannot be too highly praised; religious precepts, moral lessons, and interesting information, all given in a sound and beautiful form. Another instance of the popularity of *good writing*—this book being in high favour with children. In its present form this work is perhaps not generally known, as it was published in detached portions in the 'Youth's Magazine,' and the parts have only lately been collected. But many a reader is acquainted with 'The Discontented Pendulum,' 'How it Strikes a Stranger,' &c., which appeared in separate pieces, and will be found in various selections of prose reading.

Willy's Holidays, by Mrs. Marcet.

The Boy and the Birds, by Miss Emily Taylor; a delightful little volume.

Bingley's Stories of Dogs,

——————— *Horses,*

——————— *Travellers,*

——————— *Shipwrecks.* A set of works which, professing only to amuse, instruct and edify in no common degree.

Uncle Philip's Whale Fishery, of which the same may be said.

Stanley's Birds. This is by the present Bishop of Norwich—it well deserves its great popularity.

Mrs. Marcet's Conversations on Land and Water. This is so far superior to the usual class of modern books, in which it is thought necessary to give instruction a garnish of amusement, that, though drawn up in that garrulous form we so much condemn, we cannot omit to recommend it here.

Harry and Lucy, by Miss Edgeworth. It matters not how learned Miss Edgeworth may make her Harrys and Lucys, we defy her to make them dull.

White's History of Selborne, for young people. The omissions are judicious.

Peter Parley's Tales of Animals. A collection of interesting anecdotes, and very attractive to children, but the only work by the real

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real Simon Pure we should care to see in their hands. Nor have we been more satisfied with the other writers under the same mask, which in most cases seems to have been assumed only to carry down a shallowness and flippancy of style which otherwise would not have been tolerated.

Goldsmith's Animated Nature.

Selections from the Spectator, Guardian, and Tatler, by Mrs. Barbauld. To the credit of children, this is one of their greatest delights.

Howitt's Country Boy's Book. A capital work, and we are inclined to think his best in any line.

Stories for Children from the History of England, by Mr. Croker. This skilful performance suggested the plan of Sir W. Scott's

Tales of a Grandfather.

Southey's Life of Nelson.

Mutiny of the Bounty.

Lives of the Admirals.

The (abridged) *Life of Columbus,* by Washington Irving.

Hone's Every-Day Book. Excessively interesting to children from the earliest ages.

Sketch Book,

Bracebridge Hall.

Fragments of Voyages and Travels, by Captain Basil Hall.

The Waverley Novels.

We should think a selection of these, with some of the prints *representing realities* from the Abbotsford edition, would be the most popular child's book in the world; and the drawing-room set would last a good while longer.

Works of a more directly religious cast:—

Watts's Hymns,

Hymns for Infant Minds, by the Misses Taylor of Ongar,

Mrs. Hemans's Hymns for Childhood. These are all that can be required for the exercise of early piety, and three more beautiful little works cannot be desired.

Child's Christian Year.

Tracts and Tales, and

Sacred Dramas, and other writings, by Mrs. Hannah More

Agathos, and other tales, by Archdeacon Wilberforce. These are indeed the works of a master. Their success can surprise no one.

The Distant Hills,

Shadow of the Cross. Two beautiful little allegorical works, of which a child can make no false application. The explanatory dialogues at the close of each will be found of the utmost utility.

Gospel Stories, by Mrs. Barrow. This is not to be confounded with

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with the mob of little books bearing similar titles: it is a very remarkable specimen of skill, and treats some of the most difficult passages in Gospel History with a clearness that may guide and help many an experienced parent in the instruction of her children.

Ivo and Verena. A most impressive little volume.

Loss of the 'Kent' East Indiaman. A lesson to young and old.

Burder's Oriental Customs.

Translations from Fénélon.

Keble's Christian Year.

Pilgrim's Progress. The sooner read the better.

As regards the regular school-book, we pretend to no systematic catalogue; for, great as are their number, their purpose is much defeated by the modes of verbal instruction now current in schools, in which each instructor proceeds upon notes and abridgments of his own, the results of general and extensive knowledge, and not to be furnished by any one book or set of books. It is, therefore, only in private and maternal tuition that the following short list can give assistance, and that also dependent on the mode of application and the auxiliary instruction with which they are accompanied.

Mary's Grammar, by Mrs. Marcet. A sound and simple little work for the earliest ages.

Lindley Murray for all others.

Mrs. Markham's History of England.

——————— *History of France.*

School History of England. The best of the numerous class, especially written for instruction.

Elements of Geography, by Mr. Croker. The best of elementary books on the subject.

Stewart's Geography. More simple, more correct, and better arranged than any other we have seen.

Arrowsmith's Geography.

Mangnall's Historical and Miscellaneous Questions. The most comprehensive book of instruction existing, and to be preferred to all the others to which it has served as model.

Hort's Pantheon. Superior to all other juvenile mythologies in form and tendency, and decidedly in the pleasure it gives a child.

Flowers of History, ancient and modern. We fear this work is now forgotten; but we must say we think *we* learned more from it than from any one of its class that we ever read. The author was a Mr. Adams, a clergyman, schoolmaster at Putney.

Goldsmith's History of Rome—

——————— *Greece.* Goldsmith's picturesque writing will always make him preferred by children, while the love of history, which

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which his works induce, is a far greater benefit to them than the more correct facts they may imbibe from later writers, who have little other merit than that of rectifying his inaccuracies.

Keightley's History of Rome—

——————— *Greece.* For a more advanced age.

Rollin's Ancient History.

Mavor's Classical English Poetry.

Selections from Wordsworth—a small volume.

Readings in English Prose from Lord Bacon downwards.

Dr. Arnott's Physics. This answers the purpose of juvenile instruction far more than all the juvenile works of science.

Dick's Christian Philosopher. A work of a very delightful tendency, and eminently qualified to assist the teacher.

In the list thus offered, it would be absurd to imagine that all have been mentioned that are worthy of attention. As we said before, we offer what has indirectly presented itself to us, more than what we have directly sought for. The aim, also, has been more to contract than to expand—to the exclusion of many works highly respectable in ability, but too similar and numerous to be distinguished. Being also convinced by experience, that it is the out of school reading which equally leaves the deepest impression on the child, and gives the greatest licence to the writer, it is this branch of juvenile books to which our chief attention has been devoted. As to the works of an older kind fitted for children's reading, we need hardly remind those concerned in their welfare, that Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, and Addison, are enjoyable and appreciable from a very early age, and that the child's store of such reading is one of the richest legacies the adult can inherit. And in an age when, by a strange perversity of reasoning, a two-fold injury, both in what is required and what is withheld, is inflicted upon children, it behoves us the more to supply them with those authors who, like old plate, though their pattern may go out of fashion for a season, yet always retain the same intrinsic value.

Upon the whole, we should be happy if, by calling attention to the real excellence and beauty of a genuine child's book, we could assist in raising the standard of the *art* itself—the only effectual way, it seems to us, of checking the torrent of dressed-up trumpery which is now poured upon the public. For on taking a retrospective view of the juvenile libraries of the day, it is very obvious that there are a set of individuals who have taken to writing children's books, solely because they found themselves incapable of any other, and who have had no scruple in coming forward in a line of literature which, to their view, presupposed the lowest estimate of their own abilities. Nor has the result undeceived them—on the contrary, they write simple little books which any little simple-

ton

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ton can understand, and in the facility of the task become more and more convinced of its utter insignificance. The whole mistake hinges upon the slight but important distinction between *childish* books and *children's* books. The first are very easy—the second as much the reverse—the first require no mind at all—the second mind of no common class. What indeed can be a closer test of natural ability and acquired skill than that species of composition which, above all others, demands clearness of head and soundness of heart, the closest study of nature, and the most complete command over your materials? A child's book especially requires that which every possessor of talent knows to be its most difficult and most necessary adjunct, viz. the judgment evinced in the selection of your ideas—the discretion exercised in the control of your powers. In short, the *beau-ideal* of this class of composition lies in the union of the highest art with the simplest form; and if it be absurd to expect the realisation of this more frequently in children's books than in any other, it is quite as absurd to attempt to write them without keeping it in any way in view.

ART. II.—1. *The First Phonic Reading Book.* Under the sanction of the Committee of Council on Education. Published, by authority, by John W. Parker, West Strand, London. 1843.

2. *The Second Phonic Reading Book.* Under the sanction of the Committee of Council on Education. Published, by authority, by John W. Parker, West Strand, London. 1843.

3. *The Constructive Method of Teaching, an extempore Lecture delivered at Exeter Hall, 19th April, 1842, by J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, Esq.*

IT may, at first sight, seem that the consideration of these *Phonic reading books* might have been properly included in the preceding article, but there is something so very peculiar in their composition, and so remarkable in their publication *by authority of the Privy Council,* that we think them entitled to a distinct notice. It is, we believe, the first time that the Privy Council has made itself directly responsible for a spelling-book. Blackstone certainly does not enumerate amongst its attributes any such duties; and we look, therefore, with some curiosity to the cause and consequences of so novel an experiment.

Our readers will recollect that amidst the 'heavy blows and great discouragements' with which it was the pride of the Melbourne administration to visit the Church of England, one of the last and boldest was an attempt to place national education on a footing and under an influence of which the real and ultimate effect must have been to *atheise* public instruction, by prohibiting all

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all forms of devotional exercise or religious teaching in any school receiving public aid. This proposition was recommended on that extreme principle of impartiality which is equally indulgent to truth and error, and recognises no greater claim to public countenance and support in the Established Church than in any dissenting sect, however inconsiderable in weight or numbers: and the immediate object was to gratify some of the more spiteful Dissenting supporters of the ministry (almost the only supporters they had) by insulting the Established Religion by a parliamentary inuendo that it was unfit to be publicly taught—and by endeavouring to degrade the Established Clergy from one of their most ancient, most honourable, and most valued privileges, the superintendence of the education of the people.

But this scheme received little support from some of the more numerous and respectable bodies of Dissenters, many of whom openly made common cause with the Church; and even in a House of Commons chosen under the auspices of the Melbourne ministry, it received much less countenance than its proposers had hoped for. The ministerial resolutions were carried in that House on the 20th of June, 1839, by a majority of only *five* (280 to 275), which dwindled on the 24th to a majority of *two;* while in the House of Lords adverse resolutions, proposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, were passed by a majority of *one hundred and eleven* (229 to 118). The ministry were now in a dilemma: they must either abandon the main object of their measure, or deprive the country of their own ministerial services, and the Dissenting body of their ministerial patronage. This latter alternative was not to be thought of; and accordingly they submitted their Education scheme to a kind of compromise, by which they obtained, on the one hand, that great national benefit, their own continuance in office for another year, and only conceded that the funds voted for national education should be administered by a committee of the Privy Council, under the regulation which had previously existed—that is, with authority to extend public aid *even* to schools in connexion with the Established Church. It was, we think, judicious in the Conservative leaders to accede to the ministerial proposition of creating in the Privy Council a 'Committee for Education.' The subject had become so large and so important as to require responsible superintendence. There has long been in France a minister of public instruction, charged with duties which, in our special circumstances, we think cannot be so satisfactorily executed as by the Lord President and a committee of the Privy Council; and so far good may have resulted from a mischievous design.

But the good is not quite unmixed; for although the Whig scheme for stifling religious instruction has thus, in a great measure,

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measure, failed—at least for the present—we find that it is likely to be successful, to a very surprising degree, in stifling *secular* instruction—an object which, if originally intended, was at least never avowed. The advocates of Church principles, indeed, have always said that any measure that should discourage religious education would be likewise found to impede secular education; but we were not quite prepared to see this so early and so strikingly exemplified as it is in the works named at the head of this article, and which, though their title-pages modestly conceal the author's name, we find, from the explanatory Lecture, to be the productions of Dr. Kay Shuttleworth, the gentleman originally selected, under the name and title of James Phillips Kay, M.D., as Secretary of the intended Committee of Council for the exclusion of the Church Catechism, but who—that project being, as we have seen, defeated—has, it appears, dedicated his attention to the other and esoteric branch of the subject—the overthrow of the ordinary and antiquated forms of secular education; and in this at least, so far as his influence may extend, he promises to be so successful that, on full consideration of his books, we are satisfied that no child, who shall be treated exclusively after Dr. Kay Shuttleworth's method, and limited to *his* reading lessons, will ever be able to read at all. We find in the 'Lecture' mention made of 'model schools' and 'mechanical boxes,' by which the Phonic method is to be taught. We know not what such adventitious helps may do; all we can say is, that we have no idea that anything can be learned from the '*Phonic Reading Books*' now presented to us.

It has hitherto been the practice of all people to make use of the easiest and simplest modes of teaching children to read, and the book out of which we ourselves learned to read some half century ago was, in that dark age, recommended to popularity by the distinctive title of '*Reading Made Easy.*' *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Dr. Kay Shuttleworth seems to act on the principle that nothing can be valuable that is easily acquired, and will, perhaps, accept as a compliment our testimony that his books are fully entitled to be called '*Reading Made Difficult.*' His method of education seems indeed to be an extension of the homœopathic system—that is, the obscurity and confusion which naturally cloud the first operations of the infant mind, are in his method met by additional confusion and obscurity in the lesson to which it is subjected.

The first of the many surprising features of this new method of teaching to read, is that it abolishes the alphabet—literally *abolishes the alphabet*—as being, no doubt, a clumsy and obsolete piece of mechanism, as ill-suited to new-light education as Cadmus's other plan of sowing dragon's teeth would be to recruiting a modern

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a modern army. This seems so wonderful, that our readers will be glad to see the evidence with their own eyes, and we therefore lay before them *fac-similes* of the two very first pages of this new code of national instruction, reduced, however, from their 12mo. size to the following:—

(1)

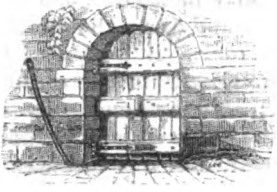
FIRST

PHONIC READING BOOK.

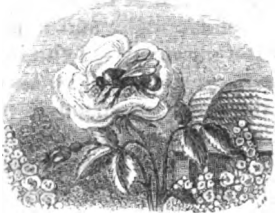
LESSON I.

a

(2)



a



c

ee

These pages, simple as they seem, would afford a volume of commentary. We shall only touch on a few principal points.

The first complaint we have to make is that there is no introduction—no prefatory explanation of the *modus operandi*—that neither child nor teacher has any guide or direction to the use or meaning of the figures and letters thus nakedly and *ex abrupto* presented to them; and the reader who from the mere inspection of these pages can discover in what the '*phonic method*' consists is much more sagacious than we profess to be. At first sight, indeed, the book looks like a child's common picture-alphabet, with the first page accidentally torn out: but then we are startled with the title PHONIC, which is meant to express that this new method of teaching proceeds by *sounds*, in contradistinction to and in supersession of *figures*—and yet the first thing we find is—a *figure!* This seems rather inconsistent in principle; though, in practice, no doubt, the *figure* is meant to suggest a sound: but so, we submit, do the ordinary letters A, B, C—which are, after all, only figures suggesting sounds.

But

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But we pass that incongruity, and advance to a more puzzling question—what sound does Dr. Kay Shuttleworth's figure mean to suggest? We beg our readers to cast their eye back to it, and they will agree with us that with the help of the supplemental figure a no doubt can exist that the sound to be suggested is the *first and ordinary* sound of the letter a as used in *cart,* or *waggon,* or *man*—all prominent features in the picture—or the time may be *harvest,* and the *waggon* perhaps may be loaded with *barley,* and then the desired sound will be given four or five times over. But, alas, no! nothing like this is intended. We learn, *aliundè* and long after, that the figure represents a *hay*-field; and the *sound* HAY as connected with the *form* a is the 'first phonic lesson' which, under the sanction of the Privy Council, Dr. Kay Shuttleworth would inculcate on the youth of England.

The Parisian pronunciation of French is admitted to be the most correct, and so, we suppose, must be a Londoner's pronunciation of English; and it is certain that a great number—perhaps the majority—of the inhabitants of this capital pronounce the letter a, *hay;* but then, on the other hand, it is equally notorious that the same persons generally pronounce *hay,* the produce of a meadow, *'ay.* So that Dr. Kay Shuttleworth's 'first phonic' lesson is a little deficient in not explaining whether it means to teach a child to say '*the letter hay,*'—or—'*the 'osses 'ave 'ad their 'ay.*' We have said that the Doctor has given no prefatory directions which might clear up this difficulty, and we travelled through the whole lesson book without knowing what to make of this phonic figure, but at last we found that—true to his *preposterous* system of turning everything inside out, and upside down, and setting the cart before the horse—Dr. Kay Shuttleworth had placed his *preface* at the *end* of his book, and there at the 101st page we find the following explanation of the enigmatical page we have been examining:—

'Under the phonic method, the sound of each letter is taught by means of an object, or the picture of an object in which that sound occurs. In giving the first lesson, the teacher places upon the reading frame a picture of a hayfield, with labourers employed in making hay. After talking with the children on the subject of the picture until he has excited their interest and attention, he causes them to sound in unison the word *Hay,* taking care that the full aspiration be given to the *H.* He then tells them that there are two sounds in this little word, both of which he wishes to hear distinctly given. After a few trials the children will learn to separate these sounds, and will be able to give the first sound, or mere hard breathing, or the second sound (which is the long sound of *a*) as required.'

This explanation shows that the Doctor would certainly not call

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call dried grass, '*ay*, but, on the contrary, would carefully sound the aspirate H; but it is not so clear that he would not say 'the letter *hay*;' but however that may be, it must be confessed that the choice of so ambiguous an example so tardily and imperfectly explained was exceedingly unlucky—a stumble at the threshold being of peculiarly bad omen; and this is the more to be regretted, because the Doctor might have favoured us, instead of a *hay-field*, with his own *portrait*, and his own patronymic of KAY would have answered all the purposes of HAY without any of the ambiguity.

But after all, this tardy explanation reveals a blunder as fatal to his phonic *system* as either of those vulgar cockneyisms would have been; for it turns out that the *first* sound actually taught is *not* that which the Doctor means to teach—the sound of a—but the sound represented by the figure 'H;' and, strange to say, that figure 'H,' representing the *first* sound which the phonic tyro is to learn, is not to be found anywhere in either of the phonic reading books,—being, as we before said, abolished in common with the rest of the alphabet; and so anxious is Dr. Kay Shuttleworth to eradicate all trace of the old alphabetical abuse, that he nowhere admits capital letters to any share in his pronouncing lessons, nor does he betray to indiscreet childhood the important secret that there exist such forms as B D C, &c., nor, of course, that B and b, C and c, D and d, and so on,—have any connexion or similarity of sound; so that after the pupil had laboured through 260 pages of little a's, and e's, and o's, he would be incapable of reading even the title of the 'First Phonic Reading Book,'—which is thus printed in capital letters, of which the 'lessons' afford no example.

But we have not yet done with this wonderful explanation. The Doctor produces the word *hay* as an example of the long sound of a. It is no such thing; it is the addition of the 'y' that in such cases gives this particular tone to a; if the Doctor was to write his own name *Ka*, it would have a less seemly sound than the addition of the 'y' bestows on it; and it is therefore clear that the first lesson is again essentially wrong in point of fact, for it gives, according to his own explanation, the sound not of *a*, but of *ay*, and that sound might have been equally expressed by e, æ, œ, ei, eh, ey, all of which are occasionally sounded like *ay*.

But on what principle does the Doctor assume that the *first* sound of the letter a should be either '*hay*,' or '*ay*?' All the world—from Cadmus inclusive down to Doctor Kay Shuttleworth exclusive—have given the *first*, and in all languages but English the only, place to the short sound of *a*, as in 'alphabet,' 'England,' 'France,' 'Germany,' 'Holland,' 'America,' and so on; but the Doctor's rooted antipathy to the *alphabet* makes him

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him wish to abolish everything that would restore it to anything like its precedence in the spelling books: but even in English, the Doctor's primary sound of a is, in fact, a very secondary one. We find, in the ordinary dictionaries, that of about 2500 words commencing with A, not a dozen have the sound '*ay*.' And even as to the middle of words, we take the two first paragraphs of the Doctor's own explanatory notes, and we find that the letter a occurs 36 times—28 times with the short sound, only 4 with the long, and 4 times mute. Our readers will have observed from the way in which we print this paragraph, how predominant, in the ordinary course of our language, is the short sound of a. On what pretence, then, does Dr. Kay Shuttleworth give to a comparatively rare and accidental anomaly the *first* place in the phonic principles of the language? He cannot shelter himself under the example of former writers, because he rejects precedent, and professes to found a new and more rational system,—by that he must abide.

Now let us turn back to the second page. There again we find that a figure is to convey a sound, which sound the Doctor typifies as

$$\overset{2}{a}.$$

Thus a child, who has yet learned only *one sound* of *one letter*, is supposed to be acquainted with the order and value of the *Arabic numerals*, and to be able to comprehend—what we confess *we* cannot—how there can be an $\overset{2}{a}$, before there has been an $\overset{1}{a}$.

But what is this sound $\overset{2}{a}$? When we thought, as we did till we had arrived at the end of the book, that the first figure represented the sound of a in *cart*, we—seeing what we took for an old gateway—thought that it was meant to give the sound of a in *gate;* but when we found that a meant *hay*, we were driven from that opinion, and concluded that this cut was to represent $\overset{2}{a}$ in *arch*. But we were again mistaken. We learn from the Appendix that

$$\overset{2}{a}$$

means a as in *bar*—the distinguishing feature of that cut being, we are told, a *bar*. So that again we have to wonder at a *phonic* system taught by *figures*, and those figures suggesting sounds the very reverse of those which the author appears to have intended. Then we find $\overset{3}{a}$, and $\overset{4}{a}$, and $\overset{2}{e}$, and $\overset{3}{e}$, and $\overset{4}{e}$, all as absurdly exemplified, or rather enigmatized; and not only is the child—one, observe, who as yet has learned but two or three letters—supposed to be familiar with these Arabic numerals, but he is to understand the algebraic sign of equality: in the fifth lesson, p. 13, he is to discover that

u = oo

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u = oo

means that '*u* is equivalent to *oo*;' and next page that

'erė = ărė'

To us these hieroglyphics are only ridiculous, but to many a village schoolmistress and even schoolmaster, and to every poor infant, they would indeed be Algebra.

The Doctor's plan of putting last what ought to have been first, has thus led us into details before we arrive at his principles, but we will now exhibit the Doctor's postliminious explanation of the system on which he has proceeded.

'In reading, we use, not the names of the letters, but the sounds of which the letters are the signs.'—p. 97.

If Doctor Kay Shuttleworth had not announced this as a kind of discovery, and advanced it as the axiomatic foundation of his whole system, we should certainly not have been aware of its importance, and should hardly have thought it necessary to guard the rising generation against expanding a short word—*wool* for example—into such a formidable polysyllable as '*doubleudoubleoel*,' or of disfiguring the name of their great benefactor Dr. Shuttleworth into *Esaitchuteteeledoubleuoarteaitch*, under which he might be mistaken for one of the Ojibbeways. The mischief of such a mode of utterance would certainly be very great; but the danger of its becoming popular seems rather too remote to have required the intervention of the Privy Council to prohibit it. The Doctor proceeds:—

'The Phonic method is founded on this [the foregoing] fact, and is so called because it teaches the true sound of each letter *as it is brought into notice*.'—*Ib.*

Phonic, as an adjective, is not to be found in the dictionary, but for new things new names—and we do not quarrel with the word as expressing something of, or belonging to, 'vocal sound,' but inasmuch as we believe that reading and speaking have been in all ages and nations carried on by vocal sounds, we should have been rather at a loss to know why Dr. Kay Shuttleworth calls his method *phonic*, in contradistinction to all others. It seems, however, that this is only another form of the leading principle of getting rid of the alphabet—of teaching the sounds, not the names, of letters—and *that*, not in any regular order—which would be returning to the alphabet—but just as they happen '*to be brought into notice*;' that is to say, there is to be a different phonic alphabet (we cannot help using the obnoxious word) for every different book; and some professors of the art prefer, we are told, to give children 'their very first lessons in works some-

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what distinguished as to style,' such as, we presume, Hume, Gibbon, Bolingbroke, &c. Is not this something worse than '*Reading made Difficult?*'

But after all we respectfully submit to Dr. Kay Shuttleworth that he has not explained how we or even he can altogether do without an alphabet. He supposes and states, that children are to be taught '*the sounds represented by certain letters*;' but how can that be done without assigning to each letter an individual name by which the child may recognise it, as representing such or such a sound? The Doctor in his own first lesson leads a child to connect the form a with the sound *hay*—that form, therefore, must have a name. It need not indeed be called *hay*—that is the *sound*—and the *name* may as well be *Ex* or *Zed*; and as the whole system seems really meant to be the inverse or converse of whatever is in common use, we venture to hope that a third 'Phonic Reading Book' may conclude with an alphabet, and that *Zed* will be the name of the first vowel. All that we contend for is that the letters must have a name and order; but as it would be, we admit, as unreasonable to ask Doctor Kay Shuttleworth to call his form an *alphabet*, as to expect Lord John Russell to call Tavistock *a nomination borough*, we suggest that the new phonic arrangement of the letters may be called the *Zyxwvut*, which will be just as euphonous, as convenient, and as rational as any other portion that we have seen of the 'Phonic method.'

The Doctor proceeds to other details.

'Under the Phonic method consonants are arranged into three classes.'—p. 97.

This is an additional example of the Doctor's inverted method of doing everything. His lessons profess to commence, as we have seen, with the *powel* sounds, and so, of course, his explanatory notes begin with the *consonants*, and concerning the consonants he has made some notable discoveries.

'Consonants requiring a somewhat lengthened tone of voice in their utterance, and which are, therefore, called *tone sounds*. They are represented by *m*, *n*, *l*, *y*, *w*, *r*.'—*Ib.*

Here we see the Doctor is forced, in spite of his teeth, to make use of the old alphabetical names, but he still sticks to disorder as far as possible, and puts *l* after *n*—and *y* and *w* before *r*: and these, it seems, are called *tone* letters—called by whom and for what purpose?—for there is not an allusion to *tone* letters in either of the books.

'Consonants known by a hissing sound which necessarily accompanies their pronunciation. These are represented by *h*, *f*, *v*, *s*, *z*, *sh*, *th*, and are classed as *hissing sounds*.'—*Ib.*

Hissing

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'*Hissing sounds!*' *hope* and *heal*—*fair* and *free*—*vail* and *vow*—all, it seems, begin, in the Phonic system, with a '*kissing sound*;' and, *absit omen*, the 'clarum et venerabile nomen' of *Shuttleworth* itself ends with a *hiss*.

'Consonants in which the sound is suddenly produced, and may be said to *burst* from the lips. These are called the *bursting sounds*, and are represented by *p*, *b*, *t*, *d*, *k*, *g*.'—p. 97.

'*Bursting sounds!*'—*Kay*, it seems, begins with a bursting sound, as *Shuttleworth* ends with a hissing one. The Doctor is at least impartial in stamping his own names with these strange epithets: but, for our parts, we think that the old distinctions of *labial*, *dental*, or *guttural*, just as elegant, and rather more accurate, than *toning*, *hissing*, or *bursting*. And then he returns to a re-assertion of the great Shuttleworth discovery.

'It is evident that the *sounds* of all these consonants are different from the *names of the letters*.'—*Ib.*

Prodigious!

He then proceeds to develop the *vowel* sounds with equal skill and discrimination, but at so much length that we prefer exhibiting this part of the subject by the assistance of a philosopher of the seventeenth century, who—anticipating posterity in this as in many other matters—has left us the following admirable lesson in *phonic* elocution, written after the ancient style in the form of a dialogue—we mean *M. Poquelin*, to whom we think it would have been more candid in Dr. Shuttleworth to have confessed how much he is indebted for the first principles of his system. We must apologise for a very inadequate translation of this excellent writer.

'*Professor*.—To follow out your wishes, and to treat this subject [orthography] philosophically, we must begin, in the order of things, by an exact acquaintance with the nature of letters and of the various modes in which they are pronounced. And therefore I must inform you that letters are divided into vowels, so called *vowels* because they express sounds (*voix*), and into *consonants*, so called consonants because they become *sonant* by being connected with vowels. There are six vowels or voices—A, E, I, O, U.

Pupil.—All that I understand.

Professor.—The sound A is formed by opening the mouth wide—A.'

It must be recollected that the professor is dealing with the *French* alphabet, but our readers will see that the *principle* is the same.

'*Pupil*.—A—yes—A.

Professor.—The sound E is formed by bringing the under-jaw rather near to the upper one—A—E.

Pupil.—A, E—A, E. Just so.

Professor.—The sound I is made by bringing the jaws a little closer, and drawing back the two corners of the mouth towards the ears.

Pupil.—

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Pupil.—A, E, I, I, I.—Admirable.

Professor.—The sound O is produced by re-opening the jaws, and contracting the mouth into a circle by separating the centre of the lips and contracting their corners—O.

Pupil.—Very true—A, E, I, O—O—very true.

Professor.—You will observe that in fact the form of the mouth takes very nearly the shape of the letter O.

Pupil.—Exactly—O—I had never thought of that.

Professor.—U is formed by advancing the lips nearly in the same form as for the O, but more obtruded—U.

Pupil.—Very true—U, U.

Professor.—To-morrow we shall proceed with the other letters—the *consonants.*

Pupil.—Will this be equally curious?

Professor.—Certainly—the letter D, for instance, is made by placing the top of the tongue against the inside of the upper teeth, and then forcing [*bursting*] it forward—DEE.

Pupil.—DEE—DEE.—Wonderful! wonderful!'—*Œuvres de Poquelin*, v. 625.

There is a good deal more in the original, but what we have quoted is enough to show that the Phonic system was well understood in the time of Louis XIV., when M. Poquelin flourished, and that—allowance being made for the difference of the languages—Dr. Kay Shuttleworth's Phonic lessons are in principle the same that we might imagine to be written by M. Poquelin's *Professor* of orthography. Some of our readers perhaps may not be aware that M. *Poquelin* is more generally known by the name of *Molière*, and that the treatise which we have quoted, and which bears such a close resemblance to Dr. Kay Shuttleworth's Phonic exercises, is commonly called '*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.*'

But our readers will naturally ask, what peculiar advantage does the proposer of this system anticipate from his labours? Have we any measure of the success which Doctor Kay Shuttleworth and the Privy Council expect to attend this system? Fortunately the Doctor does afford us such a measure. We find that when the pupil shall have worked through the 96 pages of which the first book consists, he is expected to be able to read this sentence—

'we halved the cake'—p. 96.

The second book is much more copious, consisting of 164 pages; and at its conclusion we find that a diligent pupil is expected to be able to read

'the noise abated'—vol. ii. p. 164.

It is a singular circumstance, considering how this whole affair was originally got up and handled—the violence of the contest as to

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to the division of the public grant, and the quiet that was produced by *dividing* the grant between the Church and the Dissenting societies—that the last 'phonic reading lesson' of the first volume should be

'*We halved the cake;*'

and that the concluding lesson of the second volume should present

'*The noise abated!*'

But when we thus find that the power of reading these two short sentences is the most that Dr. Kay Shuttleworth himself expects from his books, and when we see how little the pupil will have advanced between the end of the first volume and that of the second, we cannot but feel some doubt of the policy of making them the foundation of a general system of national education.

But besides all these, and an hundred other absurdities of detail, there are two radical, and, we think, insurmountable, difficulties in the system itself; one of which Dr. Kay Shuttleworth perceives and persuades himself that he can overcome, but of the other he seems to have no suspicion. The first is, that though the phonic system may be, for aught we know, applicable to Italian, German, Spanish, or other languages where the letters have in all cases uniform sounds, it does not at all suit the English, where the same letter has sounds not only various but arbitrary. This difficulty the Doctor thinks he gets over by borrowing, he says *from Walker*, the system of notation by numerals, as a¹—a²—a⁴, &c. When Dr. Kay Shuttleworth attributes the invention of this system of notation to Walker, we must presume that he has verified the fact from some earlier production of Walker's than we have seen; we had always believed that the invention had been Dr. Kenrick's, and that its first general application was in Sheridan's 'Pronouncing Dictionary.' But be this as it may, such a system of notation, however useful for a *Pronouncing Dictionary*, is totally valueless in teaching to *read*—unless, indeed, all the books in the language were to be printed with these numerated vowels: if *gāte* and *cärt* were to be *so* printed in all ordinary books, there would be some use in teaching a child the vocal value of ā and ä; but what advantage towards learning to *read* can possibly be derived from puzzling him with these hieroglyphics, when he finds *cart* and *gate* invariably printed without any such distinction? What guide has he against mispronouncing them, *cärt* and *gāte*? And we should like to see the phonic theory which should explain why the *o* in '*come*,' and '*comb*,' and '*cork*,' —and the *ea* in '*death*' and '*speak*,'—and the *ough* in '*plough*' and '*rough*,' and '*dough*,' and '*through*,' should not be pronounced alike.

The

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The other defect in the Doctor's system, and which he does not appear to have so much as thought of, is, that he confounds *spelling* and *pronouncing* with *reading*. He forgets that *reading* is habitually with most men, and necessarily with many, altogether independent of *phonics*: the eye *reads* and not the tongue. The mode in which the printed word '*hand*,' for instance, creates an idea in the mind, has no connexion whatsoever with the sound which, through a different organ, excites the same idea. The combination of letters which forms the word '*hand*' goes to the mind just as the image ☞ would do; and we have seen children's books constructed altogether on this image principle, in which a page of figures, which have no possible connexion with *phonics*, is as easily read as a page of letters. Again, the Deaf and Dumb can read without any help from phonics; and we have known persons who could read French without knowing a sound of the language. When Doctor Kay Shuttleworth professes to teach a child to read by a phonic method, he forgets that a child cannot learn to read till after he has learned to speak; but that having learned, under the earlier influences of nature and the nursery, to articulate, he is then taught to spell the words so articulated, and finally learns that the combination of letters '*hand*' represents the sound to which his little tongue was already formed; and all the phonic mummery of a², a³, a⁴—e¹, e², e³—of '*hissing sounds*,' and '*bursting sounds*,' could have no more effect in teaching him to read, than in teaching him to walk. In fine, we have only to repeat what we said at the outset—that with no other guide but Dr. Kay Shuttleworth's 'Phonic Lessons,' we are perfectly satisfied that no child could ever learn to read at all.

Some of our readers may think we have thrown away too much time and space on what we cannot dignify by any more respectful title than a gross *humbug*; but humbug as it is, it seems to be sanctioned by the Committee of Council; and we conceive it to be a grave public duty to expose this extravagant Tomfoolery, and to awaken the attention of the present Committee of Council to the kind of risks which their predecessors have bequeathed to them. We have heard that personally Dr. Kay Shuttleworth is a respectable and well-meaning gentleman, sincerely anxious for the progress of education, but he evidently labours under some kind of anti-alphabetical monomania that renders him peculiarly unfit for advancing the art of Reading—a disability considerably aggravated by what seems to us an indisputable fact that—whatever may be his other talents and accomplishments—he has, unluckily, not happened to discover what the word *reading* really means.

ART.

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ART. III.—*Travels through the Alps of Savoy, and other Parts of the Pennine Chain; with Observations on the Phenomena of Glaciers.* By James D. Forbes, F.R.S., &c. 1 vol: imperial 8vo.; with Plates, and Map. Edinburgh, 1843.

THE object of Professor Forbes, in this elaborate and beautifully-illustrated work, is to give a detailed account of the great glacier districts of the Pennine Alps, from the western slopes of Mont Blanc on the one hand, to the eastern sides of Monte Rosa on the other, including the giant peak of the Mütterhorn, and innumerable other intermediate regions. His excursions had in view principally the accurate observance of glaciers, and the careful study of whatever might tend to the establishment of the true theory of these great natural phenomena; but the volume is as far as possible from being a frigid specimen of scientific writing. On the contrary its peculiar merit consists in the combination of minute and ever watchful attention to the details of technical observation and experiment, with an expansive and indeed poetical perception and expression of those most wonderful aspects of nature by which the Alpine traveller is surrounded.

Switzerland is without doubt the most finely-featured and strikingly diversified country in the world for the admirer of natural scenery. We do not believe that even the loftier heights of the Himalaya or the Andes afford effects more magnificent, if indeed they equal the grandeur of the great central groups of Europe. The latter, if less vast, are for that very reason more varied; and the traveller thus never feels the tedium of monotony which is doubtless produced by a long continuance of the same kind of grandeur, however superlative.

'Add to this,' says Professor Forbes, 'that the actual height of the zone of perpetual snow is as great as that of any mountains in the world, with one or two exceptions; for the highest land on the surface of the globe is near the equator, where the corresponding high temperature raises the limit at which perpetual snow *commences* to nearly the extreme height of European mountains. The eye, which must always have some actual or conventional standard of reference, if it cannot judge by the level of the sea, takes the level of the plain as a starting-point; or, if there be no plain, the level of perpetual snow is a natural index of elevation, which, connected as it is with height, solitude, and vastness, impresses the mind with the highest sense of grandeur in natural scenery. It has often been observed that Chimborazo is less elevated above the table-land from which it rises than Mont Blanc is above the valley of Chamouni; and taking the level of perpetual snow in the Alps at 8500 feet, Mont Blanc is snow-clad throughout its higher 7000 feet. Now, a peak in the Himalaya range, in order to show as much,

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much, would need to rise to above 22,000 feet—a height which few of them exceed.'—p. 12.

It is these and other notices of a corresponding kind which, pervading the present work, bestow upon it a substantiality so seldom found in our ordinary Journals and 'Tours de force,' so many of which illustrate rather activity of body than accuracy of mind. We may add that, in addition to Mr. Forbes's natural and acquired qualifications for the fulfilment of his task, his opportunities have been ample. He had the advantage, he informs us, of receiving his first impressions of Switzerland in early youth; and these he has carefully refreshed and strengthened by successive visits to almost every district of the Alps between Provence and Austria. He has crossed the principal chain twenty-seven times, generally on foot, by twenty-three different passes, and has intersected the lateral ranges in various directions. His accomplishments as a natural philosopher are widely known. Had he been an angler and an entomologist, the circle of his capacities would have been complete.

That portion of the Alps of Switzerland and Savoy called the Pennine chain is strongly characterised by the great number and large extent of its glaciers. From the increasing coldness of the atmosphere as we ascend, the upper portions of all extremely lofty mountains must be covered with snow. 'Whilst the plains are covered with the verdure of summer, eternal winter reigns upon the summits; and thus the stupendous ranges of the Himalaya or the Andes present, in one condensed picture, all the climates of the earth, from the tropics to the poles.'* A snow-covered mountain, however, is not itself, neither does it necessarily produce, a glacier; and why these icy ranges are found in certain countries and not in others, of which the natural climate and prevailing attributes seem quite the same, is a point which we shall not attempt to solve; but let Professor Forbes now inform us of what is meant by a glacier, in the ordinary acceptation of the term:—

'The common form of a glacier is a river of ice filling a valley, and pouring down its mass into other valleys yet lower. It is not a frozen

* Mr. Moore sings of Eastern Alps,—

'Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal *sleet*,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at their feet.'

There is, however, no *sleet* upon the extremest heights of any Alpine mountains, where the snow, from never-absent frost, falls dry and powdery. There is a great difference between perpetual snow and perpetual congelation. The latter condition is inconsistent with sleet, which results from a reduction of temperature; but it would be scarcely fair to expect always both rhyme and reason.

ocean,

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ocean, but a frozen torrent. Its origin or fountain is in the ramifications of the higher valleys and gorges which descend amongst the mountains perpetually snow-clad; but what gives to a glacier its most peculiar and characteristic feature is, that it does not belong exclusively or necessarily to the snowy regions already mentioned. The snow disappears from its surface in summer as regularly as from that of the rocks which sustain its mass. It is the prolongation or outlet of the winter world above; its gelid mass is protruded into the midst of warm and pine-clad slopes and green sward, and sometimes reaches even to the borders of cultivation. The very huts of the peasantry are sometimes invaded by this moving ice; and many persons now living have seen the full ears of corn touching the glacier, or gathered ripe cherries from the tree with one foot standing on the ice.

'Thus much, then, is plain, that the existence of the glacier in comparatively warm and sheltered situations, exposed to every influence which can ensure and accelerate its liquefaction, can only be accounted for by supposing that the ice is pressed onwards by some secret spring, that its daily waste is renewed by its descent, and that the termination of the glacier, which presents a seeming barrier or crystal wall immoveable, and having usually the same appearance and position, is, in fact, perpetually changing—a stationary form, of which the substance wastes—a thing permanent in the act of dissolution.'—p. 19.

From the lower end of all large glaciers there consequently runs a stream of very chill and rather turbid water, derived from the melting of the ice and snow, the rain of summer, and the natural springs which no doubt occur in the bed or basin of the icy vale. The waste of the glacier itself during the warmest months may be presumed to yield the main supply of moisture, and hence many of the continental rivers which flow from Alpine sources are observed to have their greatest floods in July. So also does the voice of the mountain torrent become louder and louder as the day advances, while it diminishes towards evening, and is least of all in early morning.

'Nothing is more striking than the contrast which day and night produce in the superficial drainage of the glacier. No sooner is the sun set than the rapid chill of evening, reducing the temperature of the air to the freezing-point or lower, the nocturnal radiation at the same time violently cooling the surface—the glacier life seems to lie torpid—the sparkling rills shrink and come to nothing—their gushing murmurs and the roar of their waterfalls gradually subside—and by the time that the ruddy tints have quitted the higher hill-tops, a death-like silence reigns amidst these untenanted wilds.'—p. 21.

But how beautiful to the eye and mind—more striking, indeed, from their increased solemnity—are the subdued glories of that nocturnal scene! The moon, an unconsuming fire, may be rising slowly from among the wooded steeps of the Montanvert, casting her silvery light into the depth of shadowy vales, or spreading a more

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more ample lustre over the vast expanse of snow-covered mountains. The gigantic rocky spires, called *Aiguilles*, rise in grey and ghastly grandeur amid the eternal snows, attaining to various elevations from 10 to nearly 14,000 feet above the sea, while 'between those heights,

> 'And on the top of either pinnacle,
> More keenly than elsewhere, in night's blue vault
> Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud.'

The sky itself is indeed almost black from the excessive depth of its crystalline clearness.

The lower extremity of a glacier, where its huge wedges seem to furrow up the 'clods of the valley,' is usually steep, broken, and nearly inaccessible; its intermediate portion, if not level, is at least more regularly inclined; its upper part becomes again rougher and more precipitous. Its entire surface is more or less broken up by what the French term *crevasses*, which are not crevices in our sense of the word, but rents or dislocations of various dimensions, some being so large and prolonged as during their continuance to debar all passage from one portion of the ice to another. Although the vertical sides of these crevasses are often translucent as glass, yet the general surface of a glacier presents no resemblance to that of water frozen in a state of tranquillity, such as we see it on lakes. The surface is not only irregular but rough, and the texture of the ice wants that unity of structure observable on frozen lakes. From a distance it no doubt presents a more unbroken aspect; but on a near inspection, or on actual contact, the irregularities are frequently found so great as to render a walk of any length extremely toilsome —even the stanchest pedestrian will by and bye prefer a scramble along the broken rocky ground on either side. The ridges are caused chiefly by the flowing of surface water, which collects into little rills and runs along the ice, thus scooping out the intermediate hollows, till it meets its match in some great crevasse, into whose icy jaws it drops and disappears. Smaller portions of the glacier, protected from solar heat by some huge stone, have also a singular *apparent* tendency to rise above the neighbouring surface; that is, the shade of the stone screens them from the melting process to which the general superficies is subjected, and so, raised as it were on stalks or pedestals, they stand for a time in ghostly pre-eminence—'a city of death distinct with many a tower.'

On the Mer de Glace, nearly opposite the place called Couvercle, there is a remarkable block of granite which particularly attracted Mr. Forbes's attention on his first visit to that portion of the glacier in 1842—

'It

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'It is a magnificent slab of the dimensions of 23 feet by 17, and about 3½ feet in thickness. It was then easily accessible, and by climbing upon it, and erecting my theodolite, I made observations on the movement of the ice. But as the season advanced it changed its appearance remarkably. In conformity with the known fact of the waste of the ice at its surface, the glacier sunk all round the stone, while the ice immediately beneath it was protected from the sun and rain. The stone thus appeared to rise above the level of the glacier, supported on an elegant pedestal of beautifully veined ice. Each time I visited it, it was more difficult of ascent, and at last, on the 6th of August, the pillar of ice was *thirteen feet high*, and the broad stone so delicately poised on its summit (which measured but a few feet in any direction), that it was almost impossible to guess on what side it would ultimately fall, although by the progress of the thaw its fall in the course of the summer was certain. On a still later day I made the sketch in the frontispiece, when probably it was the most beautiful object of the kind to be seen anywhere in Switzerland. The ice of the pedestal presented the beautiful lamellar structure parallel to the length of the glacier. During my absence in the end of August, it slipped from its support, and in the month of September it was beginning to rise upon a new one, whilst the unmelted base of the first was still very visible upon the glacier.'—p. 92.

The lowest portion of the Mer de Glace, where it is named the Glacier des Bois, being steep and rugged, the great ice valley is usually visited by ascending the Montanvert, which bounds a portion of its western shore, and then descending to its lateral surface. But the scene from the terminal slope below is extremely fine:—

'To the right and left the prospect is inclosed by the warm green fir-woods, which touch either snow-line of the glacier, and behind and aloft the view is terminated by the stupendous granitic obelisk of Dru, which has scarcely its equal in the Alps for apparent insulation and steepness; a monolith by whose side those of Egypt might stand literally lost through insignificance.'

The summit of the Montanvert is about 6300 feet above the level of the sea, and its ascent forms a pleasant and picturesque morning walk from the village of Chamouni, of which the elevation is already upwards of 3400 feet. In the days of Saussure (1778) there was no other shelter on the mountain than a huge block of granite, with an overhanging face, the hollow portion screened by a rude wall, in the upper part of which was a small doorway. Such was the ancient castle of the shepherd of Montanvert. A few years later, we find from one of Link's coloured views, that a small cabin with a wooden roof had been erected, probably by an Englishman, as it bore the name of 'Blair's Hospital.' At the period of our own visit (in 1816) there was a substantial hut, of one apartment, which had been built at the expense of M. Desportes, French Resident at Geneva. How long it

it continued we cannot say, but Mr. Forbes describes a far superior sort of hostelrie:—

'The principal floor consists of an ample public room, a small kitchen, a guide's room, and three bedrooms for strangers, besides accommodation below for the servants of the establishment, of whom two or three remain here for four months of the year. This establishment, though simple and unobtrusive, is sufficiently comfortable and cleanly, and I should be very ungrateful not to acknowledge the kindness and attention which I uniformly experienced during many weeks' residence in this house; cold and desolate it certainly was occasionally—in September the thermometer fell to 39° Fahr. in my bedroom, and there was little choice of provisions beyond the excellent mutton of the Montanvert; yet, on the whole, I preferred the tranquillity of the arrangements to the bustle of the hotels of Chamouni, whither I seldom resorted but under stress of weather.'—p. 74.

The building was erected at the expense of the commune, and is let, with the grazing-ground, for 1400 francs per annum. It was on the precipices of Trelaporte, a mile or two higher up the glacier, that the Professor and his party were the means of saving the life of an American traveller, who had been lying all night on a narrow ledge (on which he had fallen from above) overhanging a height of 200 feet, with the gaping chasms of the glacier directly beneath. Our philosopher says his 'nervous system was so greatly affected, that for a time I doubted whether he was not deranged;' but he soon came to himself, and the poor guides, who had exposed their own lives with the most admirable bravery in his preservation, found him a genuine repudiator.

Although glaciers are fed by the snows which fall in the higher Alpine regions, and of which they are so far the natural outlets, yet their central and lower portions receive no increase from any snow which falls directly on those portions. All that snow is dissolved and disappears every season, just as regularly as it does from the surface of the adjoining ground. A patch of snow may here and there be seen within some shady, northern nook, but its texture and opacity of colour distinguish it at once from the more compact character and translucence of the glacier. But as we ascend upon the ice, the snow disappears more tardily from its surface, and we finally of course reach a point from which it never disappears. This is the snow-line of the glacier, and it is somewhat lower than that of the mountain-side. Here, the Professor informs us, a marked change occurs. There is frequently an insensible passage from perfect snow to perfect ice: but at other times the level of the superficial snow is well marked, and the ice occurs beneath it. The transition is supposed to be effected in the following manner:—

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'The summer's thaw percolates the snow to a great depth with water; the frost of the succeeding winter penetrates far enough to freeze it at least to the thickness of one year's fall, or, by being repeated in two or more years, consolidates it more effectually. Thus M. Elie de Beaumont most ingeniously accounts for the alleged non-existence of glaciers between the tropics, by the fact that the seasons there have no considerable variations of temperature, and the thaw and frost do not separately penetrate far enough to convert the snow into ice.'—p. 31.

Hence the general absence of ice in the higher portions of the zone of snow arises, we may say, rather from the want of heat than of cold, although upon the exposed summits of the great mountains, from the stronger action of the elements, and the influence of the solar rays, the snow is frequently compact rather than powdery, or in such places is even converted into an opaque ice.

The glaciers, then, being in some way or other slowly moving masses, or icy streams, which partially convey the immeasurable reservoirs of Alpine snow into the lower regions, it naturally became a question of deep interest to ascertain the cause of such majestic movement.

The theory of glacier motion suggested by Gruner, and adopted by Saussure, was this—that the valleys in which glaciers lie being always more or less inclined, their own weight was sufficient to urge them downwards, pressed on moreover by the accumulation of the winter snows of the higher regions—this sliding process being facilitated by the fusion of the bottom of the glacier, where it comes in contact with the natural heat of the earth on which it rests. But this theory of gravitation, like the 'sliding-scale' of our corn-law politicians, has been contravened, and another, named the 'dilatation theory,' substituted in its place. This latter, if not originally proposed, has at least been recently brought forward in renewed strength and systematic form by M. de Charpentier. His notion is, that the snow being penetrated by water becomes gradually consolidated; that even in the state of ice it continues permeable to water by means of innumerable fissures which traverse its mass; that these are filled with fluid water during the heat of the day, which water is frozen in the fissures by the nocturnal cold—thus producing by *expansion* a force of tremendous power, by means of which the glacier tends to move itself in the direction of least resistance, that is, down the valley.

In regard to the first of these theories, Mr. Forbes very naturally inquires how it is, that a vast and irregular mass like a glacier, with a mean slope of only 8°, and often of less than 5°, can *slide* according to the common laws of gravity and friction, over a bed of uneven, and consequently resisting, rocky ground, and

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and through a channel so sinuous and irregular, that its icy stream is often embayed in a valley, whence it can only escape by an aperture of half its actual width? On merely mechanical principles, motion under such circumstances seems impossible; for it is well known that even hewn stones, finely dressed with plane surfaces, will not slide over one another until the slope exceeds 30°. And if the great glacier mass is actually *sliding* down its bed, what prevents the *acceleration* of its movement,—in other words, why does it not result in an avalanche of the most appalling and disastrous kind?

The theory of dilatation, on the other hand, is shown to be founded on a mistake as to a physical fact. According to M. de Charpentier, the maximum temperature of a glacier is 32° Fahr., and the water in its fissures is kept liquid only by the 'small quantity of heat' which reaches it by means of surface water and surrounding air. 'Take away this sole cause of heat, *i. e.* let the surface be frozen, and the water in the ice must congeal.' Mr. Forbes maintains that this is a pure fallacy,—the *latent heat* of water being entirely overlooked. This *latent heat* expresses the fact, that where water is reduced to 32°, it does not immediately solidify,—the abstraction not of a 'small quantity,' but of a very large quantity indeed, being necessary to change water at 32° into ice at 32°:—

'Admitting all the premises, the ice at 32° (it is allowed that in summer, during the period of infiltration, it cannot be lower) is traversed by fissures extending to a great depth (for otherwise the dilatation would be only superficial) filled with water at 32°. Night approaches, and the surface freezes, and water ceases to be conveyed to the interior. Then, says the theorist, the water already in the crevices and fissures of the ice, and in contact with ice, instantly freezes. Not at all; for where is it to deposit the heat of fluidity, without which it cannot, under any circumstances, assume the solid form? The ice surrounding it cannot take it; for, being already at 32°, it would melt it. It can only, therefore, be slowly conveyed away through the ice to the surface, on the supposition that the cold is sufficiently intense and prolonged to reduce the upper part of the ice considerably below 32°. The progress of cold and congelation in a glacier will therefore be, in general, similar to that in earth, which, it is well known, can be frozen to the depth of but a few inches in one night, however intense the cold. Such a degree and quantity of freezing as can be attributed to the cold of a summer's night, must therefore be absolutely inefficient on the mass of the glacier.'—p. 87.

Moreover, were this theory of motion by congelation and expansion true, how does it happen that during summer, when the diurnal variations of temperature within the glacier are inappreciable, and we have positive evidence that no internal congelation is taking place, the motion should be more rapid than at any other time?

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time? And why is the motion least in cold weather, when the increase of the glacier is the greatest? Were this dilatation theory the true one, a sudden frost following wet weather would give the very conditions of greatest expansion and most rapid motion; but it will be seen from Professor Forbes's tables of glacier motion (pp. 139-144), and from his account of an examination of the Mer de Glace (p. 359), after a week of premature winter weather in September, prior to which the ice had been completely saturated by wet weather, that the progress was retarded by cold, and immediately advanced on the return of thaw. So also, a rapid movement, perceptible about the end of June, took place in connexion with the very hot weather which then occurred, just as a marked retardation at the end of July accompanied a week of cold. We quite agree, then, with the Professor in thinking it established, in reference to the motion of glaciers,—

'That thawing weather, and a wet state of the ice, conduces to its advancement, and that cold, whether sudden or prolonged, checks its progress.'—p. 148.

If, therefore, the state of *imbibition*, or wetness of the glacier be the main cause of its increased velocity, it is easy to understand how 'mild rain, or thawing snow, produces the same effect as intense sunshine.' (p. 150.) But while it may be regarded as certain that the motion of the ice is greatest in warm and least in cold weather, it by no means follows (though this has been assumed) that in winter a glacier is completely stationary. The Dilatationists, of course, say in reference to this alleged hybernal immobility, that a glacier being completely frozen in winter, cannot expand on account of there being no alternation of frost and thaw—thus

'Le mouvement des glaciers suppose des alternances fréquentes de chaud et de froid. . . . Il en résulte que l'hiver est pour les glaciers *l'époque de repos*.'—*Agassiz.*

'C'est un fait reconnu et attesté par tous ceux qui demeurent dans leur voisinage, que les glaciers restent *parfaitement stationnaires* dans cette saison (l'hiver).'—*Charpentier.*

But Lord Byron tells quite another story:—

'The glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward *day by day*.'

and it is evident that the poet is right 365 times in the year, while the philosophers are wrong, in their facts, from the end of autumn till the beginning of spring, and in their theory, all the seasons round. For it has been recently and accurately ascertained that the motion of the Mer de Glace in winter, that is, from 20th of October

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October to 4th of April, was 212 feet. Even during the very depth of the season—from the 12th of December to the 17th of February—the motion measured 76 feet—above 13½ inches daily. The entire annual movement of the lateral parts of the Mer de Glace is estimated at 483 feet, that of the central portion being probably two-fifths greater.

This last allusion conducts us to another point of great importance. The generality of authors had asserted that the sides of these great icy streams move faster than their centre. But our author fixing his telescope on one side of the Mer de Glace, and having previously painted a tall red cross on the face of a rock upon the other, by pointing his instrument upon the cross, and causing it to describe a vertical circle, the velocity of the intermediate ice, also marked in line at side and centre, could be accurately determined as it glided downwards. In this way he immediately ascertained that a glacier stream, like that of a river, flows fastest in the centre. He has also pointed out another conformable law, that the parts at and near the surface move more rapidly than those which lie closer to the bottom, where the friction is greater. These two tendencies in combination produce the peculiar elongated loops or parabolic curves which distinguish the structure of the glacier, as well as the inward dip, or overlying position, and eventual horizontality of the laminæ of which it is composed. They also explain the occurrence, or rather the form and direction of the 'dirt bands' upon the surface, and other allied phenomena, all of them inconsistent with either the sliding theory or that of dilatation.

It was the observance of these curvilinear forms upon the surface of the ice which first directed Professor Forbes's attention to the true principles of glacier motion. They recalled involuntarily the idea of fluid motion, so perfectly did they resemble the lines formed by scum upon any viscous liquid when propelled along an inclined trough, or those upon the soiled or foamy surface of sluggish water—the cause of both of which is well known to be the difference of rapidity between the sides and centre. A pailful of thickish mortar, a barrel of tar, a pot of honey, or of any other fluid or semi-fluid matter poured down an inclined plane furnished with sides and bottom, will obey and exemplify the same law. Now a glacier, though on the whole rather hard as well as very cold, is composed not only in some measure of nearly solid ice, but also in a still greater measure of moist ice, snow, slush, and water; and possesses under certain circumstances, especially when much saturated with moisture, 'a rude flexibility,' sensible even to the hand. The reflection, therefore, naturally occurred: it is not only *probable* that such would be the motion of any semi-fluid

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fluid or pasty mass placed in the conditions of the glacier, but it is *certain*, from

'my own experiments already detailed, that the actual motion *is* such as we have supposed it to be; it *does* move faster at the centre than at the sides; it is no hypothesis to say that the glacier moves as a viscous or pasty mass would move—for we know that opposite the Montanvert the motion of the ice at the centre of the glacier is two-fifths greater than at even a very sensible distance from the bank.'—p. 176.

Professor Forbes's own theory of glacier motion is therefore this:—*A glacier is an imperfect fluid, or viscous body, which is urged down slopes of a certain inclination by the mutual pressure of its parts*:—and he illustrates and explains this view by such a variety of practical proofs and observations as to set the matter, though a moving one, at rest for ever.

The ice of glaciers, as we have already mentioned, is not uniformly transparent. But although in many places porous and full of air-bubbles, and these may result from the freezing of snow imbibed with water, it is not granular. Thin plates of compact ice, blue and transparent, alternate with other laminæ, also firm and perfect, but pervaded by multitudinous air-globules, which bestow upon it a semi-opaque aspect. It is the alternation of these bands or veins of different texture that is the proximate cause of what is called the *ribboned structure* of the glacier. If we take up a piece of this veined or chalcedony kind of ice, and look through it *across* the direction of the structure, it seems opaque or dim; but if we hold it in another direction, and look *parallel* to the plates, we shall then perceive that the obscure portions alternate with others of glassy clearness. This peculiar structure has all the appearance of being due to the formation of fissures in the aërated ice or consolidated snow of the glacier, afterwards filled by water frozen during winter into clear or compact ice. As the general mass does not move with uniform velocity in its transverse section, where every line of particles has a velocity proper to its own position in the icy stream, innumerable rents or fissures must take place, with a direction parallel to that of its motion, and these fissures,

'becoming filled with water, and ultimately frozen during winter, will produce the appearance of bands traversing the general mass of the ice, having a different texture.'

Although this structure seems to have been noted in an unpublished memoir by M. Guyot, of Neufchâtel, some years ago, as an insulated fact in the history of the glacier of the Gries, and had been privately recorded by Sir David Brewster so far back as 1814, Professor Forbes was the first to draw public attention to its importance and generality.

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These veins appear, in a general way, to be parallel to the sides of the glacier, but this is only because the branches of the curves which represent their real forms merge into parallelism along shore, as they actually converge from either side to a point in the centre, the direction of structure there for a short space being across the strata, and at the same time dipping inwards at a considerable angle.

The phenomena called 'dirt bands' seem also to result from a corresponding structure upon a larger scale, and as their form and character illustrate both the structure and movement of glaciers, we shall quote the Professor's account of the way in which they first attracted his attention:—

'On the evening of the 24th of July, I walked up the hill of Charmoz to a height of 600 or 700 feet above the Montanvert, or about 1000 feet above the level of the glacier. The tints of sunset were cast in a glorious manner over the distant mountains, whilst the glacier was thrown into comparative shadow. This condition of half illumination is far more proper for distinguishing feeble shades of colour on a very white surface like that of a glacier than the broad day. Accordingly, whilst revolving in my mind, during this evening's stroll, the singular problems of the ice-world, my eye was caught by a very peculiar appearance of the surface of the ice, which I was certain that I now saw for the first time. It consisted of a series of nearly hyperbolic brownish bands in the glacier, the curves pointing downwards, and the two branches mingling indiscriminately with the moraines, presenting an appearance of a succession of waves some hundred feet apart. They were evidently distinguished from the general mass of the glacier by discoloration of some kind, and indeed they had the appearance of being supernumerary moraines of a curvilinear form, detached from the principal moraines, and uniting in the centre of the glacier. Although this was my first idea, I was satisfied, from the general knowledge which I then had of the direction of the "veined structure" of the ice, that these discoloured bands probably followed that direction; and, accordingly, next day I carefully examined the surface of the ice, with the view of determining, if possible, their connexion and course, being well satisfied that this new appearance was one of great importance, although, from the two circumstances of being best seen at a distance or considerable height, and in a feeble or slanting light, it had very naturally been overlooked, both by myself and others.' —p. 162.

Our author had often observed that certain parts of the ice were dirty and others clean; but it was not till he had examined its surface minutely on the 25th of July, that he discovered that the 'dirt bands,' as he calls them (we wish they had an equally accurate yet more euphonious name), had a definite position upon the glacier, and a regular recurrence. He had now no difficulty, whilst examining the ice when on its surface, in ascertaining whether he was standing upon one of the said 'dirt bands' or on clean

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clean ice, although, from the inequalities of the surface and the local effects of light, it would have been impossible to have traced out step by step the forms of the discolorations. They resemble the 'blind paths' on moors—very apparent from a distance, but lost when we stand upon them :—

'The *cause* of the discoloration was the next point; and my examination satisfied me that it was not, properly speaking, a diversion of the moraine, but that the particles of earth and sand, or disintegrated rock, which the winds and avalanches and water-runs spread over the entire breadth of the ice, *found a lodgment* in those portions of the glacier where the ice was most porous, and that consequently the dirt-bands were merely *indices of a peculiarly porous veined structure traversing the mass of the glacier in these directions.* A most patient examination of the structure of the ice opposite the Montanvert satisfied me completely of the parallelism of the "veined structure" to the "dirt bands;" the former was the cause of the latter; and some more general cause, yet to be explained, occasioned the alternation of the porous veins at certain intervals along the glacier.'—p. 163.

The Professor deems it not improbable that the recurrence of these beds of more or less porous structure to which the dirt bands are due, may depend in some way upon the season of their first consolidation in the higher glacier, and that this character being, though modified, preserved throughout their future course, may cause the recurrence of the porous bands at annual intervals, so that they may actually represent the 'annual rings' of growth, and the intervals between them the yearly progress of the glacier at any point. But many circumstances tend to show that at least the ordinary veined structure is developed during the downward progress of the ice, that it is subject to variations according to the conditions of its course, and that it cannot be referred in any way to the snow-beds of the *névé*, or head of the glacier, or to any primitive conformation whatever.

It seems certain that the surface of a glacier becomes depressed or lowered in summer, and that there is during that season a great waste of its general substance, without any increase either from congelation or any other cause. The sun melts, and the rain washes away its superficies; a thousand tiny rills erode its chilly walls, and hide their glittering radiance amid the dim seclusion of its icy chambers; sub-glacial streams flow unseen and silently beneath its ponderous mass; while the genial bosom of mother earth herself assists the fusion even of the deepest portions. All these causes combined produce a kind of collapse in the summer season amounting to a depression of several inches in a day. Now, it has been inferred, in accordance with the dilatation theory, that while the surface of a glacier continually wastes, it is at the same

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time heaved bodily upwards, so that its absolute level remains unchanged. But Professor Forbes has proved by experimental observation, that the surface of the ice near the side of the Mer de Glace was lowered *upwards of twenty-five feet* between the 26th June and the 16th September, and to a still greater depth towards the centre. It is the annual congelation, that is, the continuous and prolonged cold of winter, which freezing the water of glaciers, increases their dimensions; but the effect of this admitted dilatation is not to shift the mass of ice onwards by causing it to slide upon its bed, but to enlarge it in the direction of least resistance, that is, vertically, and so increase its *thickness*.

Although the ice of every portion of a glacier is changing from year to year, each successive season presents in the same place a surface so similar to its former state, that

'an experienced guide will make his way over the ice in the same direction, and seem to avoid the same crevices, whilst he is, in fact, walking upon ice wholly changed; that is, which has replaced in position the ice of the previous year, which has been pushed onwards by the progressive movement of the glacier. This is a fact which, though generally enough admitted, has not yet excited sufficient attention.'—p. 78.

'Every year, and year after year, the water-courses follow the same lines of direction; their streams are precipitated into the heart of the glacier by vertical funnels called "moulins," at the very same points; the fissures, though forming very different angles with the axis or sides of the glacier at different points of its length, opposite the same point, are always similarly disposed; the same parts of the glacier, relatively to fixed rocks, are every year passable, and the same parts are traversed by innumerable fissures. Yet the solid ice of one year is the fissured ice of the next, and the very ice which this year forms the walls of a "moulin" will next year be some hundred feet farther forward, and without perforation, whilst the cascade remains immoveable, or sensibly so, with reference to fixed objects around. All these facts, attested by long and invariable experience, prove that the ice of the glaciers is insensibly and continually moulding itself under the influence of external circumstances, of which the principal, be it remarked, is its own weight affecting its figure, in connexion with the surfaces over which it passes, and between which it struggles onwards. It is, in this respect, absolutely comparable to the water of a river, which has here its deep pools, here its constant eddy, continually changing in substance, yet ever the same in form.'—p. 411.

These facts, and many others, are adverse both to the modern theory of downward motion by dilatation, and to the older one of the gravitation of a *rigid* sliding mass; but they are all harmoniously conformable to Professor Forbes's plastic or viscous views of a glacier, which he regards not as a mass of solid ice, but as a compound of ice and water, more or less yielding, according

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according to its state of wetness or infiltration. He has shown that its motions are regulated exactly by the same laws which regulate the motion of fluids, that is, that its movement is less rapid at the sides than centre, in consequence of being retarded by friction; that when embayed by rocks it accumulates like the waterpools of a river, while its declivity and velocity diminish together, the latter increasing when it passes down a steep, or issues from a broad expanse by a narrow outlet; that when rendered more fluid by heat, its motion is increased—when made more solid by cold, retarded; that its pace is more rapid in summer, because that is the season of greatest fluidity; but that it is not stationary in winter, because the frost of that season does not penetrate the ice, any more than it does the ground, except to a limited extent; and that, although it moves fastest in warm weather in consequence of the sun's heat filling the cracks and crevices with water, the proportion of velocity does not necessarily follow or accord with the proportion of heat, because a sudden thaw after a fall of surface snow in September would produce the same effect as a greater increase of warmth without the previous fall, and so a cloudy summer day with heavy rain will accelerate the movement as much, or it may be more, than a sunny dry one. He has pointed out the peculiar and pervading veined or ribboned structure of the ice, and explained how that structure is chiefly developed in the middle and lower portions of the glacier, independent of any character traceable to the original mode of deposition of either ice or snow in its higher sources, but that, on the contrary, it may be locally destroyed, and renewed again in its downward course; and that its formation is consequently connected with the different rates of motion of the different parts, these rates being demonstrated by the parabolic or curvilinear forms which indicate the alternations of opacity and translucence, and which themselves result from *crevices formed by the forced separation of a half rigid mass, whose parts are compelled to move with different velocities, becoming infiltrated with water, and frozen during winter's cold.* The important observation of the rapid declension of the summer surface of the glacier has been already noticed, and we shall here close our account of this branch of the more strictly scientific portion of the volume.

The extraordinary geological agency and influence of existing glaciers in conveying away detached masses of rock, and grooving and grinding the surface of those *in situ*—and the theory deduced from the observation of these acting causes, of the prodigious power of ancient and now extinct glaciers of gigantic size, as the means by which enormous insulated blocks have been at some former, though by no means excessively remote period, transported on

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on an icy cradle from their original granitic bed, and deposited after a journey of sixty or eighty miles upon mountain slopes of secondary limestone—these and other kindred subjects, so ably discussed and illustrated by Professor Forbes, we must also leave, for the present, in his own pages.

We shall now present a few notices regarding the general features of the neighbouring Alpine districts, as the valley of Chamouni, although the most famous and best-frequented highway to Mont Blanc, is, of course, only one out of many wonders. The tour or circuit of that mighty mountain, beginning and ending with the village of Chamouni, exhibits scenery of the most admirable and varied character. Descending by the banks of the Arve, and passing the fine glacier des Bossons, the lower extremity of which is probably now not less than 5000 feet below the level of perpetual snow, the traveller turns leftwards by the Vallée de Montjoie, and crosses the south-western shoulder of Mont Blanc by the Col du Bonhomme, one of the most dreary passes in the Alps. With a strong west wind the snow is here raised into frightful eddies called *tourmentes* by the French, and *guxen* in the German Alps. The passage is, therefore, greatly dreaded by the guides in bad weather. Two English travellers lost their lives while attempting it some seasons back. The summit presents a wide view of the valleys of the Tarentaise. The mountains of the Upper Isère are full in view, and 'in shape and gesture proudly eminent,' rises the Aiguille de la Vanoire, a snow-clad pyramidal summit of a most striking aspect. In front is the wild deep valley of Bonneval, an uninhabited gorge which extends to Bourg St. Maurice, and by that route may be reached the pass of the Little St. Bernard. But the traveller to the Allée Blanche will proceed by the Chalets of Motet, and cross the Col de la Seigne, of which the ascent is easy though tedious. Its elevation is something more than 8400 feet above the sea, and the vast western steeps of Mont Blanc are seen descending to the leftwards. The bottom of the valley is not more than 4000 feet above the sea, and close upon it rises the great mountain, composed not certainly of a single and unbroken precipice, but yet of a steep and savage mass of rock, of 11,700 feet of vertical height, on which even the snow cannot lie except in patches. The aspect of Mont Blanc is, therefore, far more grand and imposing from this side than from Chamouni, where the eye, in ignorance of the actual distance, misconceives the height. But besides these Alpine views, the Allée Blanche is glorious for its glaciers. Its entire extent is traversed in the way to Courmayeur, which is not more than a five hours' walk from the summit of the Col, and affords a good head-quarter for those who desire to explore the wonders of the ice world on the

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the south-eastern sides of Mont Blanc. 'I am acquainted,' says Captain Basil Hall, 'with only one scene in the world which can pretend to rival, in natural magnificence, the Glacier de Miage; I mean the Falls of Niagara.' Professor Forbes, who traversed that glacier in several directions, says:—

'Its immense extent deceives the eye as to its inequalities; and I scarcely ever remember to have had a more laborious or rougher walk than the traverse of the lower part of the Glacier de Miage, which I followed down its centre to the spot where, as will be seen by the eye-sketch, it divides into two branches. This icy torrent, as spread out into the Allée Blanche, appeared to me to be three and a half miles long, and one and a half wide; but I am aware of the uncertainty of these measures. After struggling for a long time among fissures and moraines, I at length mounted a heap of blocks higher than the rest, and surveyed at leisure the wonderful scene of desolation, which might compare to that of chaos, around me. The fissures were numerous and large, not regular, like those of the Mer de Glace, traversing the ice laterally, but so uneven, and at such angles, as often to leave nothing like a plain surface to the ice, but a series of unformed ridges, like the heaving of a sluggish mass struggling with intestine commotion, and tossing about over its surface, as if in sport, the stupendous blocks of granite which half choke its crevasses, and to which the traveller is often glad to cling when the glacier itself yields him no further passage. It is then that he surveys with astonishment the strange law of the ice world, that stones always falling seem never to be absorbed—that, like the fable of Sisyphus reversed, the lumbering mass, ever falling, never arrives at the bottom, but seems urged by an unseen force still to ride on the highest pinnacles of the rugged surface; but let the pedestrian beware how he trusts to these huge masses, or considers them as stable. Yonder huge rock, which seems "fixed as Snowdon," and which interrupts his path along a narrow ridge of ice, having a gulf on either hand, is so nicely poised, "obsequious to the gentlest touch," that the fall of a pebble, or the pressure of a passing foot, will shove it into one or other abyss, and the chances are, may carry him along with it. Let him beware, too, how he treads on that gravelly bank, which seems to offer a rough and sure footing, for underneath there is certain to be the most pellucid ice; and a light footstep there, which might not disturb a rocking-stone, is pregnant with danger. All is on the eve of motion: Let him sit a while, as I did, on the moraine of Miage, and watch the silent energy of the ice and sun. No animal ever passes, but yet the stillness of death is not there: the ice is cracking and straining onwards—the gravel slides over the bed to which it was frozen during the night, but now lubricated by the effect of sunshine. The fine sand, detached, loosens the gravel which it supported, the gravel the little fragments, and the little fragments the great, till, after some preliminary noise, the thunder of clashing rocks is heard, which settle into the bottom of some crevasse, and all again is still.'—p. 199.

At some distance down the valley trees appear on both sides, and

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and especially on the northern slopes of Mont Chetif, called the Pain de Sucre. There the wooded pathway leading to Courmayeur shows, even before emerging from the pines, through perpendicular stems, and here and there between masses of sombre foliage, the dazzling gleam of the great glacier of La Brenva, one of the most magnificent among the Alps. It is also very accessible, descending far into the valley, and may be finely seen from the mule road which traverses the Allée Blanche. It exhibits the veined structure in the highest perfection, and the alternate bands of bluish green and greenish white bestow upon it a most beautiful aspect. It is known to have increased enormously since the days of De Saussure. About twenty-four years ago it attained so great a height as partially to dislocate a rocky promontory, and destroy a chapel—the latter, from the dangerous state to which it was reduced, requiring to be taken down, and reconstructed in another place. The seasons had been comparatively rather cold for several years, and there had no doubt been also a greater fall of snow than usual in the higher regions. The tradition of the country is, indeed, that at a more remote period this glacier did not at all occupy even the bottom of the valley; but on a certain 15th of July (St. Margaret's day), the natives of St. Jean de Pertus, a village which was then overhung by this glacier of La Brenva, instead of keeping the *fête*, thought proper to make their hay while the sun shone—a sacrilegious occupation, which was speedily punished—for next day the glacier descended in the twinkling of an eye, and swallowed them up, with all their goods and chattels. The guides declare that an individual still living at Courmayeur went, when a child, with other children, for devotional purposes to the chapel of Berrier, which overlooks the glacier, and there he heard the low sweet chaunting of vespers from beneath the ice, and saw a radiant procession issue from and return within its crystal archways. But such sights are seldom vouchsafed to natural philosophers.

Courmayeur is the highest considerable village in the great valley of Aosta. It is distinguished by the exquisite freshness and purity of its atmosphere; and as it also possesses mineral springs, it is much frequented by the Piedmontese in summer. It forms an excellent station for a glacier-exploring pedestrian, being so near the opening to the Allée Blanche, and its great prolongation, Val Ferret. One of the most noted excursions from this quarter is the ascent of the Cramont, a mountain which commands a complete view of all the southern precipices of Mont Blanc and the adjoining chain; and on the road towards it, on descending from La Thuille, there is a magnificent burst of Alpine scenery, just where the Aiguille du Géant, the Grande Jorasse (a peak of 13,496 feet

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13,496 feet in height), and the entire eastern chain of Mont Blanc, come first in view.

But a more remarkable and much more arduous undertaking may be accomplished from Courmayeur, by those who wish to try a near cut to Chamouni—that is, by crossing the shoulder of Mont Blanc, and descending to the Mer de Glace by the passage of the Col du Géant. The great mountain mass of which Mont Blanc and its tributary heights are composed may be said to form an oval group, extending from the Col du Bonhomme on the south-west, to the Mount Catogne, above Martigny, on the north-east, a distance of about thirty English miles; while the transverse distance from Courmayeur to Chamouni is not more than thirteen miles. The most direct passage is by the Col du Géant, which forms the crest of the chain; and notwithstanding its enormous elevation, it would in all probability be more frequented but for the dangerous character of the Glacier du Tacul (an upper arm of the Mer de Glace) upon its northern side. Although there is a tradition of its having been more open in ancient times, it had certainly been deemed impracticable for centuries; and so late as 1781, M. Bourrit, referring to its crevasses, has observed, 'Elles sont si effroyables qu'elles font désespérer de retrouver jamais la route qui conduisait à la Val d'Aoste.' Indeed, it was only in the fourth volume of De Saussure's 'Voyages' (1788), that that author talks of 'la route nouvellement découverte' from Chamouni to Courmayeur. It may give some idea of the difficulty, if not the danger, of this pass, when we mention that these thirteen miles usually occupy the traveller for a couple of days, one entire night being spent without protection on the snow; but Professor Forbes took the plan of starting, after a few hours previous repose, during the night, so as to reach the Col soon after sunrise.

'Being fairly on foot at thirty minutes past one, A.M., of the 23rd July, my ill humour' [he had been previously a little ruffled by the presentation of a supplementary bill, when he believed himself to have settled all just claims the evening before] 'was soon dissipated by the exquisite beauty of the scene which the valley of Courmayeur presented. The full moon was riding at its highest in a cloudless sky, the air calm and slightly fresh, blowing very gently down the valley. The village and neighbourhood lay, of course, in all the stillness of the dead of night; and as I headed our little caravan, and walked musingly up the familiar road which led to the Allée Blanche and the foot of Mont Blanc —that vast wall of mountain, crowned with its eternal glaciers, seemed to raise itself aloft, and to close in the narrow and half-shaded valley of Courmayeur, verdant with all the luxuriance of summer, and smelling freshly after the lately fallen rain. Of all the views in the Alps, few, if any, can in my mind be compared with the majesty of this; and seen at

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at such a moment, and with the pleasing excitement of thinking that within a few hours I hoped to be standing on the very icy battlements which now rose so proudly and so inaccessibly, it may be believed that I had never before regarded it with so much complacency.'—p. 220.

Having crossed the stream which descends from the Val de Ferret, he ascended by Mount Frety; and having passed over the top of that mountain, he gained the base of the chief ascent, after not more than three hours' continuous walking. There he and his companions (one guide and an assistant) halted, at half-past four, to breakfast by a spring. After this the ascent began in earnest, and now all vestige of grass or herbage disappeared. Keeping upon a rugged ridge, they climbed patiently among masses of bare rock, touching the snow only at a single point, and that only for a few paces. They gained a summit station (11,140 feet in height) soon after seven, A.M.

'It is very rare to be at this elevation at so early an hour as seven in the morning, and still rarer to combine this essential for a distant prospect with such magnificent weather as the day afforded. The atmosphere was perhaps, as the event proved, too clear for very permanently fine weather—not a cloud, not even a vapour, being visible. The air of this lofty region was in the most tranquil state. Range over range of the Alps, to the east, south, and west, rose before us, with a perfect definition up to the extreme limit which the actual horizon permitted us to see. Never in my life have I seen a distant mountain view in the perfection that I did this; and yet I have often been upon the alert to gain the summits before the hazy veil of day had spread itself. Perhaps it enhanced my admiration of the scene that a great part of the labyrinth of mountains were familiar in their forms to my eye, and that from having penetrated many of their recesses in different journeys, this wide glance filled my mind with a pleasing confusion of the images of grandeur and beauty which had been laboriously gathered during many pedestrian tours, whose course and bounds I now overlooked at a glance.'—p. 225.

Our author then describes the vastness of the panoramic view around him, naming the giant peaks and Alpine ranges in succession—the inaccessible obelisk of Mount Cervin or the Mutterhorn, a pointed rock not a thousand feet lower than Mont Blanc itself, and certainly one of the most remarkable natural objects of the Alpine world—the entire mass of the many-headed Monte Rosa, subdued and beautified by the blue aërial tint of distance—the jagged rocks of the Valpelline, guarding, as it were, a world of snow—the stern grey masses of Champorcher—the white wastes of the Ruitor—the Aiguille de la Vanoire, a lofty and conspicuous peak—and westward and beyond, in clear perspective, the more distant ranges of Mount Thabor, separating the valleys of the Arc and Durance—Savoy from France. Then beneath his feet,

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feet, at the base of a great steep slope of 8000 feet of actual depth,—

'Oh, what a fall is there, my countrymen,'

lay the Allée Blanche with its far-gleaming glaciers, its quiet lake and inaudible torrents, all *in plano*—the peaks of Mont Chetif, and even the lofty Cramont, now subdued and lowly—the monotonous length of the Val Ferret, the hamlets of Courmayeur and Le Saxe, and the green meadows of St. Didier, begirt with pine-covered crags. These and other well-known objects scarcely withdrew attention from the almost continued contemplation of the Alpine view beyond. Yet lofty as was the point to which they had attained, behind and above still towered the final summit of Mont Blanc, with its giant sentinel the Aiguille of Peteret, to a further height of 4600 feet. But the reader will be glad to be informed that although we spoke of entrancement, your true philosopher is never in a trance, and so

'Whilst admiring the scenery, a second and more substantial breakfast of cold fowl was proceeding with marked advantage to the prospects of the journey—for our appetites were excellent. I scarcely tasted the wine, and not at all the brandy, which Coutlet had plentifully provided and liberally partook of. We had yet many hours' walk in the heat of the day, over dry snow, where no drop of water is ever seen.'—p. 227.

The rock under which they breakfasted had once supported the *cabane* of De Saussure, and the Professor pleased himself by contemplating a piece of old board which still remained of the materials, and a quantity of straw which lay beneath the stones. There the straw had continued without decomposition for more than half a century, preserved, we presume, by frost. The Genevese philosopher and his son took up their abode in this lofty encampment on the 3rd day of July, 1788, accompanied by numerous guides and porters, carrying tents and utensils. They had ascended from the other side, having slept the preceding night by the small ice-encompassed lake of the Tacul. They descended on the 19th of the same month to Courmayeur, having resided for more than a fortnight on the snowy mountain. It is believed that the guides were so exhausted by the tedium of their prolonged hardships, that they secreted the provisions assigned for the day of descent, to render impossible their further exile from the world of warmth and comfort:—

'Here this remarkable man passed sixteen days and nights, keeping with his son (the only surviving sharer of the expedition) almost perpetual watch upon the instruments which he had undertaken to observe. No system of connected physical observations, at a great height in the atmosphere, has ever been undertaken which can compare with that of De Saussure. At any time such self-denial and perseverance would be admirable,

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admirable, but if we look to the small acquaintance which philosophers of sixty years ago had with the dangers of the Alps, and the consequently exaggerated colouring which was given to them, it must be pronounced heroic.'

He was by this time on the borders of fifty, while his youthful assistant, the hardy son of a hardier sire, was only eighteen.

Our party left the Col on their descent towards Chamouni at eight o'clock. The most striking feature in the northern prospect is the dazzling mass of glaciers which occupies the downward basin to the depth of several thousand feet, intermixed with craggy pinnacles, here and there connected with the lateral rocks, but sometimes standing apart like islands in that icy sea. The account of the descent is so interesting that we make no apology for a long extract.

'It is difficult to say whether the ascent or descent of such a glacier is more arduous; but in descending, one is at least more taken by surprise: the eye wanders over the wilds of ice sloping forwards, and in which the most terrific chasms and rents are hidden like the ditch in a *ha-ha* fence. The crevasses of the glacier gradually widened; the uniting streams from different quarters met and justled, sometimes tossing high their icy waves, at others leaving yawning vacuities. The slope, at first gradual, and covered continually with snow, became steeper; and as we risked less from hidden rents, the multitude and length of the open ones caused us to make considerable circuits.

'But the slope ended at last almost in a precipice. At the point where the glacier is narrowest it is also steepest, and the descending ice is torn piece-meal in its effort to extricate itself from the strait. Almost in a moment we found ourselves amidst toppling crags and vertical precipices of ice, and divided from the Mer de Glace beneath by a chaos of fissures of seemingly impassable depth and width, and without order or number. Our embarrassment was still further increased by the very small distance to which it was possible to command, by the eye, the details of the labyrinth through which we must pass. The most promising track might end in inextricable difficulties, and the most difficult might chance ultimately to be the only safe one.

'The spectacle gave us pause. We had made for the north-western side of the glacier, near the foot of the Petit Rognon, hoping to get down near the side of the rocks, although not upon them; but when we neared this part of the glacier, even Couttet shook his head, and proposed rather to attempt the old passage by the foot of the Aiguille Noire, where De Saussure left his ladder—a passage avoided by the guides on account of the steep icy slopes it presents, and the great danger which is run from the fragments of stone which, during the heat of the day, are discharged, and roll down from the rocks above. These stones are amongst the most dangerous accidents of glacier travels. A stone, even if seen beforehand, may fall in a direction from which the traveller, engaged amidst the perils of crevasses, or on the precarious footing of a narrow ledge

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ledge of rock, cannot possibly withdraw in time to avoid it; and seldom do they come alone: like an avalanche, they gain others during their descent. Urged with the velocity acquired in half rolling, half bounding down a precipitous slope of a thousand feet high, they strike fire by collision with their neighbours—are split perhaps into a thousand shivers, and detach by the blow a still greater mass, which, once discharged, thunders with an explosive roar upon the glacier beneath, accompanied by clouds of dust or smoke, produced in the collision. I have sometimes been exposed to these dry avalanches: they are amongst the most terrible of the ammunition with which the genius of these mountain solitudes repels the approach of curious man.* Their course is marked on the rocks, and they are most studiously avoided by every prudent guide.

'It was, however, in the direction of La Noire that it was thought that we might pass, and we accordingly crossed the glacier to inspect the passage; but there, barriers still more insurmountable appeared. One prodigious chasm stretched *quite across the glacier;* and the width of this chasm was not less than 500 feet. It terminated opposite to the precipices of the Aiguille Noire in one vast *enfoncement* of ice, bounded on the hither side by precipices not less terrible. A glance convinced every one that here, at least, there was not a chance of passing, unprovided as we were with long ropes or ladders. Nothing remained but to resume the track we had at first abandoned; for the whole centre of the glacier was completely cut off from the lower world by this stupendous cleft. Here the experience of Couttet stood us in good stead, and his presence of mind inspired me with perfect confidence, so that we soon set about ascertaining, by a method of trial and error, whether any passage could be forced amongst the labyrinth of smaller crevasses on the northern side of the glacier. A chamois, whose track we had followed earlier, seemed here to have been as much baffled as ourselves; for he had made so many crossings back and forward upon the glacier, and had been so often forced to return upon his steps, that we lost the track for a time. This animal is exceedingly timorous upon a glacier covered with snow, since the form of the foot prevents it from offering almost any resistance when hidden rents are to be crossed. We had accordingly passed earlier in many places where the chamois had not ventured; but the case was now different on the hard ice. He took leaps upon which we dared not venture; and as we were never sure of not being obliged to retrace every step we made, we took good care never to make a descending leap which might cut off our retreat. Many a time we were obliged to return, and many a weary circuit was to be made in order to recommence again; but we seldom failed ultimately to recover the chamois track, which is the safest guide in such situations. The excite-

* '"At saxum quoties ingenti ponderis ictu
Excutitur, qualis rupes quam vertice montis
Abscidit, impulsu ventorum adjuta, vetustas,
Frangit cuncta ruens: nec tantum corpora pressa
Exanimat: totos cum sanguine dissipat artus."
'Lucan, *Phar. III.*, 465.'

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ment was highly pleasing. The extrication from our dilemma was like playing a complicated game, and the difficulty of the steps was forgotten in the interest of observing whether any progress had been gained; for now we were obliged to descend into the bosom of the glacier, and to select its most jagged and pulverized parts, in order to cross the crevasses where they had become choked by the decay and subsidence of their walls. Thus hampered by our icy prison, we only emerged occasionally so as to catch a glimpse of what lay beyond, and to estimate our slow and devious progress. At length, by great skill on the part of Couttet, and patience on the part of all of us (for we remained inseparably tied together all this time), by clambering down one side of a chasm, up another, and round a third, hewing our steps,* and holding on one by one with the rope, we gradually extricated ourselves from a chaos which at first sight appeared absolutely impenetrable, and that without any very dangerous positions.'—pp. 237-240.

At length after several toilsome hours they saw a comparatively easier field before them, and the old familiar features of the Mer de Glace, with the Jardin in the distance, the branching icy beds of the Tacul, the Charmoz, and the Moine became apparent. They halted about one o'clock,

'for we had now reached *water*, always a joyful sight to those who have been long wandering over fields of snow. We drank of it freely, and the guides added fresh libations of brandy, which caused them to complain of intolerable thirst and heat of the head all the way to the Montanvert, which, by confining myself to cold tea and a very little wine with water, I entirely escaped.'—p. 240.

'We all felt,' continues the Professor, 'an exuberant cheerfulness at being relieved from our embarrassments, and ran cheerfully down the magnificent glacier (du Géant), leaping crévasses, which at another moment we would rather have avoided. Soon on the platform at the confluence with the Glacier de Léchaud, all was plain and direct, and I reached the Montanvert at a quarter before four P. M. without fatigue, headach, or lassitude. Here I remained, intending to spend some weeks. My guides, having finished their brandy, descended to Chamouni, where their arrival created, I was told, some astonishment, as no one had before crossed the Col du Géant in a single day, and as it was supposed that the fresh snow must at any rate have rendered the attempt impracticable. I slept that night somewhat sounder and longer than usual, but rose next morning with a freshness and elasticity to which the inhabitant of the plains is a stranger.'—p. 242.

Those who either will not or cannot cross the Col du Géant, and desire to make the easier and more simple circuit of Mont Blanc, must proceed by the prolongation of the Allée Blanche already

* 'A geological hammer, sharpened at one end, is nearly as good an implement for this purpose as a hatchet. For this reason, amongst others, I generally wore it. A person so provided, if he falls uninjured into a crevasse, possesses the most essential means of extrication.'

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named as Val Ferret. Two long and rather monotonous valleys bear the latter name—the one being the Piedmontese (the nearer to Courmayeur), the other the Swiss Val Ferret. They stretch out somewhat wearily as the pedestrian supposes, and although extended in the same almost continuous line, they are separated by a *Col*, which is about a five-hours' journey from Courmayeur. From that intermediate height, looking backwards, there is a striking view of the vast outworks which sustain Mont Blanc upon its southern side, especially the guardian Peteret, which there stands out 'like a majestic Gothic pinnacle.' The ascent on the Swiss side is of tedious length, and of no great interest. It conducts by Orsières to Martigny, from whence the traveller may face about and journey to the Col de Balme, by crossing which he again gains the vale of Chamouni, and thus completes the circuit of Mont Blanc.

But the tourist who finds himself at Orsières, and desires to penetrate to the more central portions of the Pennine Alps, instead of proceeding downwards to Martigny, may cross to Chable on the river Dranse, and so ascend the Val de Bagnes. He will there, doubtless, still find traces of the dreadful debacle which in 1818 swept down the bosom of that fair valley—a flood more disastrous than those of Morayshire, but which no Sir Thomas Lauder has recorded. The season had been remarkable for the increase of the ice-world of Switzerland in general, and the Glacier of Gétroz in particular, which lies towards the head of the Val des Bagnes, upon its eastern side, accumulated so greatly as to have formed, by the stoppage of the river Dranse, a lake of half a league long, 700 feet wide, with a depth in one portion of 200 feet. Now if no artificial aid could be had recourse to in the mean time, the sudden bursting of this lake from its icy barrier was an awful certainty, to 'come off,' as sportsmen say, on the approach of spring—an anticipated deluge of '500 million cubic feet of water—to be let loose in the space of half-an-hour, to sweep through a tortuous valley full of defiles,'—'a flood five times greater than that of the Rhine at Basle, filling the bed of a mountain-torrent.' No wonder that M. Venetz, the intrepid engineer of the Valais, should have endeavoured to avert this impending catastrophe by cutting a canal through the ice, with a view to the gradual drainage of the imprisoned water. This good work was effected between the 10th of May and the middle of June, and it was hoped that the channel would be sufficiently deepened to allow, in this gradual way, of the lake's escape. But it seems that water already at 32° exercises a very feeble action of erosion upon ice, and the awful result was, that the cataract, tumbling over its icy barrier, worked back upon it so rapidly, that the canal

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canal or gallery, which had been originally 600 feet long, was destroyed, and fell away in fragments. The cascade, moreover, acting on the soil beneath, loosened it in such a way as to detach the remaining ice from the mountain, and so the catastrophe was completed. 'It was,' says our philosophical professor, 'an awful, but a grand lesson for the geologist.' We fear it taught a severe lesson to many decent men and women who were no geologists at all:—

'The power of water was exerted on a scale such as Hutton and Playfair would have desired to see, could it have been exerted without the destruction of life and property. Bridges yielded; that of Chable dammed back the torrent upon the village, but happily gave way just as the houses seemed doomed to ruin. In this short space of its course (from Gétroz to Chable) the fall is no less than 2800 feet. Its acquired velocity was therefore enormous—at the commencement of its course 33 feet in a second. Its power to *overthrow* buildings, and to *carry with it* trees, hay-stacks, barns, and gravel, cannot surprise us; but its transporting force upon blocks has probably been overrated.'—p. 263.

We entirely agree with Professor Forbes, that the original moving power of the granite masses which occur in the neighbourhood of Martigny was the grasp of an ancient glacier. We doubt not they had lain there for ages, and were no further affected by the recent debacle than by being turned topsy-turvy, or rolled downwards for a few yards. Our own examination, which was but brief and superficial at the best, did not take place till the spring of 1821, nearly three years after the accident; but the blocks in question seemed entirely analogous in character and position to other insulated masses so frequent in Switzerland, and of which the presumed mode of movement is so greatly strengthened by what we see going on before our eyes in the daily influence and action of the ice-world, independent altogether of the 'Hell of waters.'

The upper portions of the Val des Bagnes are abundantly supplied with glaciers, and two at its head, those of Chermontane and Durand, almost touch each other, descending from opposite sides. The former is a most magnificent sea of ice, hitherto almost unexplored. Indeed, the head of the Val itself is little known: one of its lofty passes, the Col des Fenêtres, is that by which Calvin fled in 1541 from persecution in Aosta, where he had previously resided for five years. It is by no means a difficult Col to take in fine weather, although its snow-surmounted height is considerably above 9000 feet.

'The view towards Italy is wonderfully striking. The mountains beyond Aosta and the glaciers of the Ruitor are spread out in the distance,

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tance, and beneath we have the exceedingly deep valley of Ollomont, communicating with the Val Pelline, which is itself a tributary of the Val d'Aosta. It is enclosed by ridges of the most fantastic and savage grandeur, which descend from the mountains on either side of the Col on which we stood; on the north-east, from the Mont Combin, rising to a height of 14,200 English feet; on the south-east, from the Mont Gelé, which is 11,100 feet high, and almost too steep to bear snow, presenting a perfect ridge of pyramidal aiguilles stretching towards Val Pelline. The side of Mont Gelé towards the Col presents an adhering snowy coat so steep, that seen in front it appears almost vertical.'—p. 271.

Descending to the valley of Ollomont (our author had been previously joined by his friend, M. Studer, professor of geology at Berne), the travellers were ere long charmed with the exquisite freshness of the pastures, enlivened by dwellings, and traversed by sparkling streams. But the condition of many of the native inhabitants was painful and repulsive. Deformed in body and diseased in mind, the melancholy victims of goître and cretinism wandered about in sad and senseless ignorance of all the magnificence by which they were surrounded.

'The scenery continued more and more engaging. In the course of four hours' walk we had passed from ice and eternal snow to the charms of Italian scenery and climate, with more than Italian verdure.'

After a pleasant night's repose in the Piedmontese village of Val Pelline, the next object of our travellers was to make their way, if possible, by a glacier pass at the head of the valley, across the heights to the Vallée d'Erin. They speedily made arrangements with a person whom they had met at the village, 'a tall, athletic, and handsome man, below middle age, who passed for being the strongest man of the whole valley, and whose usual residence was some leagues higher up.' He assured them that he was quite conversant with the pass, which he designated as that of the Col de Collon. Proceeding up the Val Pelline, the village of Biona was the last of any size they came to. There they halted, and 'made a hearty meal in the open air upon fresh eggs and good Aostan wine.' An excellent foot or mule path leads pleasantly along—a convenience for which the tourist has to thank the Jesuits of Aosta, who hold extensive possessions in these Alpine pastures. The night was passed in a clean hay-loft some miles higher up—at the châlets of Prarayon, the property of these same Jesuits, and marked in front by a lofty crucifix. The ensuing morn proved favourable for the passage of the Col, but their potent guide, 'l'homme fort de Biona,' as he was called by reason of his strength, and 'l'habit rouge,' on account of his coat of scarlet, seemed in low spirits, what the Professor's countrymen would have called 'down in the mouth,' being in no hurry to start, and

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inclined to draw bad presages from the weather; so that suspicions were entertained that he was unwilling to proceed from a feeling that he had undertaken more than he was fit for. It afterwards turned out that, being less of a cold-tea-totaller than others of the party, the 'strong man' had laboured under the nervous legacies of 'a drunken fit.' He soon came to himself, and took the hill in first-rate style.

In the further prosecution of this day's journey all the published maps were found at fault, even Wörl's, the most detailed, presenting no resemblance to nature even in the outlines of the great chain. The way to the pass is not at the extreme head of the Val, but up the first lateral valley on the left (to those ascending) below the head. It is a deep gorge, completely ice-bound at its upper extremity, but, from the nature of its rocks, admits of an easier ascent than by the terminal glacier of the Val Biona. Advancing by the course of a brawling stream, and leaving to the left a glacier which has almost blockaded the passage with its huge moraine, they then bore to the right, and soon came in sight of the great glacier descending from the Col which they required to traverse, and so, working their way by a rocky ascent, extremely steep and toilsome, they gained the lateral surface of the ice-stream leading upwards to the Col, of which they there obtained a distant view. The only previous traveller who is known, or at least recorded, to have passed this way, is M. Godefroy, the author of a little work entitled *Notice sur les Glaciers*, and so our party were the more surprised to find the pass itself marked by a small iron cross, showing that it was at all events frequented by the country people. They now also ascertained the secret cause of their guide's acquaintance with it. He admitted that he had frequently travelled that way with bands of smugglers, who avail themselves of these less-frequented passes to introduce into the Piedmontese valleys various contraband articles which are of free commerce in Switzerland.

The party reached the Col de Collon in three hours from the Châlet. It was a bright and beautiful autumnal morning, and they sat a long time among the rocks enjoying the noble scene, which, however, notwithstanding its height of 10,333 feet, is by no means extensive, so much is it surrounded by summits of still more majestic elevation. As they were now far above the limits where water occurs upon a glacier, the Professor had recourse to his portable furnace, with which he melted a sufficiency of snow for the use of the party, ascertaining, at the same time, the temperature of boiling water to be then and there 195° 15′. Our readers of the fairer sex will bear in mind that it has been ascertained that the temperature of the boiling point falls one degree of Fahrenheit

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Fahrenheit for every 550 feet of ascent, uniformly for all heights; so that the making of a good cup of tea on the summit of a lofty mountain may be not only a friendly but a philosophical occupation. After an hour of great enjoyment, they renewed their journey in a cheerful mood, in order to descend the lengthened stretch of ice which lay before them. When fairly abreast of Mont Collon, the guide startled the very air by a wild cry, rousing the rarely awakened echoes of those stupendous precipices, which sent back the sound in still more fantastic tones. He stated that this echo was well known to the smugglers, and that the reverberation of the mountain served to guide them in foggy weather—'in a track,' adds Mr. Forbes, 'which must then be singularly perilous, from the great breadth and monotony of the glacier, and the number of branches into which it divides, any one of which might easily be mistaken for another.'

But while thus amusing themselves with merry shoutings, and listening to the answering voices of those 'viewless spirits of the elements,' their attention was suddenly attracted to a far different matter.

'A dark object was descried on the snow to our left, just under the precipices of Mont Collon. We were not yet low enough to have entered on the ice, but were still on snow. This proved to be the body of a man fully clothed, fallen with his head in the direction in which we were going. From the appearance of the body as it lay, it might have been presumed to be recent; but when it was raised, the head and face were found to be in a state of frightful decay, and covered with blood, evidently arising from an incipient thaw, after having remained perhaps for a twelvemonth perfectly congealed. The clothes were quite entire and uninjured, and being hard frozen, still protected the corpse beneath. It was evident that an unhappy peasant had been overtaken in a storm, probably of the previous year, and had lain there covered with snow during the whole winter and spring, and that we were now in the month of August the first travellers who had passed this way and ascertained his fate. The hands were gloved, and in the pockets, in the attitude of a person maintaining the last glow of heat, and the body being extended on the snow, which was pretty steep, it appeared that he had been hurrying towards the valley when his strength was exhausted, and he lay simply as he fell.

'The effect upon us all was electric, and had not the sun shone forth in its full glory, and the very wilderness of eternal snow seemed gladdened under the serenity of such a summer's day as is rare at these heights, we should certainly have felt a deeper thrill arising from the sense of personal danger. As it was, when we had recovered our first surprise, and interchanged our expressions of sympathy for the poor traveller, and gazed with awe on the disfigured relics of one who had so lately been in the same plight with ourselves, we turned and surveyed, with a stronger sense of sublimity than before, the desolation by which

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we were surrounded, and became still more sensible of our isolation from human dwellings, human help, and human sympathy—our loneliness with nature, and, as it were, the more immediate presence of God.'—p. 280.

The strong guide of Biona then raised the rigid form, and ransacked the clothing, with a view to discover something which might tend to identify the dead. They found, however, nothing in the pockets but a knife and snuff-box, and, concealed in a waist-band, a little treasury of mixed coins of Switzerland and Piedmont. It was afterwards ascertained at the Châlets of Arolla that towards the end of October of the preceding year, a party of twelve men had set off to cross the Col, but being overtaken by a tremendous storm they determined to return—a resolution adopted too late for three, who, worn out with fatigue, and benumbed with cold, were at last abandoned in the snow. Two of the bodies had been previously recovered, and now measures were immediately taken to have the third brought down for interment. A little farther on traces were found of another victim—shreds of clothes and remnants of a knapsack—but the fleshy tabernacle had disappeared.

'Still lower, the remains of the bones and skin of two chamois, and near them the complete bones of a man. The latter were arranged in a very singular manner, nearly the whole skeleton being then in detached bones, laid in order along the ice—the skull lowest, next the arms and ribs, and finally the bones of the pelvis, legs, and feet, disposed along the glacier, so that the distance between the head and feet might be five yards—a disposition certainly arising from some natural cause not very easy to assign.'—p. 281.

Our friends now descended to the western branch of the head of the Val d'Erin, by continuing their course down the great glacier of Arolla. This glacier is quite normal in its structure, exemplifying well the parallel and vertical bands, sweeping round in the conoidal forms proper to the terminal or unsupported portion.

'The stream which descends the valley rises from beneath an arch of ice at the foot of the glacier. The bottom of the valley is wide, gravelly, and waste. A number of desolate and stunted pine trees occupy the western bank, and seem chilled by the near approach of the ice; many are dead, and some fallen. They serve to give a scale to the majestic scenery behind. Their species is the *pinus cembra*, the hardiest of their class which grows to any size in Switzerland, and they are consequently to be met with at great elevations. This pine has various names. In the patois of Savoy, and many other places, it is called "Arolla," whence the name of the valley and glacier. It yields an edible fruit, and the wood is soft, and well fitted for carving, for which it is preferred, especially in the Tyrol and Eastern Alps.'—p. 282.

Descending

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Descending to Evolena, the pedestrians were received after a most cold and niggardly fashion in the dwelling of the curé, whose sister, 'a person of ungovernable temper and rude manners, seemed to find pleasure in the arrival of strangers only as fresh subjects whereon to vent her spleen, and to show how heartily she despised the inhabitants of her brother's parish, compared to the aristocratic burghers of the decayed town of Sion,'—her usual residence. We have no doubt that her inhospitality was exceeded only by her ugliness, but on this point the philosopher is silent. Jaded by a fatiguing journey, and without any prospect of beds for the night, she let them sit around a table, for a couple of hours, till some soup, prepared from their own rice, was at last placed before them. At a late hour in the evening they were told that *one* bed might be had somewhere in the village, so they left the *manse*, shaking the dust from their feet, and proceeded to their destined lodging, where, drawing lots for the place of repose, our Professor gained the prize. 'Where M. Studer slept never transpired;—he had, however, spent a night of misery'—and they parted shortly afterwards, under agreement to meet again at Zermatt.

We close our citations with a fragment from the Professor's descent in that direction upon the glacier of Zmutt.

'Pralong proposed to attempt descending the cliff, by which he recollected to have passed when he last crossed, and to have successfully reached the glacier below. We began cautiously to descend, for it was an absolute precipice: Pralong first, and I following, leaving the other guides to wait about the middle, until we should see whether or not a passage could be effected. The precipice was several hundred feet high. Some bad turns were passed, and I began to hope that no insurmountable difficulty would appear, when Pralong announced that the snow this year had melted so much more completely than on the former occasion as to cut off all communication with the glacier, for there was a height of at least thirty vertical feet of rocky wall, which we could by no means circumvent. Thus, all was to do over again, and the cliff was reascended. We looked right and left for a more feasible spot, but descried none. Having regained the snows above, we cautiously skirted the precipice until we should find a place favourable to the attempt. At length the rocks became mostly masked under steep snow-slopes, and down one of these, Pralong, with no common courage, proposed to venture, and put himself at once in the place of danger. We were now separated by perhaps but 200 feet from the glacier beneath. The slope was chiefly of soft deep snow, lying at a high angle. There was no difficulty in securing our footing in it, but the danger was of producing an avalanche by our weight. This, it may be thought, was a small matter, if we were to alight on the glacier below; but such a surface of snow upon rock rarely connects with a glacier without a break, and we all knew

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knew very well that the formidable "Bergschrund" was open to receive the avalanche and its charge if it should take place. We had no ladder, but a pretty long rope. Pralong was tied to it. We all held fast on the rope, having planted ourselves as well as we could on the slope of snow, and let him down by degrees, to ascertain the nature and breadth of the crevasse, of which the upper edge usually overhangs like the roof of a cave, dropping icicles. Were that covering to fail, he might be plunged, and drag us, into a chasm beneath. He, however, effected the passage with a coolness which I have never seen surpassed, and shouted the intelligence that the chasm had been choked by previous *avalanches*, and that we might pass without danger. He then (having loosed himself from the rope) proceeded to explore the footing on the glacier, leaving me and the other two guides to extricate ourselves. I descended first by the rope, then Biona, and lastly Tairraz, who, being unsupported, did not at all like the slide, the termination of which it was quite impossible to see from above. We then followed Pralong, and proceeded with great precaution to sound our way down the upper Glacier of Zmutt, which is here sufficiently steep to be deeply fissured, and which is covered with perpetual snow, now soft with the heat of the morning sun. It was a dangerous passage, and required many wide circuits; but at length we reached, in a slanting direction, the second terrace or precipice of rock which separates the upper and lower Glacier of Zmutt. When we were fairly on the debris we stopped to repose, and to congratulate ourselves on the success of this difficult passage. Pralong then said that he wished to ask a favour of me. To my astonishment, this was that he might be allowed to return to Erin instead of descending the Glacier to Zermatt. He was afraid, he said, of change of weather, and did not wish to lose time by going round by Visp. Of course I readily granted his request, and paid him the full sum agreed upon. To return all alone (and it was now afternoon) over the track we had just accomplished was a piece of spirit which would scarcely have entered the imagination of any of the corps of guides of Chamouni. I almost hesitated at allowing him to expose himself, but he was resolved and confident; and having given him most of the provisions, and all the wine, we saw him depart.'—pp. 304-306.

We have not touched on many instructive and entertaining chapters; but enough, we hope, has been done to give our readers some notion of glacier-exploring, and also of the skill with which this energetic successor of Playfair manages to combine scientific disquisition and picturesque description.

ART.

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ART. IV.—*The Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon, including his Correspondence, and Selections from the Anecdote Book, written by himself.* By Horace Twiss, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Counsel. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1844.

IN the Law Magazine of 1839 appeared a series of papers on the life of Lord Eldon, compiled with such care, and including comments on the whole so just, that perhaps a revised collection of them was all the public may have expected; but the present Earl found, on examination, that materials equally authentic and interesting remained untouched; and he has been fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. Twiss for the arrangement of a copious and regular biography. This gentleman had always, on a few important subjects, maintained opinions different from those of the venerated Chancellor; but his noble friend rightly anticipated that no such circumstance would be allowed to interfere with the fulness and fairness of his historical record. Mr. Twiss appears to us to have acquitted himself, as to all points of controversy, with an exemplary union of honesty and modesty—neither dissembling his personal views, nor unnecessarily, upon any temptation, projecting them. His main narrative is freely and unaffectedly written—manly and spirited—on proper occasions interspersed with passages of true eloquence; the reader feels that he is in the hands of a man of extensive knowledge in life and affairs—acute, sagacious, thoroughly despising cant and claptraps. We cannot speak with the same unmixed approbation of the selections from the Chancellor's correspondence. Of course he asked and received the permission of those whose letters to his lordship are here printed—or of their proper representatives: but we must think that in sundry cases these parties ought not to have been, thus early, called upon to either grant or withhold such consent. Nor can we compliment Mr. Twiss unreservedly on the use he has made of a certain 'Anecdote Book,' the amusement of octogenarian chair-days at Encombe,—or of some papers of reminiscences by surviving connexions. From these sources he has drawn undoubtedly many valuable illustrations of character and manners; but an ample supply also of bald Joe Millers, and dismal puns, and pointless details of dull doings. We hope to see all such heavy redundancies cleared away from a second edition. This is a sterling book: it will live, and no pains ought to be grudged.

It would be impossible, within the limits of one article, to comprise any adequate examination of even a few of the great questions, legal and political, with which Lord Eldon's name must be connected by every future historian of Great Britain. We shall make

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make no attempt of this nature: reserving until another Number whatever we may desire to say of Lord Eldon as one of the greatest of lawyers and of judges, and of Mr. Twiss's estimate of him as such in the closing chapters—we shall at present deal exclusively with the *Memoirs*, and endeavour to select anecdotes and specimens of correspondence, which may bring our readers better acquainted with the personal character and conduct of the man, and the course of his relations with eminent contemporaries, as a minister of the crown.

Inglis is a rare name in Scotland, but Scott has from an early period been a very common one in England. No one is likely to doubt that some progenitor of Lord Stowell and Lord Eldon had emigrated from Scotland into Northumberland; but it is the glory of these great men that their ancestry was too obscure to be traceable beyond the grandfather, whose legal designation, in early and middle life, was 'William Scott, of Sandgate, yeoman,' —his ultimate position that of clerk in a coal-fitter's warehouse at Newcastle. William, son of this yeoman and clerk, became himself a master coal-fitter—a member of the ancient fraternity of *Oastmen** in that town—a careful, worthy, and latterly prosperous tradesman. Mr. Twiss might as well have omitted all allusion to some vague and idle claims of a descent from one of the most eminent of the Scotch families named Scott—the once great house of Balwearie—(that of which the wizard, 'Auld Michael,' was chief)—still respectably represented by the baronets of Ancrum. It is not even said that there was any tradition of such a lineage. The sole evidence for it amounts to this: that when distinguished graduates at Oxford, the sons of the coal-fitter used seals exhibiting the armorial bearings of Balwearie. Only this morning our eye rested on a newspaper advertisement by a seal-engraver, closing in these terms:—'N.B. Arms found without extra charge.' Neither the yeoman of Sandgate nor the Oastman of Newcastle ever dreamt of pedigrees or escutcheons.

The coal-fitter is the intermediate agent between the lessee of a coal-pit and the shipper of coals. Mr. Scott's house and coal-yard were situated near the river, in one of the narrow lanes of old Newcastle—Love Lane. These lanes have the local *alias* of *chares*. Lord Eldon puzzled the Chancery bar, on some occasion, by mentioning from the bench that he was 'born in a chare-foot.' It was well for him and for his country that his elder brother William could not have told the same story. When their mother was about to be confined for the first time—September, 1745—

* According to Camden, the *Oastmen* were originally so called as trading principally to the *Ost-sea*, or East Sea, *i. e.* the Baltic; but there is much dispute about the etymon.

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the neighbourhood was alarmed by the progress of the Scottish rebels; and she was removed, for security, to the house of her father, in the village of Heworth, on the southern side of the Tyne. It has often been told, with grave circumstantiality, that she was taken ill just as the Highlanders were about to invest the town, and smuggled over the walls, and down into a boat on the river, after all egress had been forbidden by the magistrates. This was not so; but the Heworth midwife took fright during the travail, and a Newcastle surgeon, summoned to her assistance after the gates were barred for the night, had to scale the wall at the chare-foot. The important circumstance is that William's birth took place in the county palatine of Durham.

John Scott, the future Chancellor, was born on the 4th of June, 1751—near six years later than William. Though their parents had thirteen children, only one other son, Henry, and two daughters, survived infancy. The boys were all put to the old grammar-school of Newcastle, then exceedingly well conducted by the Rev. Hugh Moises, who among his assistants had, for the arithmetical department, no less a person than the afterwards celebrated mathematician, Hutton. In this seminary William Scott's extraordinary talents were rapidly developed; and John, in due season, supported the credit of the family name. To the end of their days, both retained a most grateful sense of their obligations to the early care and kindness of Mr. Moises. The particular anecdotes here recorded of their schoolboy life are worthless—with one exception, and as to that we have our doubts. It is said that Mr. and Mrs. Scott used to expect from their boys, on a Sunday evening, some proof that they had been attentive to the sermon they had heard at church, and that William and John acquitted themselves in this matter equally to their worthy parents' satisfaction, but in different ways—William retracing, in a few clear sentences, the pith of the preacher's argument; while John surprised the circle, and occasionally wearied it, by the almost verbatim accuracy of his report. The story has much the air of an *ex post facto*. For the rest, it is sufficiently indicated that, with all their exemplary diligence as to lessons of every sort, they were neither of them grave plodding boys, but both took their full share in all the sports and pranks and trickeries of their coevals. Both had remarkably vigorous constitutions, and animal spirits to correspond. If we may not say that the great man is almost always made of such materials, the rule admits most rare exception as to the great lawyer.

It appears that the good coal-fitter kept his Christmas in the genial fashion so well represented in the text, and also on the frontispiece, of Mr. Dickens's charming Prose Carol of 1843. All the

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the people in his employment, with their wives and children, partook of his roast beef and plum-pudding; and when the warehouse was cleared for the ball, the first admired performance was a *pas seul*—'Master Jacky's hornpipe.'

When William approached his fifteenth birthday, his father intimated to Mr. Moises that he meant to take the boy from school, and bind him apprentice to himself. Mr. Moises expressed much regret—assured Mr. Scott that the lad had in him that which must ensure success in any of the learned professions—and suggested that, from the accident of his birthplace, he was entitled to be a competitor for one of certain scholarships at University College, Oxford, set apart for natives of 'the bishoprick.' Without some such help, Mr. Scott could not in prudence, at that stage of his own career, have entertained the scheme of sending a son to college. William was delighted at the new prospect—tried, and won; and this was the great turning-point in the fortunes of both the illustrious brothers; for William Scott covered himself with honour in his early academical career, and before John was old enough for leaving Mr. Moises, had become fellow and tutor of his college—one of the established authorities and principal ornaments of Oxford. He had watched over John's progress with at once a fraternal and a parental zeal, and now urged on their father to repeat the experiment which already, in his own case, had proved eminently successful. John's ambition had been naturally stirred in that direction; and in May, 1766, he set out for Alma Mater, to be entered as a commoner under the tutorship of William.

'I have seen it remarked,' says Lord Eldon in his Anecdote Book (1827), 'that something which in early youth captivates attention, influences future life in all stages. I came up from Newcastle in a coach then denominated, on account of its quick travelling, as travelling was then estimated, a fly: being, as well as I remember, nevertheless, three or four days and nights on the road. There was no such velocity as to endanger overturning, or other mischief. On the panels of the carriage were painted the words *Sat cito, si sat bene*, [i. e., *quick enough, if well enough*]—words which made a most lasting impression on my mind, and have had their influence upon my conduct in all subsequent life. Their effect was heightened by circumstances during and immediately after the journey. A Quaker, who was a fellow-traveller, stopped the coach at the inn at Tuxford, desired the chambermaid to come to the coach-door, and gave her a sixpence, telling her that he forgot to give it her when he slept there two years before. I was a very saucy boy, and said to him, "Friend, have you seen the motto on this coach?"—"No."—"Then look at it; for I think giving her only sixpence *now* is neither *sat cito* nor *sat bene*." After I got to town, my brother met me at the White Horse in Fetter Lane, Holborn, then the great Oxford house. He took me

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me to see the play at Drury Lane. Love played Jobson in the farce, and Miss Pope played Nell. When we came out of the house, it rained hard. There were then few hackney-coaches, and we got both into one sedan-chair. Turning out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane, there was a sort of contest between chairmen. Our sedan-chair was overset with us in it. This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and it certainly is not *sat bene*.—In short, in all that I have had to do in future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition on the panels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school, *Sat cito, si sat bene*. It was the impression of this which made me that deliberative judge—as some have said, too deliberative;—and reflection upon all that is past will not authorise me to deny that, whilst I have been thinking *sat cito, si sat bene*, I may not have sufficiently recollected *sat bene, si sat cito*.'

Lord Stowell used to tell that when he had to introduce John at Oxford, he was quite ashamed of the mere boyishness of his appearance—he was not quite fifteen; but he had been so well prepared, and continued to use such diligence, that before the lapse of a year, he stood for and carried a fellowship in University College, open to natives of Northumberland; and though there is no reason to suppose that he ever was looked upon as at all likely to rival his elder brother in classical attainments, the strength of his understanding, and variety and accuracy of his information, had raised his character high before he took his first degree. In the twentieth year of his age he won the prize for the Essay in English Prose: subject, 'The advantages and disadvantages of foreign travel;' but so shy was he, that friends had actually to shove him into the rostrum when the production was to be recited at the Commemoration. Among his contemporaries at University were several persons subsequently of high eminence—among others, Sir William Jones, Lord Moira, and Mr. Windham. John Scott appears to have been through life regarded with kindness by all who had mixed familiarly with him at this period; and not a few of them profited largely by his remembrance. No temperance medal was, in those days, among the usual objects of Oxonian ambition. The 'Anecdote Book' has some sad stories about Doctors and Dons in their cups; and Mr. Twiss advisedly quotes these before producing this paragraph of his own.

'When Christ Church meadow was overflowed and sufficiently frozen for skaiting, people used to ply on the ice with kegs of brandy and other cordials for the skaiters. John Scott, then an under-graduate, was skaiting over a part of the meadow where the ice, being infirm, broke in, and let him into a ditch, up to his neck in water. When he had scrambled out, and was dripping from the collar and oozing from the stockings, a brandy-vender shuffled towards him and recommended a glass

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glass of something warm; upon which Edward Norton, of University College, a son of Lord Grantley, sweeping past, cried out to the retailer: "None of your brandy for that wet young man—he never drinks but when he is *dry*." '—vol. i. p. 54.

Very near the end of his life, when Lord Abingdon brought some motion about the game laws before the House of Lords, the Ex-Chancellor Eldon took occasion to confess, that probably no one had poached more diligently on that noble family's preserves than himself. They are very near Oxford. But it is not likely that he had done great damage. Somebody asked Lord Stowell once, whether his brother was a good shot. He answered with his usual sly gravity, 'I believe he kills a good deal of—time.'

After taking his degree he continued to reside as fellow, meaning at the proper age to take holy orders, and looking to a college living as his ultimate provision in life. Such would, probably, have been the issue, but for almighty love. Spending the long vacation of 1771 in the North, he saw, it is said, for the first time, and at some distance from Newcastle (in Sedgefield church, to wit), Miss Elizabeth Surtees, the daughter of a leading banker in his native town, and was instantly smitten with a lasting passion. He had, it seems, been susceptible in this way even when at school. According to the Anecdote Book he was 'always in love.' Miss Surtees was only in her seventeenth year, but already talked of as '*the* Newcastle Beauty.' The Oxonian's personal advantages were not unworthy of a beauty's notice: he was a singularly handsome young man, and, as all who remember him in advanced age will also believe without difficulty, a most agreeable one. The Banker was alarmed, and sent his daughter on a visit to a relation in the neighbourhood of Henley-upon-Thames, in order that she might be out of John Scott's way; but she had not been recalled when the Oxford term commenced, and Oxford is within an easy 'lover's journey' of Henley. Next summer Mr. John again visited Newcastle: he found it generally believed that a very rich old gentleman, recently a widower, was numbered among the numerous aspirants for the fair Elizabeth's favour, and that his pretensions were supported warmly by Mr. Surtees. Whatever accelerated the romance, it galloped to a conclusion; for on a moonless night of September, 1772, Miss Bessy trusted herself to a ladder: a post-chaise was ready—the fugitives were safe across the border before either of them was missed, and married early next day at Blackshields—not, however, by a blacksmith, nor even by a justice of peace, but by an Episcopal minister. The couple immediately returned southwards, and reaching Morpeth at nightfall, were greeted with the announcement that a marching regiment had

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had just halted there, and that there was no lodging to be had for money or love. The landlady of the inn, however, on being made aware of their circumstances, behaved herself like a Christian woman, and abdicated her own chamber. When their evasion was discovered, great was the wrath at the banker's; not less the consternation in the chare-foot; and the coal-fitter, after reading the letter which Mr. John had left behind him, looked so black that his daughters were all drowned in tears, expecting hard resolutions. In the course of two days, however, the father melted, and when the fugitives drew their curtains on the third morning at the Nag's Head in Morpeth, the first object that met their eyes was a familiar one, the sure herald of tidings from home—the favourite dog of the bridegroom's younger brother. Henry was in search of them, charged with a missive which began with severity, but ended with an invitation to Love Lane, where the hero and heroine took up their quarters accordingly the same evening. Mr. Surtees, on understanding where the culprits had been so speedily sheltered, proclaimed his conviction that all the Scotts had been accomplices in the abduction; and for some time would listen to no protestation whatever on that subject.

It is said (and Mr. Twiss seems to believe the story) that a wealthy and childless old citizen of Newcastle called on the coal-fitter at this crisis, and after expressing his apprehensions that Mr. Surtees was too proud to relent, offered to provide at once for the young couple, by taking John Scott into partnership with himself, as a grocer; that both father and son received this communication with much thankfulness; but that John considered it due to his elder brother that his opinion should be obtained before a decision was made; and that William Scott's answer alone turned the scale against the figs.

Ere long feelings softened, and matters were arranged. On the 7th January, 1773, Mr. Surtees covenanted to pay 1000*l.* as his daughter's portion, with five per cent. interest until payment; and Mr. Scott very handsomely settled 2000*l.* in like manner, on his son John. The couple were then remarried *in facie ecclesiæ*, in presence of both families, and set off for the south; 'where,' writes the future Chancellor at the time, 'I have now two strings to my bow.' Though his fellowship was legally determined by his marriage, it was customary to allow 'a year of grace,' during which such a marriage remained tacitly unobserved; so that had a college living fallen within the twelvemonths, he might accept it, and take orders according to his original plan. This was one string. He no doubt owed the other to his brother's advice and assistance. He entered himself at the Middle Temple, with

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with the purpose of pursuing a legal career, in case no benefice should turn up during the year of grace. Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Chambers, a friend of both the brothers, and, like themselves, trained at Newcastle School and University College, was at this time Master of New Inn Hall, and Vinerian Professor of Law. He had the power of delegating the duties of his chair, and he now appointed John Scott Deputy Professor, with an allowance of 60*l.* per annum, and the use of the Master's lodgings at New Inn Hall, of which Hall the Master happened to be the only member. As Chambers's deputy he had merely to read his MS. lectures, the drift of which, as the 'Anecdote Book' confesses, he often could not in the least comprehend; but that could not have been the case as to the very first discourse that he was called on to deliver from the Vinerian desk, for this was on the statute of Philip and Mary touching the *Abduction of Maidens.* Mr. Wm. Scott, moreover, was very willing to have his brother's assistance in the tutorizing at University, for which John no doubt had remuneration. His eldest son was born in New Inn Hall before the year of grace expired. No benefice had fallen: the fellowship was then declared vacant; and all thoughts of the Church were laid aside.

The establishment at New Inn Hall was so convenient in his circumstances that he remained there till he had eaten nearly all the requisite terms at the Temple. He finally left Oxford in 1775, and taking a small house in Cursitor-street, pursued with redoubled zeal the legal studies, in which he had made no trivial progress even before his bow lost its first string. He had, it seems, mastered 'Coke upon Littleton,' by incessant reperusal and analysis, so thoroughly, that the whole book had become part of his mind; and to the last he continued of opinion that every English lawyer, with a view to ultimate economy of time, should commence with the same stiff acquisition. All notions of royal roads to learning and law made easy, he cordially despised. *Nil magnum absque labore.* On settling in town his character and circumstances being made known to Mr. Duane, a distinguished conveyancer (a Roman Catholic) connected with Northumberland, that gentleman handsomely offered to take him as a pupil without a fee; and he attended Mr. Duane with extreme diligence, to his vast benefit. He could not afford to fee a special pleader, but obtained possession of a large MS. collection of precedents, and copied out three folio volumes of them with his own hand. In a word, no branch of the fit preparation deterred him; and perhaps Mr. Twiss could not have rendered a more important service to the law students of the present day than by the minute record he has now presented of the great Chancellor's preliminary

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preliminary exertions, with his repeated attestation in later days how continually he had felt in his progress through life the benefit of not having shrunk from the long and obscure toil of deep and firm foundations. He used to say, 'those were laborious days, but not unhappy;' and though a few desponding phrases are scattered over his early letters, we can well believe that such was the case upon the whole. It was his custom to rise at four every morning, and when reading at night he bound a wet towel round his head to check the invasion of drowsiness. Though fond naturally of conviviality, he practised the most rigid abstemiousness, and for years hardly ever sat at meat with any companion but the devoted young partner of all his cares.* A medical friend, it seems, conceived very serious alarm on seeing how this habitual course of life was telling on his appearance. 'It is no matter,' he said, 'I must do as I am now doing, or starve.' Some years after his marriage he writes to a college friend—'how despicable should I feel myself to be, if, after persuading such a creature to take an imprudent step for my sake, I could think any labour too much to be undergone cheerfully for hers.' Towards the end of his life, in passing through Cursitor-street with his secretary, he paused and said, 'Here was my first perch. How often have I run down to Fleet-market, with a sixpence in my hand, to buy sprats for supper.'

During several years, no question, he had to maintain a tough struggle: but prosperous old age often pleases itself with exaggerating the difficulties of youth. It is like the victorious general's disposition to do full justice to the enemy's muster-roll. The fact is, that Mr. Surtees, in 1775, settled a second sum of 1000*l.*, bearing interest, on his daughter; and that the worthy coal-fitter dying in November, 1776, bequeathed an additional 1000*l.* to John Scott. From about the date of their establishment in London, therefore, the couple (supposing them to have incurred no debt) would seem to have had a free income of 250*l.* per annum, which, we fancy, seventy years ago, would go as far as 400*l.* at present. Their few olive-branches did not appear in rapid succession. William Scott inherited from his father about 25,000*l.*, and was always a true brother to John. We question if one brother ever owed more in every way to another than Lord Eldon did to Lord Stowell; and he certainly, in every

* Though his brother was already in 1773—the date of the Hebridean excursion—one of Dr. Johnson's familiar associates, and ultimately one of his most intimate friends, the name of John Scott does not occur once in Boswell. Johnson, however, had much regard for him—and sent him from his death-bed, in 1784, a kind message, begging him never to do legal work on a Sunday. His last words to Sir Joshua Reynolds were to the like effect.

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way possible, acknowledged a most grateful sense of the obligation.

He was called to the bar in January, 1766—but besides attending regularly from that time in the Courts, he continued during many months after to spend several hours daily in Mr. Duane's chambers—for he delighted in conveyancing as much as Selden himself. The following story shows how little the solicitors disturbed him:—

'When I was called to the bar,' said he to his niece, 'Bessy and I thought all our troubles were over: business was to pour in, and we were to be almost rich immediately. So I made a bargain with her, that during the following year all the money I should receive in the first eleven months should be mine, and whatever I should get in the twelfth month should be hers. What a stingy dog I must have been to make such a bargain! I would not have done so afterwards. But however, so it was; *that* was our agreement: and how do you think it turned out? In the twelfth month I received half a guinea; eighteenpence went for fees, and Bessy got nine shillings: in the other eleven months I got not one shilling.'—p. 100.

Towards the end of this year his Bessy, who always sat by him however late he laboured, was so alarmed with his sinking aspect that she insisted on his consulting Dr. Heberden. On hearing his name and statement, the doctor said, 'Are you the young gentleman that gained the prize for the essay at Oxford?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then,' continued Heberden, 'I'll not take a fee for giving you a little advice. *Travel*—go down to Bath for three weeks, and if the waters bring out a fit of the gout, all will go well with you.' Mr. Scott obeyed—the gout appeared—and from that hour he considered his constitution to have undergone a favourable change.

The 'Anecdote Book' records abundance of the Westminster Hall gossip of those days—notabilia of judges and leading barristers—tricks of attorneys, and so forth; but during three weary years hardly a glimpse of business. He went the Northern Circuit naturally—but even at Newcastle scarcely ever came in for any better employment than the defence of some pauper charged with a petty felony:—

'In Mr. Scott's time, a considerable number of these offences were capital, and caused much anxiety to the defending counsel. It is true that, in nine cases out of ten, there could be then, as now, but little scope for an advocate's skill; because, in at least that proportion of cases, the nature of the proof for the prosecution is so direct and positive as to baffle all the arts of defence; and the acquittals, occasionally pronounced, proceed, for the most part, from the absence of some material piece of evidence, or the mistake or wilfulness of some one or more of the witnesses or jurymen. Now and then, however, there will really be enough

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enough of doubt to give the prisoner a fair chance of acquittal, if his counsel do not commit him by an indiscreet questioning of the witnesses: and the general vice of young and inexperienced advocates is a proneness to this imprudence. But Mr. Scott's discretion and caution—

Insigne mœstis præsidium reis—

exempted him from the common error. He was wont to say, jocularly, that he had been a most effective advocate for prisoners; for that he had seldom put a question to a prosecutor.'—pp. 105, 106.

Late in life he told this striking story of an assize scene to one of his daughters:—

'I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember, in one where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last, the surgeon was called, who stated deceased had been killed by a shot, a gun-shot, in the head, and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and, as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun, which proved to be half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.'

In the autumn of 1779 he did not go the circuit. He had borrowed money from William for so many of these journeys, and earned nothing by them, that he could not make up his mind to apply again: and on discovering why he had staid in town, William writes thus to their younger brother Henry:—'I heartily wish that business may brisken a little, or he will be utterly sick of his profession. I do all I can to keep up his spirits, but he is very gloomy.'

Meantime a certain solitary case which he had argued in the Rolls Court in 1788 was about to be heard on appeal in the House of Lords. In that case he had urged a point not only not suggested in his brief, but entirely discountenanced by the solicitor. The Master of the Rolls decided against him. His own client disapproved of the appeal—which was the act of another party. Mr. Scott was desired to state at the bar of the House of Lords that his client 'consented.' He insisted on restating his point. The solicitor smiled, but allowed him to do so—it could not make things worse than they were already—he should, however, have no better fee than *one guinea*. Behold, Lord Thurlow listened very earnestly—took three days to consider—reversed the decree of the Rolls Court solely on Mr. Scott's argument; and this decision of Lord Thurlow has regulated all similar questions since that day—March 4, 1780. This was the case

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of Ackroyd *versus* Smithson. Lord Eldon's account concludes thus:—

'As I left the Hall a respectable solicitor, of the name of Forster, came up and touched me on the shoulder, and said—"Young man, your bread and butter is cut for life."'

Nevertheless, matters were so little mended, that when about the Christmas of that year the Recordership of Newcastle became vacant, and his friends procured him an offer of it, he signified his acceptance of the situation. The salary was small—but he thought he should have a fair chance of some provincial business besides—and the temptation was irresistible. A house was taken for him at Newcastle—he was engaged in preparations for immediate removal. This was the state of things when he went to bed on the night of the 13th of March, 1781. Next morning at six o'clock—thus Lord Eldon told the story a few weeks before his death to one of his family:—

'Mr. (afterwards Lord) Curzon, and four or five gentlemen, came to my door and woke me, and when I inquired what they wanted, they stated that the Clitheroe election case was to come on, that morning at ten o'clock, before a committee of the House of Commons, that Mr. Cooper had written to say he was detained at Oxford by illness and could not arrive to lead the cause, and that Mr. Hardinge, the next counsel, refused to do so, because he was not prepared. "Well, gentlemen," said I, "what do you expect me to do, that you are here?" They answered, "they did not know what to expect or to do, for the cause must come on at ten o'clock, and they were totally unprepared, and had been recommended to me, as a young and promising counsel." I answered, "I will tell you what I *can* do. I *can* undertake to make a dry statement of facts, if that will content you, gentlemen, but more I *cannot* do, for I have no time to make myself acquainted with the law." They said that must do; so I begged they would go down stairs and let me get up, as fast as I could. Well, I did state the facts, and the cause went on for fifteen days. It found me poor enough, but I began to be rich before it was done: they left me fifty guineas at the beginning; then there were ten guineas every day, and five guineas every evening for a consultation—more money than I could count. But, better still, the length of the cause gave me time to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the law. . . . . We were beaten in the committee by one vote. . . . After this speech, Mansfield, afterwards Sir James Mansfield, came up to me in Westminster Hall, and said he heard that I was going to leave London, but strongly advised me to remain in London. I told him that I could not, that I had taken a house in Newcastle, that I had an increasing family, in short, that I was compelled to quit London. Afterwards Wilson came to me and pressed me in the same manner to remain in London, adding what was very kind, "that he would ensure me 400*l.* the next year." I gave him the same answer as I had given Mansfield. However, I did remain in London,

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London, and lived to make Mansfield Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Wilson a Puisne Judge.'

After giving some details of good luck on the next Northern Circuit, Mr. Twiss recurs to the Ackroyd case and the Clitheroe petition as having, in effect, decided the question of Mr. Scott's success at the bar: he then adds:—

'At the present day, from the great competition of very learned and very able practitioners, a few occasional opportunities do little, however they be improved. Among the more influential class of attorneys and solicitors, it has become usual to bring up a son or other near relation to the Bar, who, if his industry and ability be such as can at all justify his friends in employing him, absorbs all the business which they and their connexion can bestow: and the number of barristers thus powerfully supported is now so great, that *few men* lacking such an advantage can secure a hold upon business. But at the time when Mr. Scott began his professional life, the usage had not grown up of coming into the field with a "*following*" already secured. Education being less general, fewer competitors attempted the Bar: and even among the educated classes, a large proportion of adventurous men devoted themselves to naval and military pursuits, which have now been deprived of their attraction by a peace of more than a quarter of a century. In those days, therefore, it might well happen, as with Mr. Scott it actually did, that a couple of good opportunities, ably used, would make the fortune of an assiduous barrister in London.'—p. 124.

Without doubt there is a great deal of truth here—but we do not believe that any change that has occurred will prevent a man of great talents and energies from rising at the bar, if he sticks to it. That is the rub. A vast deal of bar business can be done well enough by apprentices and journeymen of the gown; but there always has been, and will be, a higher department in which neither connexion nor influence of any sort can do much for a common man—from which nothing ever can exclude a man of Scott's calibre, so he will but *bide his time*. Such men are 'few'—but were they ever many?

Lord Mansfield used to say he had known no interval between no business at all and 3000*l.* a-year. Mr. Scott's advance in the profession seems to have been hardly less rapid. By 1783, at the age of thirty-two, he had a silk gown, and was at the head of the Northern Circuit. Great and lucrative as his practice soon came to be, it must have been infinitely more gainful but for the rare delicacy of his professional conscience. No fees had he from the extensive firm of 'Snap, Gammon, and Quirk.' Of one very rich branch of business, of which he might have engrossed the lion's share if he pleased, he had, after a very little while, next to nothing—the business of 'answering questions.' He would sign no opinion on a point of law without a

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thorough examination of authorities; he would sign none as to the probable issue of a case set before him, without sifting the facts so minutely, and suggesting the effect of so many *possibly* omitted particulars, that even solicitors of the higher class recoiled: it was as if, seeking an advocate, they had stumbled *in limine* on a judge. At the bar itself he appears to have, from the first, acted on a system equally scrupulous. We find him at a very early period taking to task a friendly senior, in the full career of eminence, for some such laxity of forensic ethics as even Dr. Johnson has countenanced, and compelling the reluctant confession,—'Master Scott, you have ensured me an uneasy pillow.' He never could be brought to understand that it was consistent with the honour of a gentleman to misrepresent in the slightest degree either law to a judge or facts to a jury.

Every legal sciolist of his day re-echoed the party cry against Lord Eldon as a slow, procrastinating judge. How many have also been accustomed to hear him spoken of as too fond of money! Let candid people, before they again listen to such calumny, study the passage (vol. i. p. 137-8) from the 'Anecdote Book' in which Lord Eldon so modestly, with such a graceful mixture of charity and self-respect, contrasts Mr. Kenyon's 3000*l.* a-year for opinions with his own scarce anything. Let them consider, too, that he was never even suspected of any of the sordid obliquities to this hour so common in court-practice. No contemporary ever dared to insinuate that Mr. Scott took the fee and evaded the labour.

William Scott, though he did not begin to practise at Doctors' Commons until November, 1779, had been appointed Advocate-General for the office of Lord High Admiral, before his brother received a silk gown. A few months later, Dr. Scott, when on an excursion to Wales, was seized with a violent fever; for some days his life was despaired of—he himself had abandoned all hope. He had been married only a year before. Some letters from his sick-bed afford touching evidence of the love and confidence that had hitherto subsisted between him and John, and which continued unbroken during more than fifty years afterwards.

'My great comfort is to write on to my dearest Jack, and about my wife. Act for me. *Wife, child.* She knows I recommend to you her case.

'Object of my life to make sisters easy.

'Save * * * from ruin if we can.

'Protect my memory by your kindness. Life ebbs very fast with me; my dying thoughts are all kindness and fraternal love about you.

'While sensation remains, I think on my dearest brother, with whom I have spent my life. I die with the same sentiments. As the hand

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hand of death approaches, it is a consolation to think of him. Oh, cherish my wife! if you loved me, be a brother to her. You will have trouble about my affairs—you will not grudge it. Oh, take care of her! I leave you that duty. It is the last relief of my failing mind. Cherish my memory. Keep *** from ruin if you can by any application of any part of my child's fortune that is reasonable.

'Once more farewell. God bless you.'—vol. i. p. 148.

In the same year (1783) John Scott received, through Lord Chancellor Thurlow (who had marked him from the day of the Ackroyd case), the offer of a seat in parliament for Weobly, a borough then in the nomination of Lord Weymouth—one of those extinguished in 1832. The Anecdote Book says, 'About that period there were many meetings for promoting *what was called Reform in Parliament:*' of course, Mr. Scott's aversion for such schemes was well understood; he stipulated for entire independence, however, and acted accordingly in the House. In the course of his first session he spoke twice against Fox's India Bill—and Mr. Pitt felt the value of legal and constitutional learning which commanded Mr. Fox's respectful acknowledgment. In his second speech he attempted rather a florid style of illustration, which exposed him to some airy ridicule from Sheridan; and he had sense enough never again to trespass in like fashion. Rarely presenting himself except when great principles were in question—and, having thoroughly mastered the subject, he had that to say which was his own, and worth saying—and on all occasions stating his views with equal firmness and courtesy—he speedily established himself in the opinion of the House. Although he distinguished himself, on some trying questions, in opposition to Mr. Pitt, the general accordance of their political tenets, and the rapid increase of his authority as a legal debater, were such that his promotion to the office of Solicitor-General, in June, 1788, seemed as natural as judicious. No wiser or more fortunate selection was ever made by that great minister.

In November of that year the illness of George III. opened the great question of the Regency; and, as Mr. Twiss says, 'It was pretty well understood that from Sir John Scott was derived the whole of the legal doctrine on which ministers proceeded in this important matter.' In his first speech, in fact, he exhausted the constitutional principle so completely that the subsequent debates offer nothing but unsuccessful attempts to answer him, and triumphant replications drawn from his arsenal. The King's happy recovery arrested the progress of the ministerial measure, and his Majesty lost no time in expressing personally his sense of the great services rendered the Crown by this first grand display of the Solicitor-General's parliamentary resources:—

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'The King told him that he had no other business with him than to thank him for the affectionate fidelity with which he adhered to him when so many had deserted him in his malady.'—vol. i. p. 196.

From that hour he held a high place—it soon was a place second to none—in the confidence of the best and ablest of British sovereigns.

Lord Eldon, in his 'Anecdote Book,' treats with contempt the story still current, that Lord Thurlow, during the progress of the Regency Bill, carried on 'secretly from the rest of the King's friends, a negotiation with the Prince's party, for the purpose of continuing himself on the woolsack under their expected ministry.'

'I do not believe there was a word of truth in that report. I was at the time honoured with Lord Thurlow's intimacy. Scarcely a day passed in which there was not much interesting conversation upon that subject between Lord Thurlow and the King's friends, with which I was acquainted.—I have no doubt that it was the opinion of many of the King's friends that it was very desirable, for the King's sake, that Lord Thurlow should continue chancellor, however the Regency administration might be composed, if that could be so arranged. Considering the extreme heat and bitterness of parties in Parliament after the King recovered, it seems very extraordinary that, if Lord Thurlow's conduct had been dishonourable, no allusion should be made to it in debates, when he might have had an opportunity of explaining.'

Lord Eldon also says, 'What it was that occasioned the rupture between Pitt and Thurlow (1792) I never could find out.' The meaning is that he never knew what was the last and immediate quarrel; for he adds that 'he had long looked forward to the probability of such an event with great pain.' Mr. Pitt requested the Solicitor-General to call on him, and in person announced the retirement of the Chancellor. Sir John replied:—

'"My resolution is formed. I owe too great obligations to Lord Thurlow to reconcile it to myself to act in political hostility to him, and I have too long and too conscientiously acted in political connexion with you to join any party against you. Nothing is left for me but to resign my office as Solicitor General, and to make my bow to the House of Commons." Mr. Pitt reasoned with him, and implored him not to persist in that resolution, in vain; but at length prevailed upon him to consult Lord Thurlow before he proceeded any farther. Lord Thurlow said, "Scott, if there be anything which could make me regret what has taken place (and I do not repent it), it would be that you should do so foolish a thing. I did not think that the King would have parted with me so easily. As to that other man, he has done to me just what I should have done to him, if I could. It is very possible that Mr. Pitt, from party and political motives, *at this moment* may overlook your pretensions, but sooner or later you *must* hold the Great Seal.

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Seal. I know no man but yourself qualified for its duties." "*—vol. i. p. 213.

To Lord Thurlow's deepest disgust, the Great Seal was given to Lord Loughborough: but Scott yielded to his reasoning and remained in office. Next year he succeeded Sir Archibald Macdonald as Attorney-General. In 1794 this imposed on him the heavy responsibility of conducting the trials of Hardy, Horne Tooke, &c. &c., for proceedings, in his opinion, treasonable, arising out of the infection of the French Revolution. These pages illustrate very strikingly the calm, invincible courage of Scott amidst the furious popular excitement of the time—not less so his exemplary forbearance and good temper in court—and, we must add, the high gentlemanlike feeling with which his leading opponent, Erskine, treated the Attorney-General both in the court and beyond its walls. Of the policy of prosecuting on the charge of *treason*, which inferred the production of all the evidence at his command respecting the conduct of the Secret Societies, we have Sir John's own defence at great length in the 'Anecdote Book.' The pith lies, however, in one sentence:—

'Unless the whole evidence was laid before the jury, it would have been impossible that the country could ever have been made fully acquainted with the danger to which it was exposed, if these persons, and the societies to which they belonged, had actually met in that National Convention which the papers seized proved that they were about to hold, and which was to have superseded parliament itself; and it *appeared to me to be more essential to securing the public safety that the whole of their transactions should be published, than that any of these individuals should be convicted.*'—vol. i. p. 28.

Mr. Pitt entirely concurred in the Attorney-General's views, and more than a year afterwards avowed in Parliament that he considered 'the exposition of that immense mass of matter' to have been the chief instrument in 'opening the eyes of the unwary, checking the incautious, and deterring the timid'—in other words, of arresting the revolutionary movement in England. Mr. Twiss dissents—he is of opinion that the better course would have been to prosecute for a seditious misdemeanour, in which case there would probably have been a conviction—and *then* to 'publish that part of the evidence which had been spared at the trials: by which course the government would equally have con-

* There are many stories of Lord Thurlow in the 'Anecdote Book,'—the most agreeable to our mind is this:—'Lord Thurlow, upon the point of giving a clergyman a living, stated to him, that he must desire he would continue the same curate who had been there in the time of his predecessor, and whom he believed to be a deserving man. The clergyman represented that his intended arrangements were such that he could not do so. "Very well," replied Lord Thurlow, "if *you* will not take him for your *curate*, *I* will make him the *rector*." And he did so.'—vol. i. p. 328.

We wish this story had been published a little sooner—*et pour cause*.

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veyed all the material information to the public mind, would have had credit for forbearance in not aiming at the lives of the accused, and would have finally stood in the position of successful vindicators of the law and constitution.' (p. 287.) Mr. Twiss adds: 'If, at this day, the preponderance appear to be against the policy then pursued, we must remember that we are now looking at the subject after the event, and that the judgments, which decided in favour of that policy, were those of Mr. Pitt and of Lord Eldon.' (*Ibid.*) This is properly thought and said: but we doubt if Mr. Twiss had fully realized to himself the extent of the dangers of 1794; and we doubt still more gravely whether the publication of any mass of evidence *not taken upon oath*, would have been sufficient to convince the loyal Whigs of 1794 of the extent of those dangers. We also think that if Sir John Scott and Mr. Pitt, believing the English correspondents and allies of the triumphant French Jacobins to be guilty of treason, had chosen to prosecute them for a misdemeanour only, from the wish 'to gain credit for forbearance in not aiming at the lives of the accused,' they would have acted in a manner utterly unworthy of their characters and their positions. But we must abstain from such controversies; and indeed we must content ourselves in passing over a world of more interesting matter connected with that momentous period—the first administration of Mr. Pitt. Throughout the whole of it Sir John Scott was his legal mainstay. Mr. Wilberforce says in his Diary:—

'Sir John Scott used to be a great deal at my house. I saw much of him then, and it is no more than his due to say, that, when he was Solicitor and Attorney General under Pitt, he never fawned and flattered as some did, but always assumed the tone and station of a man who was conscious that he must show he respects himself, if he wishes to be respected by others.'—*Life of Wilberforce*, vol. v. p. 214.

From 1789 to 1798 his professional income seems to have averaged about 10,000*l.* In 1792 he purchased for 22,000*l.* the estate of Eldon, in the county of Durham, and accepting the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas in July, 1799, he was on that occasion elevated to the peerage as Baron Eldon of Eldon. About a year earlier Sir Wm. Scott had become Judge of the Court of Admiralty and a Privy Councillor.

Throughout all stages of their career both brothers appear to have maintained every feeling of domestic regard and affection alive in pristine warmth. Here is the first letter that was signed 'Eldon.'

'*Lincoln's Inn*, 19*th July*, 1799.

'My dear Mother,—I cannot act under any other feeling than that you should be the first to whom I write after changing my name. My brother Harry will have informed you, I hope, that the King has been pleased

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pleased to make me Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and a Peer. I feel that, under the blessing of Providence, I owe this—I hope I may say I owe this—to a life spent in conformity to those principles of virtue, which the kindness of my father and mother early inculcated, and which the affectionate attention of my brother, Sir William, improved in me. I hope God's grace will enable me to do my duty in the station to which I am called. I write in some agitation of spirits, but I am anxious to express my love and duty to my mother, and affection to my sisters, when I first subscribe myself,

'Your loving and affectionate Son,

'ELDON.'

We have seen what was Thurlow's opinion of him in 1792. Here is Kenyon's in July, 1799.

'The Lord Chief Justice of England took an opportunity, from the Bench, of expressing his congratulations to the profession, particularly to those who practised in the Common Pleas, on the appointment of one, who, he said, would probably be found "the most consummate Judge that ever sat in judgment."'—vol. i. p. 331.

It was in those days the invariable rule that, even out of Court, the 'twelve Judges of England' should be distinguishable by their dress—in town at least they wore nothing but full suits of black, and a wig was indispensable. Lady Eldon, who, among other points of a good wife, retained to the last a high admiration for her husband's outward man, rebelled so vehemently against the social wig that the new Chief Justice applied to the King in person—mentioning that he was afflicted with headaches, and suggesting that wigs after all were unknown down to a comparatively recent period of our history. George III. answered with a smile, 'No, no—no innovations in my time. If you will wear your beards again you may drop your wigs—not otherwise.' So Lord Eldon had to wear a wig wherever he was, till he quitted the Common Law bench. Such was the practice until the reforming era of William IV., when, like more important things, the craft of the wig-maker sustained heavy blows. The episcopal cauliflower, under the pelting of that storm, all but disappeared. The last Judge who bore his mark about him in the world was, we think, Mr. Justice Park. The wig was inconvenient, and in many cases unseemly, but we are oldfashioned enough to fancy that a supreme judge of the land ought to bear some recognizable badge of his dignity about him, we do not say in the streets, but in every social assembly, for the same reason that the heads of the Church still do so. We have never reconciled ourselves to your Sage of the Law in Truefit curls, satin cravat, embroidered waistcoat, primrose gloves, and French-polished Wellingtons—but the female influence no doubt all went with Lady Eldon.

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'The days of his Chief Justiceship, though they lasted only from July, 1799, to April, 1801, contributed greatly to his fame. On the Bench of a Common Law Court no scope was allowed to his only judicial imperfection, the tendency to hesitate. A Common Law Judge, when he has to try causes at Nisi Prius, or indictments in a Crown Court, must sum up and state his opinion to the Jury on the instant; and when he sits in Bank with his brethren to decide questions of law, must keep pace with them in coming to his conclusions. Thus compelled to decide without postponement, Lord Eldon at once established the highest judicial reputation: a reputation, indeed, which afterwards wrought somewhat disadvantageously against himself when Lord Chancellor, by showing how little ground there was for his diffidence, and consequently how little necessity for his doubts and delays.'—vol. i. p. 340.

He himself in his Anecdote Book and in many letters and reported conversations, refers to the period when he sat in the Court of Common Pleas as the happiest of his life. It was a short one—and it was the only one in his public life during which he remained apart from the struggles of party politics. The King, it is now evident, would gladly have made him Chancellor on the dismissal of Thurlow. He tells us that his Majesty, on his appointment to the Common Pleas, asked and received his promise that if ever the Great Seal was offered him he would accept the trust; and there can be little doubt that when George III. made this stipulation, his Majesty already foresaw the difficulties that were to arise from the collision of his own and Mr. Pitt's views as to the Roman Catholic claims. As soon as the Irish Union was completed that collision became a practical one; and these Memoirs prove, to the confusion of various 'Historians,' that here was not only the chief but the sole cause of Mr. Pitt's resignation in March, 1801. He found the King rooted in his conviction, and observing the agitation and excitement produced whenever the subject was approached—the Minister thought it was his duty to retire from office rather than to persist in his efforts at the imminent hazard of the King's mind, with all the then probable consequences to the Royal family, and to the nation at large, of such a calamity.

It appears from the Anecdote Book, that Lord Eldon never knew until Dr. Philpotts published in 1827 the correspondence of George III. and Mr. Pitt, preserved among Lord Kenyon's papers, with what 'securities' for the Protestant Establishment Mr. Pitt had proposed to accompany Roman Catholic Emancipation. Lord Eldon considered the 'securities' thus brought under his notice as worthless; but dwells with natural satisfaction on the evidence that Mr. Pitt had thought 'securities' indispensable. It is curious that he should have had anything to learn in 1827 about what was agitated in 1801: for on Mr. Pitt's resignation he became

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became Chancellor, he tells us, solely in consequence of the Royal intervention:—'I was the King's Chancellor, not the Minister's.'

'More than thirty years afterwards, he said to his niece, "I do not know what made George III. so fond of me; but he *was* fond of me. Did I ever tell you the manner in which he gave me the seals? When I went to him he had his coat buttoned thus (one or two buttons fastened at the lower part), and putting his right hand within, he drew them out from the left side, saying, 'I give them to you *from my heart.*'"

'It seems probable,' says Mr. Twiss, 'that the unusual demonstration with which the King accompanied the transfer of the Great Seal, may have been partly occasioned by the unsettled state of the Royal mind.' In effect, the King was not well enough to hold a Council until about a month had elapsed; and during that space Lord Eldon continued Chief Justice of the Common Pleas as well as Chancellor, discharging all the duties of both offices. If he had resigned the Common Pleas at once, and the King's illness continued, 'it was thought certain,' says the Anecdote Book, 'that on a ministerial change the Great Seal would be taken away and the Chief Justiceship not restored.' But if such was his view of the case, it is certain that he held the Seal during many subsequent months on a most doubtful tenure. These pages exhibit abundantly, though as delicately we must believe as was found compatible with justice to Lord Eldon, the miserable vacillations of the King's state down to almost the close of 1801. Unhappy dissension in the Royal family appears to have operated most painfully on a mind already shaken and shattered by political anxieties. It was at such times as these—subsequently, alas! if not previously, of no rare occurrence—that the responsibility of a Minister, but above all of a Lord Chancellor, must have pressed with truly awful weight upon any but a callous conscience, upon any courage but the firmest. It was the duty of Lord Eldon to soothe and spare the King's irritable feelings by every possible gentleness and forbearance—to watch for moments when urgent business could be really comprehended and fitly done without danger—but to defer whatever could be deferred: and with what consummate tenderness and discretion he managed to steer through such a complication of difficulties, every candid reader of these Memoirs must form the same opinion. Nor will any such reader close the page without a sense of humiliation, seeing how many of the leading politicians of the day, perverted by the bitterness of party, miscoloured and distorted to the public, perhaps to themselves, the motives under which the great magistrate acted, and the uses to which alone he applied his near access to the Royal person, and the

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the influence which his respectful care and zeal could not fail to consolidate. The letters from the Queen, the Princess Elizabeth, and the Royal physicians to Lord Eldon during this anxious year, do high honour to all concerned—not least to the illustrious patient himself, who even when most grievously afflicted and disturbed, even in the wanderings of delirium, reminds us often of what Sir Thomas Browne says so beautifully in his Tract on Dreams:—'*However these may be fallacious concerning outward events, yet they be truly significant at home, and thereby we may more sensibly understand ourselves. Alexander would hardly have run away in the combats of sleep, nor Demosthenes have stood stoutly to it. Persons of radical integrity will not easily be perverted in their dreams, nor noble minds do pitiful things in sleep.*'*

Lord Eldon's Anecdote Book says—

'The King was recovering, but not entirely recovered (in 1801), when upon my visiting him, as I did every morning, he took out a watch from a drawer, and said he had worn it for twenty years, and desired me to accept it and wear it for his sake. I declined to accept it. At first he was extremely angry, and asked with much earnestness why I did not obey him. I said that it was impossible for me to be of any use to his Majesty, if, under the then circumstances, I accepted anything from him. He wept.

'Some nine or ten months afterwards, I was sitting in the Chancery Court, when a red box and key to it were delivered to me. I opened it, and found the identical watch and seal, with this letter:—

'"The King takes this opportunity of forwarding to the Lord Chancellor the watch he mentioned the last spring; it has undergone a thorough cleaning, and been left with the maker many months, that the accurateness of its going might be ascertained. Facing 10 minutes there is a spring, if pressed with the nail, will open the glass for setting the watch; or, turning the watch, pressing the back edge facing 50 minutes, the case opens for winding up. GEORGE R."

'The seal contains a figure of Religion looking up to Heaven, and a figure of Justice with no bandage over the eyes; the motto, "His Dirige Te."'

Lord Eldon was the ablest and most strenuous supporter of

* Sir T. Browne's Works, vol. iv. p. 357 (Wilkins' edition, 1835).

Dr. Robert Willis writes to Lord Eldon, May 25th, 1801, from Kew:—'This morning I walked with his Majesty, who was in a perfectly composed and quiet state. He told me, with great seeming satisfaction, that he had had a most charming night, "but one sleep from eleven to half after four;" when, alas! he had but three hours' sleep in the night, which, upon the whole, was passed in restlessness, in getting out of bed, opening the shutters, in praying at times violently, and in making such remarks as betray a consciousness in him of his own situation, but which are evidently made for the purpose of concealing it from the Queen. He frequently called out, "I am now perfectly well, and my Queen, my Queen has saved me."'—vol. i. p. 376.

'The King, during one of his illnesses, complained to Lord Eldon, that a man in the employ of his physicians had knocked him down. "When I got up again," added the King, "I said my foot had slipped, and ascribed my fall to that; it would not do for me to admit that the King had been knocked down by any one."'—p. 426.

Mr.

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Mr. Addington's government in the House of Lords; he continued to be so to its last hour; and to the last hour of his own life he continued on terms of the most intimate and affectionate friendship with Lord Sidmouth. Nevertheless it has been asserted by many writers of these days, and insinuated, to say the least, very recently by no less eminent a writer than Lord Brougham ('Statesmen,' vol. ii., p. 55) that Mr. Addington's 'politic and scheming' Chancellor prepared and conducted an intrigue for the purpose of excluding Mr. Addington, and reinstalling Mr. Pitt in the premiership: nay, Lord Brougham even goes so far as to express his belief that Lord Eldon was 'bold and unscrupulous' enough to use his influence with the Sovereign towards the reinstatement of Mr. Pitt when the Royal mind was in so diseased a condition that it was necessary for him, the Chancellor, to have Dr. Willis with him in the Royal closet, and the 'mad-doctor's assistants and apparatus' in the adjoining apartment. Mr. Twiss, in alluding to these dark imputations, observes that Lord Brougham must have forgotten the fact that Lord Eldon denied every circumstance thus alleged in the House of Lords in 1811, when all the royal physicians of 1804 were alive; and we have no doubt this was the fact. Yet it is very satisfactory to find that an overwhelming mass of contemporary evidence is now produced in reference to the transactions in question.

It is now proved that, in place of there having been any private understanding beforehand between Mr. Pitt and Lord Eldon, Mr. Pitt himself, when the Chancellor waited on him by the King's command to signify that his Majesty wished to see him with a view to new arrangements, received the messenger with the greatest coldness: in short, that Mr. Pitt believed Lord Eldon to have been guilty of using his influence with the King under circumstances such as have been alluded to—that is to say, of holding political conversations with his Majesty when the presence of the doctors was necessary—not, however, with a view to facilitating Mr. Pitt's reinstatement as premier, but with a view to baffle Mr. Pitt's supposed project of bringing Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville into office with himself. We now see that Mr. Pitt paid his first visit to Buckingham House in 1804, under the impression that the stories which had reached him 'from Carlton House' were true; that it was not until after he had conversed with the physicians, and ascertained—from *them* that not one of them had been present during any interview between the King and the Chancellor—from his own observation that the King had never been more capable than he then was of forming a correct judgment 'upon the most important of all questions—peace or war'—and, from the King's own mouth, that Lord Eldon had never,

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never, down to that moment, offered to the King the slightest suggestion as to the composition of another cabinet;—it was not till Mr. Pitt had ascertained all these points, and had thereupon, with the frankness which belonged to him, disclaimed to Lord Eldon every trace of suspicion, and apologized in the amplest manner for having lent a moment's credence to the 'Carlton House reports'—it was not till then that Lord Eldon consented to let Mr. Pitt open to him his real views with respect to the reconstruction of the Government. Mr. Pitt then communicated to Lord Eldon his opinion that, in the then alarming state of things, Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox ought to be invited to join. Lord Eldon told Mr. Pitt that he hated coalitions—that much as he differed from Fox, he would rather see Fox premier than Fox in a Pitt cabinet. Upon this they separated. Mr. Pitt found his King immoveable as to Mr. Fox. Lord Grenville would not take office unless Mr. Fox did so too. Mr. Pitt then saw Lord Eldon again, and said, 'with some indignation, he would teach that proud man that in the service and with the confidence of his King, he could do without him, though he thought his health such that it might cost him his life;' and requested Lord Eldon, the only grounds of difference being removed, to consent to remain Chancellor—and Lord Eldon agreed. Various letters concerning these transactions between Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval, and Lord Eldon and Lord Melville, together with Mr. Twiss's extracts from the Anecdote Book, effectively clear up this chapter of history. We quote one note from the King himself—which disposes, *inter alia*, of one, and not the least disagreeable, of the insinuations countenanced by Lord Brougham:—

"*Queen's Palace, May 18th*, 1804. 5 *m. past* 10 A.M.

'"The King having signed the commission for giving his royal assent, returns it to his excellent lord chancellor, whose conduct he most thoroughly approves. His Majesty feels the difficulties he has had, both political, and personally to the King; but the uprightness of Lord Eldon's mind, and his attachment to the King, have borne him with credit and honour, and (what the King knows will not be without its due weight) with the approbation of his sovereign, through an unpleasant labyrinth.

'"The King saw Mr. Addington yesterday. . . . Mr. Addington spoke with his former warmth of friendship for the lord chancellor; he seems to require quiet, as his mind is perplexed between returning *affection* for Mr. Pitt, and great soreness at the *contemptuous* treatment he met with, the end of the last session, from one he had ever looked upon as his private friend. *This makes the king resolved to keep them for some time asunder.* GEORGE R.*"'

* It is, we suppose, probable that Lord Sidmouth's correspondence with George III. and Mr. Pitt—which we have seen, and which is very curious—will be ere long made public.

Lord

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Lord Eldon says, in one of the most affecting pages of his Anecdote Book:—

'God grant that no future Chancellor may go through the same distressing scenes, or be exposed to the dangerous responsibility which I went through and was exposed to, during the indispositions of my Sovereign! My own attachment to him supported me through those scenes. Such and so cordial was the love and affection his people bore to him, that a servant, meaning well and placed amidst great difficulties, would have been pardoned for much, if he had had occasion for indemnity.'

We have much pleasure in transcribing also what follows:—

'I went with Mr. Pitt, not long before his death, from Roehampton to Windsor. Among much conversation upon various subjects, I observed to him that his station in life must have given him better opportunities of knowing men than almost any other person could possess; and I asked whether his intercourse with them, upon the whole, led him to think that the greater part of them were governed by reasonably honourable principles, or by corrupt motives. His answer was, that he had a favourable opinion of mankind upon the whole, and that he believed that the majority was really actuated by fair meaning and intention.'—vol. i. p. 499.

Mr. Pitt expired on the 23rd of January, 1806, at Putney. Mr. Twiss says, with truth and elegance,—

'The loss of such a man, in such a state of public affairs, appeared irreparable. Except his father, no minister of that already long reign had occupied so large a space in the sight of the nation. He had come in very early life to the aid of the sovereign, at a crisis when no other champion could be found to make head against a coalition as powerful in parliament as it was odious both to King and people; and the lofty vigour of that rescue fixed him in the confidence of the country, as well as of the Court. With the same energy and elevation of spirit he bore the State through the trying emergencies of the regency, and of the revolutionary propagandism: and the lucid majesty and volume of his eloquence—a far more potential influence in his day than in ours—threw around him a glory, which, as all the efforts of his great contemporaries could not eclipse it, so the long lapse of succeeding years has been unable to quench or to cloud.'—vol. i. p. 508.

On the 7th of February, the arrangements of 'All the Talents' being completed, Lord Eldon resigned the seals. The Anecdote Book says, 'The King appeared for a few minutes to occupy himself with other things; looking up suddenly, he exclaimed, "Lay them down on the sofa, for I *cannot*, and I *will not* take them from you!"'

We may here introduce one of the most pleasing passages in this work; for it refers to the earlier days of Lord Eldon as Chancellor:—

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'One of the heaviest responsibilities of the Chancellor, in Lord Eldon's time, was to examine the Recorder's report of the sentences passed on criminals convicted at the Old Bailey. "I was exceedingly shocked," said Lord Eldon to his niece, "the first time I attended to hear the Recorder's report, at the careless manner in which, as it appeared to me, it was conducted. We were called upon to decide on sentences, affecting no less than the *lives* of men, and yet there was nothing laid before us, to enable us to judge whether there had or had not been any extenuating circumstances; it was merely a recapitulation of the judge's opinion, and the sentence. I resolved that I never would attend another report, without having read and duly considered the whole of the evidence of each case, and I never did. It was a considerable labour in addition to my other duties, but it is now a comfort to reflect that I did do so, and that in consequence I saved the lives of several individuals.

'After all, Mary, I think I am wonderful, considering how much I have gone through; for mine has been no easy life. I will tell you what once happened to me. I was ill with the gout; it was in my feet, so I was carried into my carriage, and from it I was carried into my Court. There I remained all the day, and delivered an arduous judgment. In the evening I was carried straight from my Court to the House of Lords: there I sat until two o'clock in the morning, when some of the Lords came and whispered to me that I was expected to speak. I told them I really could not, I was ill, and I could not stand; but they still urged, and at last I hobbled, in some way or other, with their assistance, to the place from which I usually addressed the House. It was an important question:—I forgot my gout, and spoke for two hours [on the peace of Amiens]. Well, the House broke up, I was carried home, and at six in the morning I prepared to go to bed. My poor left leg had just got in, when I recollected I had important papers to look over, and that I had not had time to examine them; so I pulled my poor left leg out of bed, put on my clothes, and went to my study. I did examine the papers; they related to the Recorder's report, which had to be heard that day; I was again carried into Court, where I had to deliver another arduous judgment, again went to the House of Lords, and it was not till the middle of the second night that I got into bed. These are hard trials to a man's constitution.'—vol. i. pp. 405, 406.

We must give also the story of Miss Bridge:—

'In 1783, when Mr. Scott first became a candidate for the borough of Weobly, he was received and lodged in the house of Mr. Bridge, the vicar, who, having a daughter then a young child, took a jocular promise from him, that if he should ever become Chancellor, and the little girl's husband should be a clergyman, the Chancellor would give that clergyman a living. Now comes the sequel, partly related by Lord Eldon himself to [his niece] Mrs. Forster. "Years rolled on—I came into office: when one morning I was told a young lady wished to speak to me; and I said that young ladies must be attended to, so they must show her up. And up came a very pretty young lady, and she curtsied and

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and simpered, and said she thought I could not recollect her. I answered I certainly did not, but perhaps she could recall herself to my memory; so she asked if I remembered the clergyman at Weobly, and his little girl to whom I had made a promise. 'Oh, yes!' I said, 'I do, and I suppose you are the little girl?' She curtsied and said 'Yes.' 'And I suppose you are married to a clergyman?' 'No,' she said, and she blushed, 'I am only *going to be* married to one, if you, my Lord, will give him a living.' Well, I told her to come back in a few days; and I made inquiries to ascertain from the bishop of the diocese that the gentleman she was going to be married to was a respectable clergyman of the Church of England; and then I looked at my list, and found I actually had a living vacant that I could give him. So when the young lady came back I told her she might return home and get married as fast as she liked, for her intended husband should be presented to a living, and I would send the papers as soon as they could be made out. 'Oh, no!' she exclaimed, and again she simpered, and blushed, and curtsied; 'pray, my Lord, let me take them back myself.' I was a good deal amused: so I actually had the papers made out, and I signed them, and she took them back herself the following day."'—vol. i. p. 465-467.

But alas for the honour of man! Miss Bridge, after all, did not become Mrs. Jones until two years after the gentleman had been rector of Stanton. The son of the clergyman who ultimately married them at Stanton writes thus:—'Jones would have jilted the lady, but was shamed into the fulfilment of his engagement by the friends and relations of both parties. Miss Bridge, with her party, arrived there from Hereford in a post-chaise. *She refused, however, to enter the parsonage-house until she did so as his wife.*' To conclude the story, Mrs. Jones survived her husband, and, being in indigent circumstances, once more applied to the Chancellor, 'to obtain for her an admission into a recently instituted establishment, near Bath, for the support, maintenance, comfort, and benefit of the widows of clergymen and others. Lord Eldon not only complied with her request, but sent her money to defray the expenses of her removal.'

Lord Eldon's eldest son, the father of the present Earl, had died shortly before he resigned the Seal. He writes thus to one of his old college friends, a clergyman in Yorkshire:—

'Dear Swire,—I have very frequently taken up my pen to write to you. I have as often laid it down, unable to bear up against the intrusion of those melancholy ideas which always present themselves when I see, hear, or think of any one at once the friend of my departed and of myself. * * * * * *

'At the end of thirty busy years I have nothing to do, I mean with this world, but the great work of preparing myself for another; and I am afraid that *that* is much to do, when a man has been immersed in this world's business, and such part of its business as I have been engaged

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in for so many years. May it not be a blessing that, at the beginning of that period which I am to employ better, I am awakened to a sense of duty by a judgment as awful as that which, in my loss, has been poured out upon me?'—vol. ii. pp. 4, 5.

On the 13th of September, 1806, Mr. Fox died; but the King allowing his surviving colleagues to dissolve parliament, the new elections gave them a very large majority in the House of Commons. These events cast a deep gloom over the survivors of the Pitt circle, and internal suspicion and mutual mistrust were soon to aggravate the common evil. Witness a letter of Lord Eldon to Sir William Scott:—

'I am not the least surprised at what you say about Canning. I have for some time thought that much less than a dissolution would serve him as a cause of separation; and I suspect that Lord Grenville has known him so well, as, by flattering his vanity on the one hand, by making him the person of consequence to be talked with, and alarming that vanity on the other by disclaiming intercourse, through anybody, with the Pittites as a body, to make him the instrument of shaking among the Pittites that mutual confidence which was essential to give them weight, and thus to keep them in the state of a rope of sand till a dissolution, when he won't care one fig for them all put together. The King's conduct does not astonish me, though I think it has destroyed him. His language to me led me to hope better things; and, in charity, I would suppose from it that his heart does not go with his act. But his years, his want of sight, the domestic falsehood and treachery which surround him, and some feeling (just enough, I think) of resentment at our having deserted him on Mr. Pitt's death, and, as to myself particularly, *the uneasiness which in his mind the presence of a person who attended him in two fits of insanity excites*, have conspired to make him do an act unjust to himself. I consider it as a fatal and final blow to the hopes of many who have every good wish of mine. As to myself personally, looking at matters on all sides, I think the chancellorship would never revert to me, even if things had taken another turn; and it is not on my own account I lament the turn they have taken.'—vol. ii. p. 11.

A little afterwards, however, some correspondence with Lord Melville shows that Lord Eldon was among the first, if not the first, to shake off the general despondency. We find him expressing, though very cautiously, doubts as to the interpretation which really ought to be put on the King's conduct as to the dissolution, and strenuously urging 'plan, union, system'—'panic can do no good.'

The scene soon changed. As early as March, the Whigs having brought into the House of Commons a bill which included a concession to the Romanists, the king insisted on its withdrawal. They agreed—but his Majesty required a written declaration that his Ministers would propose nothing further in the

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the same direction, and to this they would not consent. He dismissed 'the Talents' instantly, and the Duke of Portland became the ostensible head of a new Tory government, with Lord Eldon again as Chancellor. He writes thus (March 31st) to his old friend and family connexion, the Rev. Dr. Ridley—and certainly the language is not altogether in keeping with the active and stirring share which we see he had been taking with a view to restore the heart and union of the Tories during their short interval of exclusion.

'Dear Ridley,—I thank you for your kind and affectionate letter. The occurrence of again taking the Great Seal, Harry, gives me but one sentiment of comfort—that it is possible I may be of use to others. The death of my friend Mr. Pitt, the loss of my poor dear John, the anguish of mind in which I have been, and ever must be, when that loss occurs to me—these have extinguished all ambition, and almost every wish of every kind in my breast. I had become inured to, and fond of, retirement. My mind had been busied in the contemplation of my best interests—those which are connected with nothing here.'

On the same day he writes to another ancient clerical friend:—

'Whilst dreaming of a visit to you I have awaked with the Great Seal in my hand, to my utter astonishment. The King considers the struggle as for his throne; and he told me but yesterday, when I took the seal, that he did so consider it; that he must be the Protestant king of a Protestant country, or no king. He is remarkably well—firm as a lion—placid and quiet, beyond example in any moment of his life. I am happy to add that, on this occasion, his son, the prince, has appeared to behave very dutifully to him. Two or three great goods have been accomplished if his new ministers can stand their ground. First, the old ones are satisfied that the king, whose state of mind they were always doubting, *has more sense and understanding than all his ministers put together: they leave him with a full conviction of that fact.* When he delivered the seal to me yesterday he told me he wished and hoped I should keep it till he died.'

Meantime the Whigs were attributing their own dismissal to the influence of 'secret advisers;' and Lord Howick (Earl Grey), with the rash bitterness habitual to him, distinctly and by name charged Lord Eldon with having 'poisoned the king's mind in a private audience at Windsor a few days before the pledge was required.' Mr. Canning on this occasion defended the Chancellor in a manner with which he must have been cordially content. Mr. Canning stated that 'Lord Eldon had announced his visit at Windsor to Lord Grenville, and its sole object, and voluntarily assured that minister that he would not touch on any topic but that one. Lord Eldon *had kept his word:* was it to be endured that he should be thus accused of breaking it?' The circumstances could not be explained further then. It now appears that Lord

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Eldon's only object was to convince the king of the mischief which must attend Mr. Perceval's persisting in publishing a certain *Book* about the unhappy affairs of the Princess of Wales —who had relied principally on Lord Eldon's advice whilst defending herself, during the short reign of the Talents, against the premature charges of her husband.

We find here a variety of very curious letters concerning the miserable quarrel of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning in 1809—their duel—the retirement of both from office, and the consequent resignation of the Duke of Portland himself—with the reconstruction of the Cabinet under Mr. Perceval. Mr. Twiss arrives at the conclusion that, as far as regards the immediate ground of personal conflict—the concealment from Lord Castlereagh of Mr. Canning's communication to *some* of their colleagues of his determination to resign unless the conduct of the war department were taken from Lord Castlereagh—the blame lay *almost entirely* with the Duke of Portland—who being in ill health, and at best 'infirm of purpose,' put off from day to day till it was too late, the painful announcement which Mr. Canning had required and understood to be made long before. It is very satisfactory to see that with all his already settled aversion for Mr. Canning (whom he calls to his wife 'an incarnation of vanity'), Lord Eldon does him entire justice on this, as respects personal honour, the only important point in the story.* The more so, that it is no longer doubtful that Mr. Canning, in the course of the multiplied intrigues which ensued, was the warm advocate, if not (as Lord Eldon believed) the originator of a scheme for finally *shelfing* Lord Eldon at this epoch, and replacing him on the woolsack by *Mr. Perceval*—thus leaving everything open to Mr. Canning in the House of Commons and consequently in the resurgent government. Mr. Twiss is a lawyer as well as a politician—but his devotion to the memory of Mr. Canning is of exemplary fervour, for he seems to see nothing either absurd or reprehensible in the fact, which he candidly assumes, that the Mr. Canning of 1809 thought in choosing a chancellor 'rather of politics than of law.' How fortunate that he had no such choice to make until he was older and wiser! On the 15th of September Lord Eldon writes to his wife in the country:—

* On the 4th of October, 1809, Lord Eldon writes thus to Sir William Scott:—'The silence of such of Cas.'s colleagues who knew of the matter cannot be well vindicated. With respect to myself, I feel uneasy; though the period at which I heard it, the personage (the K.) who told it me, and the injunction with which he accompanied a communication, which I must needs say he ought not to have made under such an injunction, give me a good deal to say for myself. But, in some degree, all who knew it have been—more or less blameable, but blameable.'—vol. ii. p. 104.

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'Some of the plans proposed are what I do most greatly abhor, and I think they won't succeed. I have offered my office to the king, and told him, for I write constantly when I don't see him, my likings and dislikings. "For God's sake," he says, "don't you run away from me: don't reduce me to the state in which you formerly left me. You are my sheet anchor!" I fear the effects of his agitation and agony—and I do pray God to protect him in this his hour of distress.

'May God's best and kindest providence watch over her who has the whole heart of *her* ELDON.'

Lord Eldon had been elected High Steward of Oxford some years before this. Now, on the death of the Duke of Portland (October, 1809), he was requested to stand for the Chancellorship of the University. Understanding, however, that the Duke of Beaufort had received a requisition to the same effect, he declined to come forward until his Grace was understood to have signified that he declined being a candidate. Lord Eldon seems to have received poor enough return for this delicacy from some of the Duke of Beaufort's friends. After the Chancellor had committed himself—after several of the Duke's own connexions had canvassed for the Chancellor—his grace was urged and persuaded to take the field. The King told Lord Eldon it was now too late for him to withdraw. The consequence was a triumph—at that time important as well as unexpected—to the Whigs and pro-Catholics in the Convocation. The votes were for Eldon, 393; for Beaufort, 238; for Lord Grenville, 406. But, according to Lord Eldon's letters and Anecdote Book, Lord Grenville owed his small majority to certain electors in the Beaufort interest, who, when they saw their Duke had no chance, voted at the eleventh hour for Grenville rather than allow their own political party to gain the victory in the person of the *novus homo* who had climbed from the chare-foot to the woolsack. 'I was beaten,' he says, 'by aristocratical combination—and I could never have been beaten without it.'

We need not pause on the short period during which Mr. Perceval enjoyed as Prime Minister the entire confidence of George III., and the cordial support of Lord Eldon as Chancellor. Nor shall we extract anything from Mr. Twiss's narrative of the constitution of the Regency in 1811, and the ultimate retention of the Ministers, on the expiration of the restrictions, in 1812: though these chapters throw light on several hitherto obscure circumstances, and furnish a triumphant answer to more than one inuendo against Mr. Perceval in Lord Brougham's Essays entitled 'George IV.' and 'Lord Eldon,'—essays, we need not say, exhibiting in perfection their author's command of some of the highest resources of rhetorical power, but which are not likely

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likely to be valued hereafter as settling any point in the political history of the time—splendid specimens of one-sided declamation. Adhering to Lord Eldon—we need not remind our reader that the Prince of Wales must have regarded him with severe prejudice from the date of the Regency Bill in 1783; or that his services to the Princess in the days of the 'Delicate Investigation' of 1806, had heavily increased the hostile impression; or that the consent of the Regent to retain Lord Eldon as Chancellor has been boldly ascribed to Lord Eldon's courtly facility in abandoning the Princess of Wales, the moment her unkind husband's favour came to be a matter of the same consequence that her kind father-in-law's had been previously. It now appears from letters between the Prince of Wales and Lord Eldon, printed by Mr. Twiss, that at least as early as the summer of 1810 his Royal Highness had begun to relax in his prejudice against the Chancellor—and why? Simply because the Chancellor was the medium of communication between the Prince and his father as to whatever was proposed or done respecting the education of the Princess Charlotte, and his Royal Highness was compelled to feel that the most essential interests of his daughter could not have been entrusted to a wiser, fairer, discreeter intervention. The respectful style of the Prince's notes of that date is creditable to himself, and of no trivial importance with reference to the subsequent course of events. But it was not until the Prince had come into possession of the private papers of George III. that he could trace the whole course of Lord Eldon's procedure in reference to the affairs of the Royal Family. We read in the Anecdote Book:—

'His Majesty George IV. has frequently told me that there was no person in the world that he hated so much as, for years, he hated me. He had been persuaded that I endeavoured to keep him at a distance from his father, but when he came into possession of his father's private papers, he completely changed his opinion of me, in consequence of the part which, from my letters, he found I had always taken with reference to himself. He was then convinced that I had always endeavoured to do the direct contrary to what was imputed to me. He told me so himself, and from that time he treated me with uniform friendliness.'—vol. ii. p. 199.

But Lord Eldon's correspondence with his own old college intimates, especially Dr. Swire, may be appealed to, not only for direct confirmation of this statement, but for a very full, and surely a very interesting detail, step by step, of the circumstances under which the Regent first of all retained his father's ministers, the Chancellor included, and then, a year afterwards, confirmed them. Let us take part of a letter to Dr. Swire:—

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'The medical men thought His Majesty's speedy recovery highly probable:—the prince therefore thought that, in duty to his father, he could not dismiss his father's servants. I could not reconcile to myself the notion that, whilst the father's son so conducted himself, the father's most grateful servant could refuse to take his share in a state of things which, for the father's sake, the son determined should remain undisturbed by him. So matters went on through the year of restricted regency. Before the close of it, the prince had totally altered his opinion of the men whom he had hated—and I have his own authority for believing that the kingdom produced no man whom he more hated than your friend, the writer of this letter. Though the prospect of his father's recovery had grown more gloomy, and though I fear it will never brighten, I must do him the justice to say that he has always declared that he will never despair till his father ceases to live: and my own real opinion is, that whatever motives his friends or foes may in their conjectures ascribe his late conduct to, he has been principally governed by a feeling that, if his father should recover, he would never forgive himself if he suffered him to awake to a scene in which the father should see his servants discarded by his son. The same sentiment appears to me to have governed him with respect to the Catholic question, *with regard to which I believe that after his father's death he will act with a due regard to the established religion.*'—vol. ii. p. 197.

Another letter to Dr. Swire, dated at Encombe in Dorsetshire (which fine estate Lord Eldon had recently purchased), furnishes some further details—and brings us down to the close of the tempestuous session after the death of Perceval. The chancellor alludes hastily to the fact that Bellingham had passed some hours of the morning before he assassinated Mr. Perceval in watching the proceedings of the Court of Chancery, and his own belief that he himself would have been the victim but for the accident of his borrowing a round hat and great coat from one of his attendants, and so quitting the court that day, for a stroll in the park, in a disguise which Bellingham did not penetrate.

'*Encombe, Sept. 22nd*, 1812.

'I could not doubt that at the close of the Regency year, the 18th February, I should have had my dismissal: so sure was I of that, that when the prince sent for me on the 17th, his commands reached me sitting for my picture in my robes. When I went, he expressed his surprise that I appeared in a morning in a laced shirt: I told him what I had been about: he then expressed surprise that I could find any time for such a business: my answer was that the fact proved that that was difficult; that the picture had been asked nearly two years for the Guildhall at Newcastle; and that, my countrymen wishing it should be in the chancellor's robes, I could not delay beyond that day in which I might for the last time be entitled to wear them. He smiled, and next day satisfied me that I needed not to have been in such a hurry. This was curious enough, but is literally a fact. Well, after this poor Perceval was assassinated. By the way, I had a pretty narrow escape. It

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It is said, "Mors sola fatetur quantula sunt hominum corpuscula;" but I have learnt facts of poor Perceval's life, which I never should have learnt but in consequence of his death, and which prove him to have been a most extraordinarily excellent person. Here again, however, I thought I should sing *Nunc dimittis*. I appointed and attended a recorder's report, which I thought it unmanly to leave to a successor, on a Monday, as I was morally certain that I should not be chancellor on the usual day, the Wednesday. But whether Grenville and Grey did not wish to be ministers, or whether they would not be ministers unless they could bind kings in chains, I don't know. The Tuesday put my wig and gown once more fast upon my head and back, and I am now just as uncertain when I shall see the blessings of final retirement as I was before the king's illness. What a life of anxiety (about myself certainly in no degree such) I led during these scenes must be reserved, if it is to be described, till some happy hour of conversation between us shall be vouchsafed me by Providence. I concluded my stay in town by the Prince Regent's dining in Bedford Square with a man whom he had hated more than any other in his father's dominions, according to his unreserved confession.'—vol. ii. p. 224.

Our readers would not thank us for going into the badgerings which had for some time annoyed the chancellor on the subject of arrears in his court.* Led by that illustrious 'chicken of the law' Michael Angelo Taylor, the Whig barristers in the Commons were now bent on assailing the government through the person of him to whom the final exclusion of their party was mainly by them attributed. It is sufficient to quote a short letter to Sir William Scott, written during the general election of October, 1812:—

'Dear Brother,—Really, as to the Government, I don't care one farthing about it. I am mistaken if they do not mainly owe their existence, as such, to me; and yet I have been, in my judicial capacity, the object of the House of Commons' persecution for two years, without a lawyer there to say a word of truth for me. I have been left unprotected as before,—and, so unprotected, I cannot and will not remain.

'The Prince vows annihilation to the Government if I go; and, I suppose, would resort to Canning and Wellesley. But I cannot feel the obligation I am under of being hunted in the House of Commons without more of protection than I have had.'

The only unpleasantness that appears to have occurred in the Regent's treatment of the chancellor, throughout the two ensuing years, arose from a cause most honourable to his lordship. The Regent, as his daughter grew into womanhood, wished to impose additional restrictions on her intercourse with her mother. The chancellor, retaining as yet his early impression that the Princess

* For a full examination of this question of arrears, we refer to an article 'On the Court of Chancery,' in Quart. Rev., vol. xxx.

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of Wales had been 'more sinned against than sinning,' firmly opposed himself on this head to the Prince, and writes to his brother as contemplating, in consequence, an abrupt termination of his official life. 'One more such interview,' he says, 'and I shall be spared all further trouble—all because I won't let him do as to his wife and daughter as he wishes.' This letter seems to have been written about the close of 1813. The Princess Charlotte had conceived a most grateful respect and attachment to Lord Eldon, as the early defender of her weaker parent, and nothing occurred during her too short life to disturb these kindly feelings. The 'Anecdote Book' dwells on the extraordinary care she had taken for his personal accommodation at Claremont when he was about to be summoned thither on the occasion of her fatal confinement in 1817.

Her untimely death, by placing the Duke of York, whose views of the Roman Catholic Question were throughout those of George III., in the situation of Heir Presumptive, gave additional strength to the Anti-Catholic party in the country, and especially to Lord Eldon, who had long been the mainstay of resistance both in the cabinet and in the House of Lords. But the Regent, even in the midst of his paternal affliction, seems to have turned with earnestness to the hope that the Princess Charlotte's death might lead to his own emancipation. In a letter dated at Brighton, Jan. 1, 1818, he expresses affectionate regret that a fit of gout should have prevented the Chancellor from visiting him there, and goes on to explain that he had been desirous of an interview with reference to the Princess, who is described as having excited much scandal on the Continent, and especially at Vienna, where the Court had refused to receive her:—

'You cannot, therefore, be surprised (much difficulty in point of delicacy being now set aside in my mind by the late melancholy event which has taken place in my family) if I turn my whole thoughts to the endeavouring to extricate myself from the cruellest, as well as the most unjust, predicament that ever even the lowest individual, much more a prince, ever was placed in. . . . . Is it, then, my dear friend, to be tolerated that ——— is to be suffered to continue to bear my name, to belong to me and to the country, and that *that* country, the first in all the world, and myself its sovereign, are to be expected to submit silently to a degradation under which no upright and honourable mind can exist?'

The result of the deliberations that succeeded this letter was the celebrated Milan Commission.

Of the effect of the evidence collected by that Commission upon Lord Eldon's mind, we may judge from a letter of April 26th, 1820:—

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'Our queen threatens approach to England; but, if she can venture, she is the most courageous lady I ever heard of. *The mischief, if she does come, will be infinite—at first, she will have extensive popularity with the multitude; in a few short months or weeks she will be ruined in the opinion of all the world.*'

A most accurate prophecy! We should be sorry to dwell on this calamitous chapter in the history of the English monarchy; but we must permit ourselves an extract or two from the private letters of the time, showing how Lord Eldon thought and felt as the business proceeded. He says to his daughter, just before the negotiation between the queen's counsellors and the ministry failed (June 7th, 1820):—

'You will see by the impressions of the seal on this scrap, that cabinets are quite in fashion; daily, nightly, hourly cabinets. The lower orders here are all queen's folks; few of the middling or higher orders, except the profligate, or those who are endeavouring to acquire power through mischief. The bulk of those who are in Parliament are afraid of the effect of the disclosures and discussions which must take place, if there is not some pacific settlement: the queen is obstinate and makes no propositions tending to that—at least as yet; the king is determined, and will hear of none—of nothing but thorough investigation, and of what he, and those who consider *themselves* more than him, think and talk of—thorough exposure of the Q., and divorce. To this extent Parliament will not go. That body is afraid of disclosures—*not on one side only*—which may affect the monarchy itself.'

Again on the 10th:—

'Our nightly cabinets don't agree with Mamma, and she, you know, will never go to bed when I am out. The ministers will be compelled to give way to Parliament—and they are in a pretty state—if they give way, the K. will remove them—if they do not, they will be outvoted in Parliament and cannot remain. To-morrow will be a very busy day, if the Q. means to make any propositions for arrangement. The K. will *make* none—and, if he *can find* an Administration that will fight everything to the last moment at any risk, he will *receive* none.'—

On the 14th of July:—

'I hope strict justice will be done in the inquiry; and, for myself, I am determined to look neither to the right nor to the left—to court no favour from any party, but doing my duty faithfully and to the best of an unbiassed judgment, to preserve that state of comfort in my own mind, which I have hitherto laboured not to forfeit.'—

On the question for the third reading of the Bill of pains and penalties, November 10th, the majority was only 9—and Lord Liverpool then announced that he abandoned the measure. The chancellor said nothing in the House, but he thus writes to his daughter on the 23rd.:—

'I thought it wholly inconsistent with the dignity of the House of Lords

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Lords to close the most solemn inquiry ever entertained in that House, by doing nothing. The bill should either have been rejected or passed. But to have upon our Journals four different resolutions, all founded upon our avowed conviction of her guilt, and then neither to withdraw those resolutions, nor to act upon them, appears to me perfectly absurd, and, both to the country and to her, unjust. To her surely it is so. We condemn her four times; she desires at our bar that we will allow her to be heard in her defence before the Commons; we will neither do that nor withdraw our condemnations; for, though the bill is withdrawn, the votes of condemnation remain upon our Journals.'

Lord Eldon, we have no doubt, acted throughout all this business under a sense of duty—he was incapable of the reverse—he was a man and a gentleman: but we think it must also be allowed that he looked at the practical questions involved in the course of it, far too exclusively through the optics of the lawyer. And it was in that character chiefly that he seems to have meditated on it long afterwards. In his Anecdote Book of 1827 he speaks of the 'Proceedings upon the queen's case in the House of Lords' as 'perhaps more just than prudent,'—but derives consolation from reflecting that they were so conducted, under his own authority, as to establish a precedent of lasting benefit. In previous cases of parliamentary impeachments and bills of pains and penalties, evidence had constantly been offered, and frequently received, such as the strict rules of English law would have held inadmissible. He would allow of 'no evidence that would have been rejected in Westminster Hall;' and assuredly that example will be adhered to. Mr. Twiss grants the value of this reform; but holds even that a small compensation for the general mischief of the transaction. He, however, acquits the ministry. He adopts Lord Eldon's defence on the ground that the queen 'had herself insisted upon bringing the matter to such a point, as made the whole question no longer a personal one between her and the king, but a public and constitutional one between her and the country.' Mr. Twiss is willing enough to acquiesce in what was —perhaps still is—the general belief, that, in the first stage of matrimonial life, the king was the inexcusable offender. We doubt very much whether, when the secret history comes out, that opinion will stand. For George IV. in his relations with women, first and last, there is not much to be said: but on that one score, we apprehend posterity will see reason to infer that he was disgusted *in limine*, and for ever alienated, by circumstances which must have had a similar effect in the case of any other English gentleman.

In the month of his coronation George IV. pressed the honour of an earldom on the chancellor in such terms that he could not refuse it—though he had *thrice*, it seems, declined a similar favour

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favour from George III. His brother at the same time became Lord Stowell.

It cannot be expected that we should do more as to the rest of this book than selecting a few extracts from the correspondence of Lord Eldon illustrative of his personal feelings as to events still fresh in general recollection. *Pars magna fuit*—but the private papers of persons not less eminent, by whose services the country may hope to profit during many years yet to come, must have been, in the natural course of things, revealed as his are now, before it would be fair to conclude on the interior history of any transaction in which they were partakers.

The great feature of Lord Eldon's life as a statesman is his steady opposition to the Roman Catholic claims: our extracts, therefore, must bear chiefly on the history of that question; but we shall avoid entirely the grand arguments here reproduced. Our object, in short, is to pick out short passages, which, their dates duly considered, may indicate in some sort Lord Eldon's contemporary views and impressions respecting the successive steps by which the difficulty was complicated and the defence weakened. We are very sorry to say that the character of George IV. has been, in our opinion, sadly damaged by his Chancellor's revelations: at the same time it is proper to bear in mind throughout, that the king's nervous system had been greatly enfeebled some years before he exhibited the melancholy imbecility of vacillation which the strong-minded Eldon, much his senior, seems to have regarded with more of contempt than of pity.

Even as early as the spring of 1821, we find him writing to his brother with considerable alarm as to the steadiness of Lord Liverpool himself; but it is only after the visit to Ireland, in the summer of this year, that he begins to show symptoms of doubt as to the King himself. For example, he says, in April:—

'As to Liverpool, I do not know what he means. Can a man who makes such a Secretary for Ireland as we have, and two such Regius Professors and such a Bishop, be serious?—With me this thing about the Catholics is not a matter of consistency, but of conscience. If there is any truth in religious matters, I cannot otherwise regard it.'

About the end of August:—

'Dear Brother,—I think there is a great alteration where I did not look for it—even Sidmouth thinks the death of the Queen has removed, in a great degree, all objection to Canning.—I understand the King was particular and lavish in his attentions to Plunkett; he certainly means, if he can, to bring him into office—another Papist.'

In this same letter he intimates a 'conviction' that the King is disposed to 'sweep the cabinet-room of the whole of us,' i.e., of the High Tories. The last week of the year, however, brought a pleasant

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a pleasant letter from the King, indicating anything but a wish to part with the Chancellor:—

'*Brighton, Dec. 26th*, 1821.

'My dear Friend,—You flattered me that when you had relaxation from business you would make me a short visit. It strikes me that next Monday and Tuesday are the two most probable days to afford you such an opportunity; therefore, if this should be so, and unless you have formed any pleasanter scheme for yourself, *pray come to me then.* I believe it will be necessary for you to swear in one or two of my state servants, the most of whom you will find assembled here; therefore pray be properly prepared. I hope it is not necessary for me to add how truly happy I should be, if our dear and good friend Lord Stowell would accompany you. A hearty welcome, good and warm beds, turkey and chine, and last, though not least in love, liver and crow, are the order of the day.

'Ever, my dear Lord, most sincerely yours,

'G. R.

'P.S.—N.B. No church preferment will be requested upon the present occasion.'

The 'liver and crow' is an allusion to a joke of the Chancellor's at the expense of Sir John Leach. Inviting Lord Eldon to dine with him on some grand occasion, he begged to be informed if there was any dish his Lordship had a particular fancy for. The Chancellor, smiling serenely on the exquisite Amphityron, named 'liver and bacon.'

This puts us in mind of not a bad joke of George IV. in the Anecdote Book. It seems his Majesty, when in special good humour, sometimes applied to the Lord Chancellor his popular *sobriquet* derived from the Purse of the Great Seal. When Lord Eldon introduced Sir John Leach as Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, that fine gentleman appeared, of course, with an official purse of smaller dimensions. 'Old Bags,' whispered the King, 'I think we must call Leach "reticule."'

In the same page the Chancellor records a gay dinner at the Duke of York's. Mr. Greenwood was present, and some sprightly guardsman at a late hour gave the wealthy army-agent's health, as one 'to whom most of the company had long been, and were likely long to be, under great obligations.' This fun excited the Commander-in-Chief to propose a bumper for another guest. 'I believe,' said the Duke, 'I am correct in stating that my worthy friend, Mr. Coutts, here, has been my banker for five and twenty years—fill your glasses.' 'Sir,' said Mr. Coutts, 'really your Royal Highness does me too much honour—it is your Royal Highness that has been good enough to keep my money.'

But, to come back to the 'liver and crow,' &c.—it may be surmised that all these charming things were not tendered without some

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some *arrière pensée:* for, in a fortnight's time, we see that Lord Liverpool has allied with himself a section of hitherto outlying Grenvillites—and the Chancellor grumbles—*but stays*:—

'This coalition, I think, will have consequences very different from those expected by the members of Administration who have brought it about. I hate coalitions.'

In May Mr. Canning's bill for admitting Popish peers to sit in parliament renews the alarm:—

'*Sunday, May 5th*, 1822.

'I am going as usual to Carlton House;* the King is still confined with the gout. How he is to manage, with some Ministers servants of the Pope, and others foes of his Holiness, I can't tell; but if I was a King, I would have my servants all of one mind. Great uncertainty as to the event of next Friday on the Catholic business. I think it will pass the Commons; and whilst individuals are voting for it there under a conviction that it will be lost in the Lords, there is reason, very much, I am sorry to say, to doubt *that*;—for Lords are beginning to think it foolish to be the instruments by which other persons may vote dishonestly.'

This blew over—but the anxieties of that session were fatal to the only pro-Catholic member of the Liverpool cabinet who seems to have had much of Lord Eldon's personal regard. Mr. Twiss prints this sufficiently characteristic epistle:—

'*Royal George Yacht, Leith Roads, August 15th*, ½ *pt.* 8 *p.m.* 1822.

'My dear Friend,—I have this moment heard from Liverpool of the melancholy death of his, and my dear friend, poor Londonderry. On Friday was the last time I saw him: my own mind was then filled with apprehensions respecting him, and they have, alas! been but too painfully verified. My great object, my good friend, in writing to you to-night, is to tell you that I have written to Liverpool, and I do implore of you not to *lend yourself* to any arrangement *whatever*, until my return to town. This, indeed, is Lord Liverpool's own proposal; and as you may suppose, *I* have joined most *cordially* in the proposition. It will require the most *prudent foresight* on *my* part relative to the new arrangements that must now necessarily take place. You may easily judge of the state of my mind. Ever believe me, your sincere friend,

'G. R.'

Mr. Twiss prints this—but, strange to say, he gives us nothing from Lord Eldon on what immediately ensued—one of the most important, and what must have been to him the most distasteful of all the changes that ever occurred in the Liverpool cabinet—the reintroduction of Mr. Canning as Foreign Secretary and leader of the House of Commons. On this subject not a scrap! He is more communicative as to the next step in this history:—

* These regular Sunday closetings seem to have been regarded with considerable jealousy by some of the Chancellor's colleagues, especially by Lord Liverpool.

'*Feb.*

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'*Feb.* 1, 1823.

'Dear Brother,—The "Courier" of last night announces Mr. Huskisson's introduction into the Cabinet—of the intention or the fact I have no other communication. Whether Lord Sidmouth has, or not, I don't know, but really this is rather too much. What makes it worse is, that the great man of all has a hundred times most solemnly declared, that no connexion of a certain person's should come in. There is no believing one word anybody says—and what makes the matter still worse is, that everybody acquiesces most quietly, and waits in all humility and patience till their own turn comes.'

And the Chancellor *ipse* acquiesced!—Mr. Twiss's delicacy leaves some names uniformly in blank; but we think most people can fill in for themselves.

'*May* 3*rd*, 1823.

'Lady —— is to have a great party to-night: long expected. She has thought proper to inform us *this morning*, that she is to be *at home this night*. This is a little impertinent, as her invitations to others have been circulating for weeks past, under the head of fashionable parties. I shall send for answer, that as she is to be at home, so we intend also to be at home.'

'*August*, 1823.

'All the world here is running on Sundays to the Caledonian Chapel in Hatton Garden, where they hear a Presbyterian orator from Scotland, preaching, as some ladies term it, *charming* matter, though downright nonsense. To the shame of the King's Ministers be it said, that many of them have gone to this schism shop with itching ears.—Lauderdale told me, that when Lady —— is there the preacher never speaks of an heavenly mansion, but an heavenly *Pavilion*. For other ears, mansion is sufficient. This is a sample!'

'*Friday night, September* 4*th*, 1823.

'The appointment of Lord Francis Conyngham in the Foreign Office has, by female influence, put Canning beyond the reach of anything to affect him, and will assuredly enable him to turn those out whom he does not wish to remain in. The King is in such thraldom that one has nobody to fall back upon. The devil of it is, there is no consistency in anybody. Again, upon "ne cede malis," it is better to go out than to be turned out!! which will assuredly be the case. God bless you.'

We have not teased our readers with the incessant attacks made through all these years on the Chancellor in his judicial capacity. In February, 1824, we find him in communication on this subject, not with the then leader in the House of Commons, but with Mr. Peel; who accordingly made himself master of all the details as to the Court of Chancery, and vindicated his friend against charges most offensive to his feelings, not only as a lawyer, but as an honest man, in a style which produced a powerful impression on the long-abused public—and in the highest degree gave gratification to Lord Eldon. He says to his daughter (Feb. 28)—

'Peel

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'Peel will have it that the late House of Commons business has been a most fortunate thing for *your* father. How that may be I cannot be sure; but I am sure that he could not have taken more pains about it if I had been *his* father.'

And on the same day, to one of his clerical friends in the north,—

'You will see that I have been lately the object of much persecution. But, *impavidum ferient.* In a life such as mine has been, that there have been some things neglected is too true. But take the whole together, I have done more business in the execution of my public duty than any Chancellor ever did; yea, three times as much as any Chancellor ever did. If these malignant attacks had not been made against me, year after year, I should have been in retirement; but to hatred, malice, and uncharitableness I will not give way. I will not gratify those who revile me. My rule through life has been to do what I think right, and to leave the consequences to God.'

To come back to the Romanists.—On the 22nd June, 1824, the Chancellor so far relaxed as to acquiesce in the second reading of a bill for enabling the Duke of Norfolk to act as Earl Marshal without taking the oath of supremacy. Next morning brought a note from Carlton House, in a very unusual style:—

'The King desires to apprise the Lord Chancellor, that the King has learnt, through the medium of the newspapers, what has been passing in Parliament relative to the office of Earl Marshal of England.

'The King cannot suppose that the Lord Chancellor of England can approve of the King's dispensing with the usual oaths attached to that, or any other high office; but if the King should be mistaken in this supposition, the King desires that the Lord Chancellor will state his reasons in writing, why the King should be expected to give his consent to such an unusual and unprecedented measure.—G. R.'

Lord Eldon, however, could have found no great difficulty in allaying the King's apprehensions as to that special concession, for a few days later he writes thus to his daughter:—

'Yesterday we had our party: all went off very well. The whole in good, or rather high, humour. The King sent me a message by the Duke of York, that he would have dined if he had been asked. He should certainly have been asked if I had been aware that he would have condescended to permit me to send him an invitation. I have not heard, however, of his dining out since the Crown descended upon him. Perhaps it is better, great as the honour would have been, that I did not know that he would have conferred it; for there are such feelings in the minds of some, notwithstanding all the prayers they offer up to be delivered therefrom, as feelings of malice, hatred, envy, and uncharitableness.'

'*June 25th*, 1824. *Friday.*

'Yesterday the Duke of Wellington's dinner. Did not get there till past eight—all the turtle gone, alas! Ditto, all the fish. Very *splendid*; not comfortable; open window on my left side—got a cold thereby. In the

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the evening hundreds came—one in fifty was as many as I knew. The King went in great state with an escort of horse. I think that job, and prorogation to-day, will lay him up.

'At dinner yesterday, 1. The King. 2. Duke of York. 3. The Lady! 4, 5. Duke and Duchess of Wellington. 6, 7. Count Lieven and Lady. 8. Prince Polignac. 9. Dutch Ambassador. 10. Chancellor. 11. Marquis Conyngham. 12. His son. 13. His daughter. 14. Liverpool. 15. Bathurst. 16. Melville. 17, 18. Lord and Lady Warwick. 19, 20. Lord and Lady Gwydir. 21. Lord Glenlyon. 22. Mr. Canning. 23. Mr. Robinson. 24. Lord Maryborough. 25. Lord Westmoreland. 26. Mr. Peel. And two more, I forget who.'

Lord Eldon, in his Anecdote Book, states distinctly that the Duke of York made his famous Anti-Catholic declaration on the 25th April, 1825, without any previous consultation whatever either with the King or with the Chancellor. To his daughter he says:—

'In speaking of what his father endured upon this question he was deeply affected, and deeply affected all who heard him. He concluded by laying his hand upon his heart, and declaring that he ever had, and ever should, in any situation in which he might be placed, oppose these claims of the Roman Catholics: so help him God!—The K. thinks he might have left out the words "in whatever situation he might be," because he, the K., does not intend soon to quit one, in which he, the D. of Y., may be. But he says it with perfect good humour. The D. of Y. is at Newmarket. It is to be regretted that, in his highly important and lofty situation, he spends so many days with blacklegs, and so many nights at cards.'

Then comes a letter (May 18th), headed 'Victory—bill thrown out in the Lords by a majority of 48;' and then—

'*May 23rd*, 1825; *Monday*.

'We had a most sumptuous and splendid set-out at the Duke of York's on Saturday—twenty-four rejoicing Protestants round the table. We drank the 48, the year 1688, and the glorious and immortal memory of William III.—but without noise or riot.

'I forgot to tell you that we have got a new favourite toast. Lady Warwick and Lady Braybrook (I think that is her name) would not let their husbands go to the House to vote for the Catholics: so we Protestants drink daily, as our favourite toast, "The ladies who locked up their husbands."'—vol. ii. p. 553.

According to Mr. Twiss's information, it was at last *settled* in the summer of 1826 that Lord Eldon should retire;—Lord Gifford, then Master of the Rolls and Deputy Speaker in the Lords, succeeding him as Chancellor. To the deep distress of Lord Eldon and of all who knew him in private or were capable of appreciating him in his public capacities, Lord Gifford was cut off suddenly, in the prime vigour of life, in the beginning of

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September; and Mr. Twiss states that the inconvenience likely to result from appointing two new Equity Judges at the same time weighed so with Lord Liverpool and with the King, that Lord Eldon was urged once more to defer his resignation, and very reluctantly consented.

We are not quite convinced that his resignation had been definitely resolved in 1826:—but, whether or not, his official career was now near its close. The death of the Duke of York—itself a heavy blow to the Protestant cause—was rapidly followed (Feb., 1827) by the illness of Lord Liverpool, whose tact, temper, moderation, and candour had for so many years enabled him to hold together a Cabinet, within which there had all along been a decided difference of opinion on the Roman Catholic question, and which latterly, moreover, contained not a few elements of personal jealousy, mistrust, and aversion. The instant that its premier was known to be permanently disabled, it fell to pieces; but if any still adhere to the belief that the most important resignations which followed on the announcement of Mr. Canning's headship were preconcerted, this book will convince them that such was not the fact: that the Chancellor, the Commander-in-Chief, the Home Secretary, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, acted each as an individual, and each one of them took ground more or less peculiar to himself. Some letters to Lord Eldon, here printed, are among the most interesting documents we have read; but we must leave them to be studied in connexion with the other materials of a very curious chapter.

Among the tidings that at this epoch astonished Lord Eldon was that of a patent of precedence granted to the *quondam* Attorney-General of Queen Caroline. When the new Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, communicated this to his predecessor, the old Earl remarked, quietly, that he hoped the King would not now object to let Mr. Brougham be informed that he, Lord Eldon, had repeatedly during a long series of years urged on his Majesty the propriety of giving him a silk gown—that the withholding it was unjust to Mr. Brougham—injurious to the Bar—and unworthy of his Majesty's magnanimity. The King could not but permit the explanation thus suggested: and Mr. Brougham soon afterwards took an opportunity of expressing his regret that it came so late.

Mr. Twiss prints also some very valuable papers with reference to the short administration of Lord Goderich; but these do not much concern the ex-chancellor, nor is there any new light thrown on the formation of the Wellington cabinet in January, 1828. It was already well known that Lord Eldon had expected to be invited on that occasion to resume a place in the cabinet—the

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the office he had anticipated was, it seems, that of President of the Council. Mr. Twiss drops not the slightest hint that any arrangement had been made, or even contemplated, for retaining him as a cabinet minister, had his retirement from the woolsack taken place in 1826. This increases our doubts about the resignation story;—for how painfully he felt the exclusion of 1828, is abundantly shown by his letters, of which it is sufficient for us to copy one. It is addressed to his daughter.

'*London, March 3rd*, 1828.

'Dear Fanny,—I begin to think that what the D. of W. said to me (that my opinions and principles were so fixed upon certain points, that it was somewhat impracticable to form an Administration with sentiments conformable with those opinions and principles) may be correctly true. He told me that P. would not accept office without Huskisson; and *report* uniformly represents that Huskisson would not accept office, if Lord Eldon was to be in office. This may be a clue to the truth: for if Peel would not accept office, the D. of W., I am sure, could not form an Administration, that could begin work in the Commons. But then I say we old ones should have met Parliament *out of office—all of us*—and a very little time would have ensured the country against that sad evil, "a coalition Ministry:" of that I have no doubt—and I am as much of an old fox in these matters as Mr. Tierney. As to office, I would not step across the street to be placed in it on my *own* account. I could get *nothing* by it—its emoluments, *as such*, are not worth my having—for my pension is larger than those of any office that I could have accepted; and from the pension the emoluments of office would be to be deducted. But then they might have given me an opportunity of offering my services to the country, and relieving it from the pension, to the extent of the emoluments of office. It is not because office was not offered me that I complain—it is because those with whom I have so long acted and served did not, candidly and unreservedly, explain themselves and their difficulties to me. And they were not mine adversaries that did me this dishonour, but mine own familiar friends, with whom I had, for so many years, taken sweet counsel together.'

The following fragments can need no explanation:—

'*April*, 1828.

'The Dissenters Bill is to be debated on the 17th,—we, who oppose, shall fight respectably and honourably; but victory cannot be ours. What is most calamitous of all is, that the Archbishops and several Bishops are against us. What they can mean, they best know, for nobody else can tell—and, sooner or later,—perhaps in this very year—*almost certainly in the next*,—the concessions to the Dissenters must be followed by the like concessions to the Roman Catholics.'

'*July 9th*, 1828.

'Nothing is talked of now, which interests any body the least in the world, except the election of Mr. O'Connell [for Clare], and the mischief that it will produce among debaters in the House of Commons,

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and the more serious mischief which it will, in all human probability, excite in Ireland. . . . . At all events, this business must bring the Roman Catholic question, which has been so often discussed, to a crisis and a conclusion. The nature of that conclusion I don't think likely to be favourable to Protestantism.'

'*August*, 1828.

'The King gives a grand dinner on the 12th at Windsor Castle. He has not, as one of his guests, invited a person of whom I can be bold enough to say, that the K. is more indebted to him, than he is to any other subject he ever had in a civil department, adding, by way of showing a little modesty, the old expression, "though I say it who should not say it." '

We now approach the 'crisis and conclusion' which Lord Eldon foresaw clearly as at hand in July, 1828—but which, in fact, this book proves him to have apprehended as ultimately inevitable from a much remoter date. The Speech at the opening of the Session of 1829 announced that the day was come. Twice, however, after that decisive hour, Lord Eldon obtained audience of the King for the purpose of presenting addresses against the ministerial measure; and Mr. Twiss produces a long memorandum, minuted by the Earl himself, descriptive of these interviews—a document drawn up in a diffuse, clumsy style of language certainly, but which, nevertheless, to use the biographer's own words, 'portrays very graphically the fluctuations in the mind of George IV., and exhibits in a striking point of view the contrast between his character and that of his father.' The first visit was on the 28th of March; and then the memorandum reports his Majesty to have said:—

'That at the time the Administration was formed, no reason was given him to suppose that any measures for the relief of the Roman Catholics were intended or thought of by Ministers: that he had frequently himself suggested the absolute necessity of putting down the Roman Catholic Association—of suspending the Habeas Corpus Act to destroy the powers of the most seditious and rebellious proceedings of the members of it, and particularly at the time that Lawless made his march: that instead of following what he had so strongly recommended, after some time, not a very long time before the present Session, he was applied to, to allow his Ministers to propose to him, as an united Cabinet, the opening the Parliament, by sending such a message as his Speech contained:—that, after much struggling against it, and after the measure had been strongly pressed upon him as of absolute necessity, he had consented that the Protestant members of his Cabinet, if they could so persuade themselves to act, might join in such a representation to him, *but that he would not then, nor in his recommendation to Parliament, pledge himself to any thing*.—He repeatedly mentioned that he represented to his Ministers the infinite pain it gave him to consent even so far as that.

'He

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'He complained that he had never seen the bills—that the condition of Ireland had not been taken into consideration—that the Association Bill had been passed through both Houses before he had seen it—that it was a very inefficient measure compared to those which he had in vain, himself, recommended—that the other proposed measures gave him the greatest possible pain and uneasiness—that he was in the state of a person with a pistol presented to his breast—that he had nothing to fall back upon—that his Ministers had threatened (I think he said twice, at the time of my seeing him) to resign, if the measures were not proceeded in, and that he had said to them "Go on," when he knew not how to relieve himself from the state in which he was placed:—and that in one of those meetings, when resignation was threatened, he was urged to the sort of consent he gave by what passed in the interview between him and his Ministers, till the interview and the talk had brought him into such a state, that he hardly knew what he was about when he, after several hours, said "Go on."—He then repeatedly expressed himself as in a state of the greatest misery, repeatedly saying "What can I do? I have nothing to fall back upon:" and musing for some time, and then again repeating the same expression.

'In this day's audience his Majesty did not show me many papers that he showed me in the second.—I collected from what passed in the second, that his consent to go on was in writings then shown to me. After a great deal of time spent (still in the first interview), in which his Majesty was sometimes silent—apparently uneasy—occasionally stating his distress—the hard usage he had received—his wish to extricate himself—that he had not what to look to—what to fall back upon—that he was miserable beyond what he could express;—I asked him whether his Majesty, so frequently thus expressing himself, meant either to enjoin me, or to forbid, considering or trying whether any thing could be found or arranged, upon which he *could* fall back. He said, "I neither enjoin you to do so, nor forbid you to do so; but, for God's sake, take care that I am not exposed to the humiliation of being again placed in such circumstances, that I must submit again to pray of my present Ministers that they will remain with me."—He appeared to me to be exceedingly miserable, and intimated that he would see me again.

'I was not sent for afterwards, but went on Thursday, the 9th April, with more addresses. In the second interview, the King repeatedly, and with some minutes interposed between his such repeated declarations, musing in silence in the interim, expressed his anguish, and pain, and misery, that the measure had ever been thought of, and as often declared that he had been most harshly and cruelly treated—that he had been treated as a man, whose consent had been asked with a pistol pointed to his breast, or as obliged, if he did not give it, to leap down from a five pair of stairs window—What could he do? What had he to fall back upon?

'I told him that his late Majesty, when he did not mean that a measure proposed to him should pass, expressed his determination in the most early stage of the business:—if it seemed to himself necessary to dissent, he asked no advice without dismissing his Ministers: he made

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made that his own act—he trusted to what he had to hope from his subjects, who—when he had placed himself in such circumstances, and protected them from the violence of party—if party, meaning to be violent, should get uppermost, could not leave him unsupported—that on the other hand, there could not but be great difficulties in finding persons willing to embark in office, when matters had proceeded to the extent to which the present measures had been carried,—as was supposed, and had been *represented, after full explanation of them to his Majesty*,*—and he had so far assented.

'This led to his mentioning again what he had to say as to his assent. In the former interview it had been represented that, after much conversation *twice* with his Ministers or such as had come down, he had said, "Go on;" and upon the latter of *those two* occasions, after many hours' fatigue, and exhausted by the fatigue of conversation, he had said, "Go on." He *now produced two papers*, which he represented as *copies of what he had written to them, in which he assents to their proceeding* and going on with the bill, adding certainly in each, as he read them, *very strong expressions of the pain and misery the proceedings gave him.* It struck me at the time that I should, if I had been in office, have felt considerable difficulty about going on after reading such expressions; but whatever might be fair observation as to giving, or not, effect to those expressions, *I told his Majesty it was impossible to maintain that his assent had not been expressed*, or to cure the evils which were consequential, after the bill, in such circumstances, had been read a second time, and in the Lords' House with a majority of 105. This led him to much conversation upon that fact—that he had, he said, been deserted by an aristocracy that had supported his father—that, instead of forty-five against the measure, there were twice that number of Peers for it—that every thing was revolutionary—every thing was tending to revolution—and the Peers and the aristocracy were giving way to it. They (he said more than once or twice more) supported his father; but see what they had done to *him*. I took the liberty to say that I agreed that matters were rapidly tending to revolution—that I had long thought that this measure of Catholic emancipation was meant to be and would certainly be a step towards producing it—that it was avowed as such with the Radicals in 1794, 5, and 6:—that many of the Catholic Association were understood to have been engaged in all the transactions in Ireland in 1798—and what had they not been threatening to do if this measure was not carried, and even if it was carried? But I thought it only just to some of the Peers who voted for the bill to suppose that they had been led, or misled, to believe that his Majesty had agreed and consented to it.

'He then began to talk about the Coronation oath. On that I could only repeat what I had before said, if his Majesty meant me to say any thing upon the subject. Understanding that he did so wish, I repeated that, as far as his oath was concerned, it was matter between him, God, and his conscience, whether giving his Royal Assent to this

*. The *italics* in this memorandum are, we take it for granted, those of Lord Eldon's autographs.

measure

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measure was "supporting, to the utmost of his power, the Protestant reformed religion." That it was not my opinion, nor the opinions of Archbishops, Bishops, or Lay Peers (*all which he must know*, as well the opinions in favour of the measure, as those against it) that were to guide and govern him; but he was to act according to his own conscientious view of the obligations under which such an oath placed him.

'Little more passed — except occasional bursts of expression, — "What can I do? What can I now fall back upon? What can I fall back upon? I am miserable, wretched, my situation is dreadful; nobody about me to advise with. If I do give my assent, I'll go to the baths abroad, and from thence to Hanover: I'll return no more to England—I'll make no Roman Catholic Peers—I will not do what this bill will enable me to do—I'll return no more—let them get a Catholic King in Clarence." I think he also mentioned Sussex. "The people will see that I did not wish this."

'There were the strongest appearances certainly of misery. He, more than once, stopped my leaving him. When the time came that I was to go, he threw his arms round my neck and expressed great misery. I left him about twenty minutes or a quarter before five.

'I certainly thought, when I left him, that he would express great difficulty, when the Bill was proposed for the Royal Assent (great, but which would be overcome), about giving it. I fear that it seemed to be given as matter of course.'

The following extracts are from letters to his daughter, Lady F. Bankes:—

'*April* 14*th*, 1829.

'The fatal Bills received the Royal Assent yesterday afternoon. After all I had heard in my visits, not a day's delay! God bless us, and His Church!'

'*April* 30*th*, 1829.

'I went to the levee in consequence of a communication that it was much desired that I should do so by the King. I was grieved that my visit was a visit of duty to a Sovereign whose supremacy is shared by that Italian priest, as Shakespeare calls the Pope. But I heard that he much wished it, and I understood that it would be a relief if I would go. I was certainly received with a very marked attention. I followed those who are in the high places of office, to whom one bow was made. When I was about to pass, expecting the same slight notice, he took me by the hand and shook it heartily, speaking with great kindness.'

Once after this George IV. sent requesting Lord Eldon to call on him—but whatever he had designed to say, he merely spoke a few civil words: his embarrassment was very obvious. No wonder—yet Lord Eldon—who so shrewdly estimated the probable influence even on the masculine mind of George III. of the recollection that the subject had witnessed the weakness of the sovereign—appears to have been not a little surprised and hurt, on finding that George IV. could never forget the humiliating interviews of March and April, 1829.

Some

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Some weeks later (May, 1829) he says to Lady Frances—

'I fought as well as I could, but I am not what I was; and I never was what a statesman—an accomplished statesman—ought to be. Indeed a lawyer hardly can be both learned in his profession and accomplished in political science. The country will feel—deeply feel—the evils arising from this late measure. Not that those evils will be felt in its immediate effects. Those in whose favour the measure has taken place are too wary—far too wary—to give an alarm immediately; but few years will pass before its direful effects will be made manifest in the ruin of some of our most sacred, and most reverend, and most useful establishments.'

He was far enough from foreseeing the course of events, or the way in which the measure of 1829 was to influence that course. His biographer comes in the very next chapter to the French revolution of July; and as soon as Lord Eldon learned in what spirit that revolution was commented on by the most influential English newspapers, and how some of the ablest orators of the Whig party 'fanned the sacred flame,' he is found writing to Lord Stowell:—'It will require a master-head, such as Pitt had, and nobody now has in this country, to allay what is brewing—a storm for changes here, especially for reform in Parliament.' Yet when parliament met—a new parliament elected while that French fever was raging—Lord Eldon and his immediate friends acted, it must now be sorrowfully admitted, as if it were their more urgent duty to revenge the emancipation, than to oppose the coming 'storm.' Mr. Twiss says:—'The Catholic Emancipation had riven the Conservative body asunder; and through that chasm this *mischief** forced its way.' One hostile vote of the High Tories in the new House of Commons induced the resignation of the Emancipating Cabinet: and the instant their successors were named, Lord Eldon and the other Anti-Catholic leaders clearly perceived the fatal folly of that one vote. But elsewhere than within the House of Commons the same passionate resentment still prevailed—and the influence of this extra-parliamentary feeling is not omitted—though we doubt if it has exactly its right place assigned it—in Mr. Twiss's eloquent enumeration of the concurrent influences which hurried England into a revolution far more serious than that which had just placed the son of Egalité on the throne of Louis XVI.—'a revolution,' in Mr. Twiss's words, 'not aiming at the mere change of a dynasty, but dissolving the entire frame of the British constitution.'

'It was on the 1st of March, 1831, that Lord John Russell propounded

* Did Mr. Twiss, when he used this word, remember a certain remarkable letter of Gibbon, in 1792, wherein the historian discusses *Mr. Grey's* early motion for reform, and tells his correspondent, Lord Sheffield, 'Surely such men as * * * * have talents for *mischief*?'—*Life and Correspondence, Milman's edition*, p. 380.

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the original Reform Bill to the House of Commons. The plan of it appeared, to most of his hearers on that night, too extravagant to have been intended seriously; and it was a pretty general opinion in the House that the Whigs, having little hope of retaining office themselves, started this invention with a view of so unsettling the popular mind as to make the government untenable by any other ministers. But when, on the following day, the public learned through the newspapers what it was that the King's servants were willing to do, and the King to sanction, it became instantly obvious that nothing was too excessive for the appetite of the time. The whole country took fire at once. The working people expected that they were to change places with their employers; the middle classes believed that, by breaking down the parliamentary influence of the Peers, they should get the governing power of the state into their own hands: and the Ministers, the contrivers of the design, persuaded themselves that the people, out of sheer gratitude, would make the rule of the Whigs perpetual. If, to all these interested hopes, we add the jealousy of the vulgar at all privileges not shared by themselves—the resentment of the majority of the nation at the disregard of their sentiments respecting the Roman Catholic Bill—and the superficial notion that the direct representation of numbers is the principle of the elective franchise,—we shall have a tolerably correct conception of the motives of a revolution which, while it has trebled the corruption of the electors, has debased the tone and character of the House of Commons, and come already to be scouted as a cheat by all classes of the nation—which, by shutting the doors of parliament against the variety of interests and intelligences formerly returned through the close boroughs irrespectively of local connexion, has resolved all other objects into a fierce engrossing struggle between the only two forces now left in the representation, the land and the towns—which has narrowed the Sovereign's choice of the public servants in the parliamentary offices of state to the very small circle of the persons having seats at their own command—which has wasted weeks and months of each session in harangues, delivered for no other purpose than to show the mob-constituencies that their Members are astir—which has choked the progress of all practical business, and left still unsolved, after twelve years of trial, the great problem propounded by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Peers,—"But, my Lords, how is the King's Government to be carried on?"'—vol. iii. p. 122-124.

From Mr. Twiss's book no one can expect new light as to the *dessous des cartes* of the Reform Bill. We get some, however, and curious light it is, from Part III. of Lord Brougham's 'Political Philosophy,' which has reached us as we write. Earl Grey's Chancellor here (p. 307) says, 'The Government carried the Bill through the Lords by the power which his late Majesty had conferred upon us, of an unlimited creation of Peers at any stage of the measure. It was fortunate *for the constitution* that the *patriotism* of the Peers prevented us from having recourse to a measure

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a measure so full of peril.' This is candid—but what is to be said as to his Lordship's revelations in the next page?

'I have often since asked myself the question, whether, if no secession had taken place, and the Peers had persisted in really opposing the most important provisions of the Bill, we should have had recourse to the perilous creation? Twelve years have now rolled over my head since the crisis of 1832: I speak very calmly on this as on every political question whatever; and I cannot, with any confidence, answer it in the affirmative. . . . . Such was my deep sense of the consequences of the act, that I much question whether I should not have preferred running the risk of the confusion that attended the loss of the Bill as it then stood: and I have a strong impression on my mind that my illustrious friend (Earl Grey) would have more than met me half way in the determination to face that risk—(and, of course, to face the clamours of the people, which would have cost us little)—rather than expose the constitution to so imminent a hazard of subversion.'—p. 308.

His Lordship says much more, which we should be glad to quote. *Inter alia* at p. 317, we find him enumerating the principal defects of the existing system of representation; and placing second on that list 'the want of close boroughs.' He is, however, far from agreeing with Lord John Russell that the Reform was a Revolution. If it had been a Revolution, says Lord Brougham, it must have brought to light some new men of high ability!

It appears, then, that the 'mischief' was, after all, consummated by means of a hoaxing threat. Lord Eldon was not, of course, one of the seceders; he stood to his post first and last—how bravely, how ably, we need not tell.

He did his duty in the midst of the severest domestic affliction—for his wife, whom he had watched over with unwearied tenderness during many years of painful malady, was taken from him when the reform mania was still at its height—and in brave contempt of innumerable personal insults, outrages, and perils, which he shared, as his Anecdote Book expresses it, 'even with the great chief to whom the English people owed the liberties they were abusing.' These vulgar injuries he soon forgot or forgave—the loss of her who had partaken in all his fortunes and all his thoughts he never entirely recovered. He continued his attendance in parliament, opposing in vain many equally absurd and baneful political innovations, the natural fruits of the 'mischief,' but opposing also, and with better effect, not a few rash and ill-considered projects of change within the department of the law. On purely legal questions his authority with the House of Lords remained to the end supreme; and, the storm once abated, his venerable presence in that assembly unquestionably contributed most essentially to the public good.

Few

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Few of our readers can have forgotten the affecting scene that occurred in the theatre at Oxford after the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor (July, 1834), when, Lord Eldon being seated by his Grace as High Steward of the University, Lord Encombe was introduced as his 'Unicus Nepos,' to be admitted to an honorary degree. That scene fills a charming page in Mr. Twiss's third volume, and it is only one of many pages that will delight everybody, as proving how complete was the reconciliation between Lord Eldon and the political friends from whom he had for a time been alienated. Three years later Lord Encombe presided at the triennial celebration of Mr. Pitt's birthday; his grandfather was too feeble to be present; and the Duke, in proposing the young chairman's health, concluded with these words:—

'We have all of us the most respectful and affectionate recollections of Lord Eldon. Attachment to him, I may say, is almost a part of the constitution of the country.'

Unlike his not less illustrious brother, Lord Eldon retained to the last a complete possession of all the great and varied powers of his mind. He foresaw distinctly the near termination of a disorder under which for several years his physical strength had been gradually sinking, afforded an example of Christian resignation and endurance to the few surviving members of his affectionate family, and expired placidly in Hamilton-place on the 13th of January, 1838, anno ætat. 87. He was buried by the side of his Elizabeth at Encombe.

ART. V.—1. *Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry for South Wales. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.*

2. *Letters addressed to the Rate-payers in the Swansea Union.* By J. H. Vivian, Esq., M.P. 1843.

NO quarter of the British Islands has, for a long course of years, occasioned less disquietude to its rulers, or attracted less of public attention to its internal concerns, than the principality of Wales. The inhabitants of the mountainous and agricultural districts, of which so large a part of that country consists, have been chiefly known to their English neighbours as a patient, industrious, and hard-faring race, tenacious of the traditions and customs of their forefathers, disliking change, and not easily aroused to enterprise; of a temperament somewhat sluggish and unimaginative, but warm and choleric in their feelings when excited, and capable of no small degree of pertinacity and dogged resolution in the pursuit of their objects. Far more influenced in their political

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political attachments by local and hereditary associations, and a sort of feudal allegiance to particular families, than by the theories or watchwords of rival parties in the state; caring little for politics, as beseems those 'whose talk is of bullocks,' they in great measure seem to have exemplified the unpopular doctrine 'that the people have no other concern with the laws but to obey them.' The spirit of obedience has indeed been manifested as well by the rarity of any political outbreak or excitement in that country, as by the very small proportion which crime has long borne to population in the Welsh counties, as compared with the average numbers on this side of the border. Empty gaols and white gloves have not unfrequently gladdened the judge of assize, pursuing his solitary circuit through those secluded districts; albeit, the scales of Justice have been less inactive than her sword, and the time saved from the criminal court has been yet more wearily consumed in unravelling the skein of some endless pedigree, or exploring the mazes of a thrice-contested will, on which the national appetite for litigation gloated only the more keenly in proportion to the insignificance of the stake.

It is not from a people formed of such materials, or addicted to such habits, that the apprehensions of statesmen are accustomed to take their rise; and accordingly it has been found that, while England, Scotland, and Ireland have successively raised spectres, affrighting cabinets from their propriety and perplexing monarchs with fear of change, no cry of 'Justice to Wales' has been echoed from Snowdon or Plinlimmon — no Cambrian Liberator has rallied his malcontent legions under the banners of peaceful agitation or passive resistance against the government of the day. The iron districts, indeed, in the border county of Glamorgan have occasionally caused some disquietude; but manufactures and a newly-formed population have greatly modified in that region those native characteristics of the people to which these observations are more particularly intended to apply. Accustomed therefore, as they had been, to look for danger from any quarter rather than from the patient denizens of the principality, it was with a surprise approaching to incredulity, and with an indifference partaking of contempt, that the first intelligence of an organised resistance to the laws and violation of the public peace among the peasantry of Carmarthenshire was received by the English people. The nature and avowed objects of the movement, and the guise and mode of operations assumed by the insurgents, threw an air of the comic and ridiculous over this grotesque rebellion; and as no act of gratuitous violence or cruelty stained the earlier proceedings of the rioters, it is not too much to affirm that the public were at first inclined to wink at, if not

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not to sympathise with, excesses carried on apparently in a spirit of frolic and good-humoured insubordination, and which seemed not without plausible grounds of excuse or palliation. Turnpike-gates—the unsightly obstacles to the Englishman's freedom of locomotion—the standing tax-gatherers in his path—the imposts on his pleasure and his business—were at the outset the declared and sole objects of the Welshmen's hostility: and stern must be that man's morality, and firm his abstract respect for laws, who (not being a mortgagee of tolls) could hear with strong emotions of horror and indignation that two or three toll-gates in a heavily-taxed district had been suddenly swept away, under cover of the night, by some invisible power, without further injury to property or person. So far, therefore, from any alarm being occasioned by this outbreak, the popular prejudice against turnpikes was rather flattered and regaled by the tales of the nightly feats of 'Rebecca and her daughters,' and credit was given to the Welsh genius for the novel and diverting form of insurrection which it had so appropriately devised.

The question naturally arises how or whence originated the peculiar scheme and machinery of this Cambrian crusade against turnpikes? Is any germ or feature of it to be discerned in any prevailing usage, or legend, or ancient tradition of the district? Who suggested to the mind of the plodding and unpoetical Welsh farmer the idea of the mounted Rebecca heading the charge of her sylvan chivalry, rallied in an instant from their mountain ambush, and dispersing again with the rapidity of ghosts at dawn? Surely they had never heard of the beautiful heroine of the Volscians:—

> 'Agmen agens equitum et florentes ære catervas
> Bellatrix; non illa colo calathisve Minervæ
> Fœmineas adsueta manus, sed prælia virgo
> Dura pati.'

As little had they probably read of Madge Wildfire, the redoubtable assailant of the Tolbooth, as described in a scarcely less classic page.

Our researches into local customs and manners have not availed to discover anything which can be regarded as the genuine type of Rebeccaism. The curious national custom of the 'Ceffyl Pren,' or Wooden Horse, has indeed been suggested as having some features in common with the late disturbances, but the affinity does not appear to us to be very clearly made out beyond the common circumstances of tumultuary and lawless outrage, and the adoption of a quaint form of disguise. The 'Ceffyl Pren,' which has not unfrequently afforded much trouble to the local authorities, consists of a procession headed by a man wearing

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wearing the disguise of a horse's head, sometimes the skeleton of a real head covered with a sheet or cloth, sometimes a head made of wood, which is placed upon the man's shoulders. Thus accoutred and attended by his rabble train, having their faces blackened, and torches in their hands, the 'Ceffyl Pren' makes his visitations by night to the houses of those who, for any domestic misconduct, such as is occasionally visited with 'rough music' in England, or from any other causes have made themselves obnoxious to popular disfavour. Houses are entered, and turned inside out, goods and furniture broken, and great uproar sometimes takes place. A very few years back, the magistrates of Cardigan felt themselves obliged to appeal to military succour against the antics of these troublesome masqueraders. The mention of this peculiar form of disguise suggests the recollection of the 'Scotch cattle' rioters, who committed a series of flagrant outrages not many years since in the iron districts of Glamorganshire. The breed of black Scotch cattle had recently been introduced among those hills, where the poorness of the herbage was unfit for any less hardy breed; and being a wild, hirsute, and rough-looking animal, the rioters, who commenced the outbreak on the plea of low wages, but afterwards resorted to it on any other offence or fancied grievance, assumed a name which symbolized with their own wild habits and lawless hardihood. The ringleader, or *Bull*, had a bullock's skin with horns thrown round him; the others blackened their faces, roared like cattle, and committed the most outrageous and cruel excesses; for which more than one, we believe, paid the penalty on the scaffold.

These incidents, however, though curious in themselves, do not seem to bring us much nearer to Rebecca, the destroyer of turnpikes. Returning back to this side of the Severn, we seem to be coming nearer to a precedent. The minute and copious historian of Bristol, the Rev. S. Seyers, describes a great outbreak against toll-gates, which occurred there nearly a century ago. He says:—

'In the summer of the year 1749 turnpikes were erected, by an Act of Parliament passed for the purpose of repairing the roads ten miles round the city, which occasioned great murmurings among the country people, who clamoured against the toll as a mighty grievance, especially the colliers at Kingswood. About a fortnight after the erection of the gates the Ashton pike was destroyed in the night, and, soon after, the Bitton pike was blown up by gunpowder in the night. The commissioners offered 100*l.* reward on conviction of the offenders, and again set up the gates which had been destroyed. But, in some few days, the Bitton pike was cut down; and three persons present, coming into the city afterwards, were taken and committed to Newgate, which so enraged the Somersetshire men that they threatened they would come and release

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release the prisoners. And, accordingly, on the day appointed, August 1st, they came in a very great body, 500 or 600, in open day, armed with clubs, pikes, hay-knives, and some guns, displaying ensigns, and drums beating, and three were mounted on horseback as commanders. They first destroyed the Ashton pike, and then proceeded to Bedminster, where they continued in a body till eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and, while they were there, entirely pulled down the house of one Durbin, an officer of the peace. They then advanced to Redcliffe Hill, and Redcliffe gate being shut, they went through Pile Street to Totterdown, where they presently destroyed the Brislington and Whitchurch turnpikes, amidst a numerous party of spectators in the fields.'

The civil force was overawed, and the mob would have returned triumphant, but a bold citizen, John Brickdale by name, headed a party of townsfolk and sailors armed with cutlasses, who drove the rioters before them, taking twenty or thirty prisoners. Two of these were tried at Taunton and executed:—the others were tried at Salisbury—

'But notwithstanding,' says the historian, 'that the fact was notoriously proved against several of them, the jury, being country-people, would not find one of them guilty.—The colliers of Kingswood also rose, and destroyed the Gloucestershire pikes and houses, and continued ravaging the country for a week or more, extorting money from travellers, and living at free quarter among the farmers. Several trifling particulars of these riots and of the battles fought at the turnpikes between the country-people and the gentry are still remembered, as related by the actors themselves. Notwithstanding which riots and the demolition of the gates, it appears that turnpike gates have been maintained ever since.'—Seyers' *History of Bristol*, p. 595.

It appears, however, that many years later, towards the close of the last century, similar riots again broke out in Bristol, and some gates near the city were destroyed. The Hereford militia were called out, and ordered to fire upon the mob. Their discharge led to a tragical occurrence. A Quaker traveller, accidentally standing near the door of an inn, was shot dead, which occasioned much excitement in the city and among the fraternity to which he belonged. We have been informed that on this latter occasion some of the rioters wore female attire—but Mr. Seyers's history does not assist us at this period.

To return to Rebecca, or, as it is more familiarly abbreviated, 'Becca,' the origin and meaning of that name as applied to designate a Welsh insurrection against toll-gates might be a perplexing question for future etymologists and antiquarians. The marked propensity of the lower classes of that country, deriving most of the scanty instruction which they possess from their religious, and chiefly Dissenting, teachers, to apply to common events and circumstances the language and allusions of the Old Testament,

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Testament, furnishes a clue to this appellation. In the 24th chapter of Genesis, at the 60th verse, we read—'And they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her: Thou art our sister, be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them.'

The application of this passage to an Anti-Turnpike League is uncouth and farfetched enough. But 'what's in a name?' 'Rebecca,' as has been shown, 'will raise a spirit as well as Cæsar.' The peasantry, animated with a spirit of resistance to the evils which they experienced, cared little to inquire whether any more appropriate title might have been devised for their heroine. They enlisted under her banner, and the name, hatched in the brain of some village politician, or suggested by some ranter in a conventicle, speedily became so popular, that in a few months there was scarce a hamlet from Cardiff to Aberystwith in which it was not familiar as a household word; few in which it was not repeated with something like sympathy or exultation; while in those districts which were the cradle of her birth and the scene of her first exploits, the name of 'Rebecca' was a charm of power—

> 'One blast upon *her* bugle-horn
> Was worth a thousand men.'

The plan upon which the operations of the Rebeccaites were conducted, and the form and mode of their attacks, indicated no small tact and address. The secret was well kept, no sign of the time and place of the meditated descent was allowed to transpire, except in some few cases when resistance was impossible and precaution needless. All was still and undisturbed in the vicinity of the doomed toll-gate, until a wild concert of horns and guns in the dead of night, and the clatter of horses' hoofs announced to the startled toll-keeper his 'occupation gone.' With soldier-like promptness and decision the work was commenced—no idle parleying, no needless proclamation of hostility wasted the time required for action, or afforded opportunity for identifying the actors—no irrelevant desire of plunder or revenge divided their attention or embroiled their proceedings. They came to destroy the turnpike—and they did it—as fast as saws and pickaxes and strong arms could accomplish the task. No elfish troop at their pranks of mischief ever worked more deftly beneath the moonlight. Stroke after stroke was plied unceasingly until, in a space which might be reckoned by minutes from the time when the first wild notes of their rebel music had heralded the attack, the stalwart oak posts were sawn asunder at their base, the strong gate was in billets, and the substantial little dwelling, in which

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which not half an hour before the collector and his family were quietly slumbering, had become a shapeless pile of stones or brick-bats at the way-side. The ejected lessee himself, more frightened than hurt, and almost doubting whether he had seen a reality or the nightmare, stood shivering and disconsolate among his household goods, which the compassion of the rioters had allowed him to extricate from the wreck. Meantime all the movements of the assailants had been directed by a leader mounted and disguised, like his body-guard, in female attire, or with a shirt thrown over the clothes, and having, like them, his face blackened and shaded by a bonnet, or by flowing curls or other head-gear. The work being now completed, a sudden explosion of horns and guns, with, perhaps, a few emphatic words of warning to the toll-keeper against repeating the offence of obstructing the Queen's highway, precedes the departure of the mysterious visitants: in a moment they are vanished as they came, and all is still. Day comes, and the face of the country wears its accustomed aspect; the ordinary occupations of society go on as usual; nothing on the surface indicates to the passing observer the disturbed spirit of the country. Nobody, of course, has the least idea who the parties concerned in the riots can be, and but for the incontrovertible evidence of dismantled turnpikes the very existence of Rebecca might be a matter of scepticism.

But unbelief being now impossible, Rebecca being 'a great fact' and not a mere fiction of the 'accident-makers' of the press, the question of her identity was asked and discussed with universal curiosity. Conjecture revelled in improbabilities. A 'disappointed provincial barrister' was first complimented with the imputation—a dangerous class, no doubt, and well-fitted 'for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.' But the idea of the movement was evidently not *lawyer-like*—a barrister would have been more likely to make use of 'John Doe' than 'Rebecca' in an 'ejectment' against turnpikes. Chartism next shared the honour of originating the outbreak, and dark hints were dropped and mysterious stories told of strangers seen here and there, and men in gigs, of suspicious appearance and without ostensible business, who were beyond all doubt connected with the movement. A worthy magistrate near Cardigan, who gave evidence before the Commissioners of Inquiry, is of this faith. Speaking of the destruction of a salmon-weir in that neighbourhood, he says—

'I was told that a stranger came into that neighbourhood, and located himself at one of the houses in the parish of Mount;—and soon after that the people took down the weir.—Have you any idea who he is?—No, I have not; I saw him in the town, and marked him, but of course I could do nothing. The morning after the New Inn turnpike

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pike-gate was taken down he went off, and the Monday night following the other gate was taken down. He used generally to go into the blacksmith's shop, or any place of that kind, and talk of the people's grievances. He said they ought to have more for their labour, and other things; he was a remarkably well-dressed man. I saw him in church, and asked who he was, and they said he is lodging with So-and-so: I did not think much of it at the time, and I saw him again, and then I asked who he was, and they said he walks about the sea-shore a good deal. I have not the slightest doubt that he organized this party hereabouts: he was in Cardigan for some time, and the very next morning after the attack upon the gates I saw him in a regular blackguard dress; he wore one of those loose velvet jackets, and his boots were of the commonest description, nailed and laced, and dirty, as if he had been at some work: he went that week from Cardigan, and was traced up the road to the New Inn.'—*Evidence*, p. 224.

One feature in this portraiture of Rebecca cannot fail to afford satisfaction to the reader. Though a 'regular blackguard' in her dress on working days, she is a good church-goer on Sundays, and has at least so much decency of feeling as to appear on such occasions 'remarkably well dressed.' We must extract one other testimony favourable to the 'Great Unknown.' Mr. Bullin, one of the principal lessees of tolls in South Wales, and doubtless a chief sufferer from Rebeccaism, vouches for that heroine in a manner most creditable to his candour. Having informed the Commissioners that 'the person who took the lead was called Becca,' he is asked—

'Who was that person?—I do not know. *I have no doubt it was some respectable man* in that part of the country, but I do not know who it was.'—*Evidence*, p. 378.

There has been manifested a great disposition to personify and fix on some individual agent the spirit which prompted and organized the various enterprises. But the supposed sole chief and director of such a campaign must have been gifted with ubiquity, for Rebecca was in three or four counties at the same moment:

'Methinks there be *ten* Richmonds in the field!'

With one hand she smote an obnoxious toll-gate in Radnorshire, and with the other she cleared a free passage for the traveller to the wild sea-coast of Pembroke. It is likely enough that in any single district where the riots prevailed, there may have been some influential ringleader who arranged and organized the performances of the night, who assumed for the time a sort of chieftainship over his associates, and was known among them by the title of Rebecca. But the nature of the movements themselves, breaking out simultaneously in widely-separated districts, similar, indeed, in their form, but evidently unconnected with each other,

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other, and often traceable to distinct local causes, precludes the belief of any unity of direction or common centre of action. We believe, indeed, that few popular commotions have ever been more purely local in their origin, or more spontaneous and unpremeditated in the successive stages of their progress. The course of events by which Rebeccaism ceased to be a jest and became a serious and alarming conspiracy is perfectly intelligible and consistent with former experience, implying no previous national organization or deliberate revolt against the principles of social order. To the predisposing causes in which this singular epidemic originated we shall presently recur more fully, after a slight sketch has been given of the course and succession of the leading events and most remarkable features of the disorders.

With respect to the first overt act and manifestation of Rebeccaism most witnesses who were examined before the Commissioners are agreed. We give the circumstances in the words of the Report:—

'In the year 1839,' says Mr. Baugh Allen, 'some people from England, for the first time, gave intimation that if certain new gates were erected on roads where considerable lime and culm traffic passed, they might be induced to farm the tolls at a higher rate than that which had been previously obtained. Their proposition was accepted; the tolls were let to Mr. Bullin, an extensive toll-contractor, and four new gates were erected. But the country people, thinking it wrong that the trustees should take tolls where they had incurred no expenditure, assembled "in the midst of summer, at about six o'clock in the afternoon, and those gates were pulled down amidst all sorts of noise and disturbance and great jollity, and were destroyed without the interference of anybody. "I do not think," says Mr. W. Evans, the clerk of this Trust, "they were a week standing."

'The trustees gave notice of their intention to re-erect the gates. A meeting was held for the purpose at St. Clear's, but at that meeting a number (from thirty to forty, as it is said) of the leading magistrates of the county of Carmarthen qualified to act as trustees, and they decided, by a large majority, that the gates should not be re-erected.

'"This act of the magistrates," says a very intelligent witness, "gave satisfaction to the country for a time, but it strengthened the hands of the discontented, and, in some measure, prepared them for further violence.'"—*Report*, p. 3.

The spark however, thus kindled, remained for a long time dormant and smouldering. It was not till the early part of the year 1843 that public attention began to be strongly excited towards South Wales. The proceedings of the gate-breakers commencing in Caermarthenshire, and extending from thence through the adjacent counties of Pembroke and Cardigan, were characterised by remarkable vigour and alacrity. Gate after

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gate was swept down 'with its appurtenances;' and almost every other day's newspaper recorded some new feat of demolition. The Commissioners in their Report describe some of the Trusts as 'interlacing' each other, and forming, with their multitudinous gates and bars, 'a sort of network' around the villages. But through this 'network' Rebecca broke as easily as Samson burst the green withes of the Philistines. The catalogue of demolished gates in one county alone (Caermarthenshire), as we gather it from the evidence appended to the Report, reads like a fiction. In the Whitland Trust, in which, before the riots, stood eleven gates and bars, were destroyed—*all.* In the Three Commotts Trust, out of twenty-one gates and bars—*all but two.* In the Brechfa Trust, five gates and bars—*all.* In the Tivey-side Trust, nine gates and bars—*all.* In the Llandilo Rhynws Bridge Trust, two gates and bars—*both.* In the Main Trust, out of twenty-six gates and bars—*seven.* In the Llangadock Trust, out of thirteen gates and bars—*nine.* In the Newcastle Trust, out of nine gates and bars—*six.* In the Llandilo and Llandebie Trust, out of seven gates and bars—*four.* In the Llandovery and Lampeter Trust, out of thirteen gates and bars—*four gates and all the bars.* Of these also many had been again and again prostrated until the trustees grew tired of re-erecting them.

Success so rapid and unbroken, with its pleasant fruits of passing along the highways untaxed, and the complete impunity which attended the rioters, the local authorities being quite unable to cope with assailants so numerous and determined, produced its natural effects. Other districts caught the contagion: the mode of warfare and disguise adopted by these new guerrillas, equally grotesque and well adapted to its object, seized the popular fancy: and the daughters of Rebecca grew and multiplied, till, flushed with success and the consciousness of their strength, they conceived the idea that the people had other grievances besides high tolls to complain of, and that the machinery which had produced such fruits in one case might be employed with equal efficiency in others. Thenceforth the heroine of the toll-gates set herself up as the general reformer and rectifier of all the social ills that affected the community, and the old *cheval de bataille* of the turnpike-gates gave place to a sort of budget of popular maladies and discontents, familiarly styled 'grievances.' Meetings were held in remote and secluded spots, penetrated with difficulty by the indefatigable agents of the press, at which the various ills which the race of farmers and small occupiers is heir to were discussed, Rebecca herself being probably not seldom a leading spokes*man*. The following most curious summary of the popular complaints, evidently a very imperfect translation from the

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the aboriginal dialect, emanated from one of these mountain synods, and shows the extent and variety of their now emboldened demands:—

'To the conductors of the Convention appointed to be held at Cwm Ivor, in the parish of Llandi, in the county of Carmarthen, on Thursday the 20th day of July, in the first year of Rebecca's exploits, A.D. 1843.

'To concur and inquire into the grievances complained of by the people, and to adopt the best method of avoiding the surprising deprivations that exist, and the eternal vigilance of our superintendents, which is the price of our liberty.

'We wish to reduce the prices [qu. taxes?] and secure our blessings. An army of principles will penetrate where an army of soldiers cannot.

'Power usurped is weak when opposed. The public interest depends upon our compliance to examine the cause of the calamity, and unveil the corruptions to Rebecca.

'The following resolutions agreed, and intend to recommend to your future aspect by us whose names are here subscribed at foot, being householders within the above heretofore-mentioned parish.

'1. To levelling all petty gates and gate-posts connected with bye-ways and bridle-roads, or any roads repaired by the parishioners. Also coals, lime, and grains taken to market, be exempted from tolls.

'2. The motive is the abolition of heavy tithe and rent-charge in lieu of tithe.

'3. The abolition of Church-rates.

'4. A total alteration of the present Poor-law.

'5. An equitable adjustment of landlord's rent.

'6. Not to allow or grant any Englishman to have the privilege of a steward or governor in South Wales.

'7. If any man rents his neighbour's farm treacherously, we must acquaint the Lady, and endeavour to encourage her exertions wherever she wishes for us to execute our phœnomena and combat.

'8. To request the farmers not to borrow any money on purpose to pay unlawful demands; and if the result be that some person or persons will annoy any one by plundering and sacrifice their goods in respect to such charge, we must protect them and diminish their exploits of agonism.

'9. That a Committee of Privy Council must be held when necessary, and all persons under the age of eighteen years are not admitted into it. Neither women nor any of the female sex shall be introduced into this selected assembly, except Rebecca and Miss Cromwell.'

It will be seen from the above *précis* that Rebecca had made no small strides since she levelled the first turnpike on the Whitland Trust. She now stepped forward as the mediatrix in questions of private right, and even the delicate subject of rents and tenures was not too sacred for her interference. Previously, however, to the date of the Convention of Cwm Ivor, an event took place which indicated the attainment of a new stage in the movement.

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movement. On the 10th of June, in the said 'first year of Rebecca's exploits,' a '*demonstration*' took place: a very numerous body of the insurgents marched in open day into the town of Caermarthen. They were headed by a band of music, and most of them carried staves, others brooms, indicating their intention to sweep away the Toll-houses and Unions: the leading body consisted of many thousands of persons on foot, made up doubtless in great part of the rabble of the town and suburbs, with the usual complement of women and children. A man in disguise appeared to represent Rebecca, and the rear was brought up by a body of about 300 farmers on horseback. The procession defiled through the streets, hooting the magistracy as they passed. The Union Workhouse appeared to be the main object of their visit, and but for the arrival of a party of dragoons, who galloped in with horses blown and spurs reeking, just in time to raise the siege, that unpopular edifice must have shared the fate of the toll-houses. Several of the rioters who had scaled the gates and walls of the court-yard were captured within the enclosure; some of whom were afterwards tried and convicted.

On another occasion the increased temerity of the insurgents was exemplified at the Pontardulais gate on the confines of Glamorgan and Caermarthen. In a field near the gate were concealed eight policemen under Captain Napier, the superintendent of the constabulary force of the former county. Towards midnight a strong body, including about 100 horsemen, attacked a blacksmith's shop, and then the gate, which they destroyed. When they had finished the gate the police advanced, the object being to secure the ringleaders *flagrante delicto*; but, instead of desisting, the rioters fired a volley at them. The police were ordered to draw their pistols and fire; which they did twice, wounding several of the gang, and shooting the horse of the leader. A regular battle took place for a short time, which ended in six prisoners being captured by the police, three of whom were wounded, two severely. The rioters attempted a rescue, but were repulsed; and some soldiers coming up, they fled. One of the men captured in this affair was a young farmer, by name John Hughes, who was afterwards tried at the Special Commission at Cardiff, and sentenced to transportation for life.

But even these daring outrages and open conflicts with the civil force were not yet the worst. In this, as in every crusade against the laws, the more violent counsels by degrees gained the ascendant, and more nefarious means were employed by the bold bad men who usurped the lead of the movement. Letters, threatening fire and slaughter, and bearing the signature of 'Becca,' whose broad name covered the designs of every desperado

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perado who had an end to gain or an enmity to gratify, were sent in great numbers to tithe-owners, turnpike-commissioners, magistrates, and all who, whether as landlords or tenants, had presumed to disobey certain rules for the tenure and occupation of farms which these agrarian legislators had prescribed. Colonel Rice Trevor, the Vice-Lieutenant of Carmarthenshire, was informed through one of these ferocious missives that a grave had been dug for him in his father's (Lord Dynevor's) park, and that his body would be laid in it before a day named. Many similar notices were sent to other parties. The tale told to the Commissioners of Inquiry by the Rev. Eleazar Evans, the vicar of two small rural parishes on the coast of Cardiganshire, reads like an incident of an anti-tithe war in Tipperary:—

'What do you wish to state to the Commissioners?—I merely wish to state that I have been exceedingly annoyed, and my life threatened in the parish, for a long time; I cannot conceive for what cause; merely because I wished to demand what has been my due. I have letters in my pocket which I have received, most shameful letters, and my life has been really miserable for months past, and if I am not protected of course I must leave.

'Where do you reside?—At Llangranog, and there is no residence at Llandisilio-gogo; and I have a curate who was nearly murdered by a party disguised.'

He tells the Commissioners of some letters which had been sent to him:—

'Will you read the threatening letters you have received?—This is dated the 19th of June of this year. It is in Welsh: "Reverend Sir,—I, with one of my daughters, have lately been on a journey to Aberaron, and amongst other things have heard many things respecting you, namely, that you have built a school-room in the upper part of the parish, and that you have been very dishonest in the erection of it, and that you promised a free school for the people, but that you have converted it into a church, and that you get 80*l.* by the year for serving it. Now if this is true, you may give the money back, every halfpenny of it; otherwise, if you do not, I with 500 or 600 of my daughters will come and visit you, and destroy your property five times to the value of it, and make you a subject of scorn and reproach throughout the whole neighbourhood. You know that I care nothing about the gates, and you shall be like them exactly, because I am averse to every tyranny and oppression." That is signed "Rebecca and her daughters."

'Are the other letters which you received in the same handwriting?—No.

'What is the purport of the letter which you now hold in your hand?—This is upon a different subject, it is signed "Becca," and dated "August 5th, 1843." It is not very intelligible, it is in very bad Welsh: "I send you this letter in Welsh that you may understand it in the language in which you were born." They request me to send back the

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the advance in tithes and the law expenses by such a day, and that Becca and her daughters are sure to take notice of me if I do not do so; that Becca had found a place for my body, and they desired me to find a place for my soul, and the place for my body was to be at the end of the National Whore, that is at the end of the Established Church, that is the title they give to it; and that I have been a great oppressor since I have been in office; and then they refer me to the 6th chapter of the book of Judges, and the 27th and 28th verses, which is the account of "Gideon taking ten men of his father's house and throwing down the altar of Baal, and because he was afraid to do it by day he did it by night, and when people got up in the morning the altar of Baal was cast down and the grove was cut down that was by it, and the second bullock was offered upon the altar that was built." The meaning I suppose was, that the men were coming to destroy my house, and I was intended for the second bullock, because my curate had been attacked; and they desired me to read much of the Old Testament, to see whether my conduct was like that of Pharaoh, and that I had doubled the tasks of the people. "Do not you suppose that I am an idle old woman. I have not been brought up in idleness, nor do I bring up my daughters in idleness, and I am determined to have justice done, in spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil," signed "Becca." That is the substance of it, and then at the bottom it is addressed, "To the Minister of the National Whore." I also received an English letter between those two letters, which is in the possession of the Inspector-General of the Post-Office.'—*Evidence*, p. 255.

Mr. Evans proceeds to state that his share of the tithe in the parish of Llangranog was 110*l.* a-year, but that during the preceding six years he had lost at least 6*s.* in the 1*l.* by long credit; that the people had before neglected, but now openly refused, to pay—many, however, alleged that they did so under compulsion of fear, and some had paid their dues to him under a charge of secrecy. He then gives an account of his other parish of Llandisilio, which is interesting in reference to the existing state of the Church Establishment in South Wales:—

'What number of persons attend your church on the Sunday?—We have generally the richest and the poorest; I am sorry to say that most of the farmers in this country are Dissenters. My churches are crowded; they contain perhaps 300 or 400 each.

'What is the population of your parishes?—Llangranog nearly 1000, and Llandisilio-gogo nearly 1500. The parish of Llandisilio-gogo contains 11,000 acres of land.

'Do many receive the sacrament?—Yes; I have sixty communicants at Llandisilio-gogo.

'Do any receive the sacrament at the church who are in the habit of attending dissenting chapels?—Those who are members of the Dissenters do not; and more than that, since I came to the parish we never received a sixpence for burying or baptizing, either from the rich or the poor, although we are often called to the houses five or six miles off to baptize a child.

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'Is the tithe the whole value of the living?—There is the glebe, independently of the tithe; the glebe is assessed at 40*l.* a-year in the rates; perhaps it may be worth 50*l.* a-year. Llandisilio-gogo is commuted at 360*l.*; only 30*l.* of that is my share. I suppose I never netted more than 5*l.* a-year. I have private property, or of course I could not continue.

'Have you any family?—I have a wife; no family. My wife has been brought nearly to the grave by these disturbances. *We never go to bed without having a wardrobe moved to the window as a protection against fire-arms.*'—p. 257.

In more cases than one guns were fired into the windows of obnoxious persons, and those within narrowly escaped with life. Incendiarism also was not spared. Mr. W. Chambers, jun., an active magistrate of Llanelly, in Caermarthenshire, informed the Commissioners that there had been five fires in one week upon his father's property, and a horse shot, and he had twice had machinery broken and thrown into a pit. It afterwards transpired, from the confession of one John Jones, better known by his Welsh sobriquet of 'Scybor Fawr,' and finally sentenced to transportation for the outrages in which he had been largely concerned, that the insurgents had solemnly resolved to assassinate Mr. Chambers—who appears, however, to have been obnoxious on no other grounds than his activity as a magistrate. Mr. W. Chambers's evidence is very curious. He states that this Scybor Fawr and other leaders were in the habit of levying compulsory contributions, or 'black mail,' upon the farmers implicated in the riots, whom they had thus got under their power, and afterwards lived at free quarters upon them, ruling them with a rod of iron. They were compelled to find the money for the labourers employed in breaking the gates, who received 2*s.* 6*d.* each from 'the Rebecca of the night' for that service. Thus made tributary to their own ringleaders, the luckless Welshmen found too late that they had only exchanged the toll-gates for a still more oppressive exaction.

The first victim who stained Rebecca with the guilt of murder was an aged woman, upwards of seventy years of age, who kept a toll-bar called the Hendy gates, between Llanelly and Pontardulais. It is said that she had received frequent notices that if she did not leave the gate, her house would be burnt down. About three o'clock one Sunday morning a party of ruffians set fire to the thatch of the toll-house. The woman, on being awakened, ran to a cottage within twenty yards, shouting to the people to 'help her, for God's sake, to put out the fire.' The occupier pleaded fear, and refused to do so. She returned back across the road to save her furniture, and, while doing so, was fired

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fired at. She staggered as far as the neighbouring cottage-door, and immediately fell down dead.

'Scybor Fawr,' in the confession made subsequent to his conviction, asserted strongly that the shot which penetrated this unhappy creature's bosom was the random act of a lad who accompanied the party, and was fired without any previous or deliberate intention to take her life. As the same confession stated facts which aggravated the conduct of the insurgents in other cases as much as it extenuated this—as the author of it had nothing then to gain from a false statement—and, moreover, as so gratuitous a piece of cruelty was an exception from the general conduct of the rioters, who in their other attacks on toll-gates had spared many more obnoxious victims, we are disposed to give credit to the assertion, and to acquit the slayer of this poor aged creature of the full guilt of deliberate murder. But what shall we say—what can one who regards the honour of South Wales say—in palliation of the proceedings that followed this cruel tragedy? A coroner's inquest was held, and a Caermarthenshire jury—with the pierced and reeking corpse before their eyes, and after hearing ample evidence of the facts, including medical evidence, which was scarcely needed, of the fatal nature of the wound—returned this verdict:—

'That the deceased died from the effusion of blood into the chest, which occasioned suffocation; *but from what cause, is to this jury unknown.*'

The jury who, in defiance of their oaths and consciences, of their senses and their reason, pronounced such a verdict, became, in just moral contemplation, accessories after the fact to homicide, and added perjury to the account. They were not trying, be it remembered, the question of any man's guilt or innocence; the means by which the deceased came to her death was the sole and simple fact which they so unblushingly ignored. In this transaction, however, apart from its peculiar infamy, we see exemplified one of the most discreditable features of the Welsh character,—the light esteem in which judicial oaths are held; and the frequency, as any judge or barrister who has travelled a Welsh circuit can testify, with which the verdicts of juries are perverted by favour or prejudice, and marked by a shameless disregard of the evidence on which they should have been based. We know that in other parts of the kingdom besides Wales the jury-box has been occasionally invaded in times of high political excitement by the prevailing tide of popular feeling: such cases when they occur form a serious drawback to the benefits of an excellent institution, but the delirium of a transient fever is to be distinguished from the deranged

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deranged action of inveterate disease. In some parts of Wales there exists, unless the inhabitants are greatly belied, a notorious practice of tampering beforehand with the persons who are likely to be selected as jurors in a particular case, and prepossessing their minds with statements and impressions which the sworn evidence at the trial, the exertions of counsel, and the most emphatic directions of judges, are insufficient to countervail. Strange that a people professing a strict tone of religious morality, and fluent in citing Scripture for their particular occasions, should overlook in their own case so gross a breach of the one and so audacious a contempt of the sanctions of the other!

It would occupy much space to recount the various excesses, principally in the three counties more remote from the English border, during the summer and early autumn of 1843. By this time, as we have seen, the mischievous outburst which took place 'on a summer's afternoon' in 1839, 'amidst all sorts of noise and disturbance and great jollity,' had swelled into a formidable insurrection, overawing the law, invading the most sacred rights of property and person, issuing its behests with despotic effrontery, and enforcing them by the detestable agency of terror, incendiarism, and bloodshed. The proceedings of the rioters whose first onslaught against turnpike-gates had been leniently winked at, perhaps secretly applauded, by many sober and peaceable subjects, were now regarded with very different eyes. All men perceived that a decided effort had become necessary to repress disorders which tended to the dissolution of society. Rebecca, who had laughed at justices' warrants, and scattered special constables like chaff before the wind, suddenly found herself confronted with the War-Office, and 'the Great Captain of the age' at its head.

The country was now 'interlaced' to some purpose, and with a 'network' far more stringent than that of bars and toll-gates. In each of the suspected villages was picketed a small party of soldiers; troops of cavalry were quartered in the principal towns, and, with the military, were interspersed select knots of the redoubted *A* division of London police. Yet, though any act of open violence was thus rendered impossible, even these precautions did not avail to stop gate-breaking. Rebecca still marshalled her myrmidons under the very noses of the queen's soldiers; and gates were levelled, posts sawed fairly in twain, and the assailants dispersed to their lair some minutes before the startled outpost at the nearest hamlet could hurry to the rescue. False rumours of intended attacks were sometimes circulated, and the harassed troopers sent spurring over glen and moor at midnight to protect houses or turnpike-gates in an opposite direction

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tion from that in which the descent was really meditated. The more penetrating researches of the police were equally frustrated by the barrier of the Welsh language, and by that plausible cunning under the mask of simplicity which is the ready resource of an uneducated peasantry against a superior force.

In the mean time the Government, desiring to combine with the forcible repression of outrages an investigation into the causes of complaint to which those outrages were referred, appointed a Commission of Inquiry to proceed into Wales to examine and report upon the alleged grievances of the people. This judicious step produced an almost immediately sedative effect. The Commissioners—the Right Hon. T. Frankland Lewis, the Hon. R. H. Clive, M.P., and Mr. Cripps, M.P.—set forth on their mission in October last, and opening their proceedings at Caermarthen with a temperate and conciliatory address from the chief commissioner, proceeded to invite all who had wrongs or grievances to allege to bring them before the authorized tribunal. The answer to this liberal invitation is contained in the 400 or 500 pages of letter-press which have been laid before Parliament in the volume that forms the text of this article. That it will be attentively read in the country from which it emanates is very probable; but, taking into account the prevailing aversion to thick folio volumes in general, and to blue-bound Parliamentary Reports in particular, the number of English readers will probably be but small who will sit down with any craving of appetite to this bulky budget of Welsh grievances. To such, however, as may venture to undertake the task, we venture to promise some interest, even some amusement, at least to that class who are fond of studying the peculiarities of national character, of noting the impulses of uncultivated minds, or investigating the philosophy of popular commotions. 'Complaint,' says the splenetic dean of St. Patrick's, 'is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotions.' It formed, it is needless to say, the largest tribute to the Commissioners, but, though doubtless earnest and sincere, it would seem that the complainants who unrolled their budgets of grievances before the Queen's representatives, manifested but very little excitement in the narration, and scarcely any trace at all of angry or vindictive feeling. It is probable that the most capable and intelligent individuals were selected as the spokesmen of the several districts; but we have certainly been struck with the mental qualities exhibited by some of the humbler class of witnesses, showing that, though the soil may be uncultivated, it is at least not naturally unfertile: much native shrewdness and sagacity, an intelligent perception of the real point at issue,

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issue, candour and fairness in conceding untenable positions, and, generally speaking, a forbearance to suggest useless or impracticable remedies. 'Catus quantumvis rusticus' is the characteristic of a large class, whereof we may point to John Rees of Pansod as no bad specimen. He thus sums up the catalogue of Welsh grievances:—

'Have you anything else to say?—About the rents. There is a great deal of petitions sent from Caermarthen to London to the Queen. A great many of them look very foolish. They desire our gracious Queen Victoria to compel the landowners to reduce the rents. I think that is a thing between the landowner and the tenant only. Every landowner would like to have the highest price for his land; and suppose the Queen compelled every gentleman in the kingdom to let their farms so and so, that would be as great a grievance as can be. And suppose, on the other side, they compel us to give so and so rent to the landlords, the people would not like it. I look upon that petition as very foolish. I think the parliament and the queen have nothing to do with the rent. But the parliament and the queen have something to do about the tithes and to fix 2*s.* in the pound, and to do away the church-rate. We expect to have redress from four quarters. First, from the trustees of the roads. I think if the trustees did as they have done in Aberystwith, they could do it without troubling the parliament or the queen about it. But in the second place, we expect to have some redress from the government. I have spoken about the malt; and another thing is about the stamps.

'You mean the expense of stamps in borrowing money?—Yes; 3*s.* 6*d.* for 100*l.* for a stamp note, and 4*s.* for 200*l.*; and if I want 50*l.* I cannot get it for 1*s.* 9*d.* Those things are for the parliament only. And in the third place, about the tithes. That can be done between us and the tithe-owner, if the tithe-owner be reasonable; the country are willing to pay 2*s.* in the pound; and, if the minister is willing to take it, that will be done. And in the fourth place, about the rent to the land-owner; the parliament has nothing to do with that.'—*Evidence*, p. 59.

John Rees holds some heterodox notions about tithes, and possibly about other matters also, but his ideas are evidently better packed and assorted in his head than those of many persons who have had much more commerce with the schoolmaster.

It was a royalist, a minister of State, and a firm supporter of authority, the Duc de Sully, who has recorded this impression of the *causes* of popular eruptions—'Pour la populace, ce n'est jamais par envie d'attaquer qu'elle se soulève, mais par impatience de souffrir.' It was an orator, a popular advocate, and a zealous asserter of the rights of the many, John Philpot Curran, who has borne this testimony to their *effects*.—'Tumults and insurrections have made many rich men poor, but have never made any poor men rich.' It is by no means impossible that exceptions may be found to

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to the truth of either of these political maxims, yet, coming as they do from such men with the force of *admissions*, they carry with them no small weight of wisdom and experience, and are well entitled, the one to be pondered by rulers, the other to be digested by subjects. We shall not be suspected of justifying the excesses which we have already strongly reprobated, when we refer to the evils and embarrassments under which the people of South Wales laboured before they took the law into their own hands; not as *excusing* lawless violence and outrage, God forbid! but as furnishing some explanation of the phenomenon of a people heretofore peaceful, patient, orderly, even sluggish, bursting out suddenly into insurrection, and trampling the laws to which they had long lived in tranquil subjection, under foot. Nothing can be more clear, we think, than that the nature of the outbreak was such as has been already described, not stimulated from without, nor caught by contagion from other quarters, but local, self-originated, and gradually developed by the unforeseen agency of time and circumstances. As little was the complexion of the movement *political*—a war of principles—a national league and covenant for professed objects—or a struggle to produce specific changes in the commonwealth.

The Commissioners of Inquiry found the heart of the country sound, though deeds of violence and outrage, even arson and bloodshed, were brought under their notice. In the very outset of their Report they have recorded this impression: they say,—

'It is matter of great satisfaction to state our belief that the disturbances of the country, though so widely extended, were not connected with political causes, and that nothing like a general spirit of disaffection, or organised hostility to the laws, pervaded the community. The excitement having been first stimulated by a sense of local grievances, gradually spread to other districts in which similar complaints existed, and the spirit, once roused, was perverted in some instances by evil disposed persons to aggressions of a more extensive and systematic kind.' —*Report*, p. 1.

What then were the 'local grievances' and the 'complaints' here adverted to, which roused this wild-fire that so suddenly lit up the whole country into a blaze? The first symptom and overt act of the disorders was a turnpike-riot, and the pressure of turnpike-tolls was beyond all doubt the proximate and exciting cause of what afterwards took place. At the same time it is equally certain that this comparatively petty grievance is not the whole account of a derangement so serious and extended: the real cause lay deeper in the condition and circumstances of the people. In ordinary times the exactions of the toll-gates, vexatious as they might

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might be, would not have roused a sedate and passive community into rebellion. But the distress and stagnation which the whole kingdom experienced had been severely felt in South Wales. We again cite the testimony of the Commissioners:—

'As in the district we were examining, the system of collecting tolls for the improvement and maintenance of the turnpike-roads had long been in operation, and had been acquiesced in here as well as elsewhere, we were anxious to ascertain what the circumstances were which had induced the country people suddenly to rise and endeavour to shake off the burthen. All persons acquainted with the condition of the country concurred in stating that a succession of wet and unproductive harvests had very much reduced the capital of the farmers. They had been forced, during successive years, to buy the bread consumed in their families; and the money they obtained by the sale of stock, and the other produce of their farms, scarcely enabled them to make good various payments to which they were liable.

'Concurrently with these difficulties, the price of sheep, cattle, and butter had fallen much below the average of preceding years, though, at the same time (as it is said), all rates, tithes, and taxes had increased, the rent of land still remaining, generally, undiminished.

'The Welsh farmers are, at all times, a frugal, cautious race, but by the pressure of the circumstances we have described, they were rendered more than usually anxious to release themselves from even the smallest payments.'—*Report*, p. 1.

The conclusion here expressed, with reference to the distress of the country, is certainly well based upon statistical details.

Mr. Vivian, M.P. for Swansea, in a series of sensible letters, addressed to the rate-payers of the Swansea Union, enters into a minute examination of the returns of poor-rates for South Wales, for the year 1842, as an index of the state of the country. He cites the following result for the six counties, as exhibiting 'an enormous increase of poverty:'—

'Paupers Relieved.

	In-door.	Out-door.	Total.
Year ending Lady-day, 1841,	1,799	33,471	35.270
1842,	3,049	38,623	41,672
Increase . . .	1,250	5,152	6,402
	69·49 per cent.	15·39 per cent.	18·15 per cent.'

The counties upon which the increase had been in the highest ratio are those of Glamorgan, the seat of the iron-works, Caermarthen, and Brecknock. Mr. Vivian proceeds to show, from the same sources, that a large and sudden additional burthen had been thrown upon the agricultural districts by reason of the great influx of people thrown out of work by the depression of the coal and

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and iron trades, who thereby became chargeable upon the rural parishes to which they belonged :—

'The foregoing statistical facts lead me to the conclusion, that the immediate source of the late disturbances in the neighbouring agricultural counties, is to be found in the depressed state of the iron and coal trades of Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire, which has produced the double effect of diminished demand for agricultural produce in the manufacturing districts, and increased burthens on the agricultural counties. The inseparable connexion and unity of interests of the agricultural and manufacturing communities is here strongly illustrated. It is my belief, that, if the farmer had found a ready market for his produce, as heretofore, he would have struggled on, have met his rent, paid his tithes, and his turnpikes, as of old; but when, from the pressure of the times, he encountered a slackness of demand for his produce, a reduction in prices, probably far beyond what he had contemplated as possible when he took his farm, and when, as we have seen from the official returns, even the able-bodied were thrown upon their parishes for relief, thus entailing on the farmer (in many cases himself but little above the class of a farm labourer) the charge of maintaining persons but little worse off than himself, it is not perhaps so much to be wondered at as to be lamented, that, not considering how such lawless proceedings must injure instead of improving his condition, an attack was commenced on that which he had long felt to be a daily annoyance, but which had now become a grievance amounting to a serious deduction from his daily bread—namely, the multiplicity of toll-bars; and his first efforts having been attended with success, that, unchecked, he continued his nightly attacks, and that thus the excitement spread, and was maintained throughout the land.'—p. 10.

Concurrently with the depression produced by the causes here adverted to, the burthens of local taxation, and the outgoings of the farmer, would appear practically to have been growing heavier. Whatever may be the general benefits attending those great legislative changes, which have been introduced of late years, such as the Poor-Law Amendment and Tithe Commutation Acts, such, at all events, was the working of the previously existing systems in South Wales, that the incontestable effect of the change has been an additional drain upon the pocket of the farmer. The Welsh tithe-owner, heretofore, took just as much of his tithe as he could get, very often greatly less than his due, but the occupier had the power of setting it out in kind, and the collection being in some districts a matter of extreme difficulty, he could dictate his own terms. This is now changed, and it is well that it should be so: but what has been the immediate effect? Necessarily a larger call upon the cultivator of the soil. So too with respect to poor-rates. 'Under the lax and irregular system which formerly prevailed,' as the Report tells us, the farmer paid his poor-rate, not in cash, but in corn, or in 'any other commodity more convenient at the time to

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to part with than money,' and the overseer paid the paupers in the same manner; a practice no doubt pregnant with abuse, jobbing, and inequality. But a more regular, and abstractedly much juster, practice is introduced, and what is the result?—

'In this instance again,' say the Commissioners, 'the enforcement of a definite pecuniary impost in lieu of the cheaper and more indulgent system of composition heretofore allowed, has fallen with the weight of a new tax on the occupier of the land.'—p. 29.

Now let us conceive the petty Welsh farmer, with capital always of the smallest, but now reduced by successive bad harvests and falling markets, with his rent to make up, his rates to discharge, no longer in barley or in bacon, but in hard cash,—his tithe a fixed rent-charge, and subject to be levied by distress,—stinted to the hardest fare for himself and his family, and at his wits' end where to put his hand upon a shilling;—conceive such a man, on his way to market, or to fetch lime, crossed and circumvented, hedged in and entangled by 'a network' of chains, posts and bars—obliged to run the gauntlet of three or four 'interlacing' trusts in as many miles, each toll-collector being equally obdurate against allowing even a week's credit;—is it not in such a case a matter 'more to be lamented than wondered at,' to borrow again the words of Mr. Vivian, that the idea of reducing the pressure of his burthens by the strong-hand should have first occurred to his mind in reference to the most obnoxious, the most harassing in its demands, and the most easy to assail of them all? If this be so, is it necessary to look farther for the true solution of the mystery of Rebeccaism?

Upon the details of the turnpike system, as it has existed in South Wales, and as it is depicted with great amplitude of illustration in the printed evidence before us, we have little desire to enlarge. The complexity of the subject renders it particularly distasteful to the majority, and its inherent aridity and repulsiveness have made it almost a bye-word. As a topic of conversation it is carefully eschewed by every man who has the least regard for his social reputation. In parliament, if any one wishes to designate the very type of negligent and perfunctory legislation, no illustration is so apposite as a turnpike-bill. '*Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*' It is simply because parliament has in past times recked nothing of turnpike-bills, has let anybody have one who wanted it, and suffered interested parties to legislate as best suited their own convenience—delegating to irresponsible bodies the dangerous power of taxation, and omitting all control over a system peculiarly liable to abuse—that the manifold confusions of the system have arisen. The oppressions, the vexations, the iniquities, of the turnpike-laws, the dearness of tolls, and the badness of roads,

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eight millions of debt in England, Rebecca and her Daughters in Wales, are the legitimate results of this general default and oversight of the Legislature in respect of the great national interests of its public roads. We are not now arraigning the system on the ground of its local administration, or as the advocates of centralized powers: it is enough to say that, such as it has hitherto existed, it has been left utterly destitute of those checks from which no delegated powers ought ultimately to be exempted, and that it has been regulated by no principles of equality or consistency, but private interest and haphazard have been the main elements of its origin and constitution.

The terms now used will not be considered exaggerated by those who may adventure an examination into the history of the South Wales Trusts. We will take an instance. The county of Caermarthen contains twelve Trusts, varying from one to eighty miles in length. Now when the legislature sanctioned the creation of so many distinct, independent, tax-levying corporations, two things obviously required to be guarded by stringent securities; first, the due and legal exercise of the powers reposed in each Trust, individually; secondly, such an adjustment and regulation of the functions and powers of the several Trusts, *inter se*, as might obviate any collision or competition injurious to the public. We will not now enter into the inquiry how far the first of these objects has been attained, which would involve the discussion of an infinite amount of details. We will only observe that many of the worst evils and greatest abuses of management of particular Trusts in South Wales appear to us to be rightly ascribed by the Commissioners rather to the system than to individuals; and that the instances of actual corrupt conduct, or malversation of funds, which they adduce, are neither many nor recent. The management of the roads and tolls in some Trusts appears to have been good enough, in others irregular and variable; in some few grossly negligent and outrageously illegal. Situation, local circumstances, the personal character of particular Trustees, the accident of good or bad officers, and other causes more allied to chance than to principle or system, will account for this variety. But it is in reference to the second point, above referred to, that the greatest amount of complaint has arisen, both in South Wales and elsewhere, viz. the number and relative position of the Trusts, their reciprocal action, and aggregate oppressiveness. We cannot state the case more strongly than in the words of the Commissioners' Report:—

'We know no reason why the Trustees should not, if they thought fit, in virtue of the large and lavish powers committed to them, establish a gate, and demand a toll at intervals of 100 yards each throughout the county

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county of Caermarthen. *In the creation of each one of these Trusts, Parliament has paid no apparent regard to the existence of any other Trust,* and though the Trustees have been somewhat unwilling to establish too frequent tolls within the limits of their respective districts, they have had no scruple in placing a gate or bar at the confines of their own Trust, however near it might be to the gate of an adjoining one. In Caermarthenshire the Kidwelly and the Three Commotts Trusts, and some others, *interlace each other in a sort of net-work,* and the frequency of payments, which has been so violently complained of, and resisted, has chiefly arisen from that circumstance; and, whilst each Trust retains the powers which have been given to it by the legislature, there is no mode of enforcing a remedy for this evil.

'The perplexity and pressure which are produced by the entanglement of these Trusts have been still further aggravated by the relative position of other contiguous Trusts. There are, for instance, five different Trusts leading into the town of Caermarthen, and it was stated by the clerk of one of these, that any one passing through the town in a particular direction would have to pay at three turnpike-gates in a distance of three miles. It would be easy for us to multiply instances of a like frequency of payment.'—p. 4.

Established with competing interests, and independent powers, the natural object of each Trust is to enrich itself, and to outflank its neighbour. 'Every one for itself, and the public for us all!' is their maxim, and between so many competitors the unhappy wayfarer gets fairly 'cleaned out;' and finds, perchance, ere he has accomplished his journey, that the tolls of which he has been lightened exceed the value of the load for which he has paid such repeated tribute to the licensed depredators of the highway.

If the system which worked so ill for the payers of tolls worked well for the recipients, if the Trusts had thriven and grown fat on such full diet, and if their finances, after providing amply and even fastidiously for the repair of their roads, had exhibited a handsome balance of income over expenditure at the year's end, it would have afforded, if not a compensation to the aggrieved traveller, at least some cloak of apology for the system. But widely different has been the result. To say that every Trust, without exception, is largely burthened with debt, is to say little; since to be in debt appears so far the natural condition and constitutional habit of a Turnpike-Trust, that the discharge of their mortgages seems to be as little contemplated in the great majority of these concerns as the payment of the national debt itself. In Brecknockshire, indeed, where all the county roads are comprised in one Trust, and where, though the rate of toll is much too high, the exertions of Colonel Wood and other gentlemen have given efficiency to the system, a sinking-fund has been established, which

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in course of years will extinguish the debt. But this is a rare instance of prosperous finance. In the great majority of cases the Trust debt is a frightful incubus upon the concern: in some eating up the entire proceeds of the tolls in order to pay interest to the creditors, and throwing the whole burthen of repairs upon the twice-taxed occupiers of the district. There are yet worse cases of hopeless and admitted insolvency. Huge arrears of unpaid interest have, in some Trusts, far out-swelled the principal of the debt, and the beggared Trustees can neither keep their engagements with their creditors, lay a stone upon their roads, nor perform any of the functions for which they were called into existence. Some of these broken-down and bankrupt concerns are to be met with in each of the six counties, except Brecknock and Cardigan. The debt of the Newmill Trust, in Glamorganshire, exceeds 6000*l.*—its tolls are not worth 20*l.* a year—the road has been indicted, and is still impassable, and the salaries to the clerk and surveyor, of only 5*l.* each, have never been paid to either. This, of course, is an extreme case, but it illustrates the system.

Such a state of things, putting Rebeccaism and the dangers of popular resistance and insurrection out of the question, is surely one which it would not be desirable if it were possible, nor possible even if it were desirable, to maintain longer upon its present footing. But what remedy, or what substitute, can now be devised which will meet the emergency? Irrespectively of the debt, it would not be difficult to suggest a system of road-management much more advantageous than the present; but the pressure of existing engagements is in this case very formidable—'Nec mala nec remedia pati possumus.' A grant of public money to pay off the whole turnpike debt of South Wales, amounting to nearly 300,000*l.*, is of course an obvious suggestion, and one which has not failed to occur to some whose estimate of the liberality of parliament is less indicative of discernment than of their patriotic regard to the interests of the Principality. On the other hand, no one *out of Pennsylvania* would propose a measure so abhorrent to good faith and common honesty as the repudiation of the debts, and abandonment of the creditors to their fate. Yet, with the whole burthen of the debt, bearing interest for the most part at five per cent., to sustain, we do not see our way to such a reduction of tolls, and relief from the most glaring evils of the present system, as the well-being of the country seems to demand.

In this dilemma the Commissioners have proposed a measure not exempt from difficulties, nor impregnable to objections, but which promises, at all events, if it can be carried out, to clear away the greatest impediment. They conceive that the nominal amount

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amount of the existing debt may be fairly capable of considerable abatement, if the tender of immediate payment were made to the creditors. Some portions of the debt are of questionable origin and validity; some consist of interest long unclaimed, and probably abandoned; some have been actually bought and sold in the market at a rate considerably lower than the nominal amount. It is proposed, therefore, that an inquiry should take place, and an estimate be formed of the fair marketable and redeemable value of all the debts which may be proved against the several Trusts; that the Government should advance the sum required to pay off such estimated value by way of loan, at the lowest remunerative rate of interest; and that such loan and interest combined, in the shape of a terminable annuity, should be charged in the first place upon the tolls; or, if they should prove inadequate, upon the rateable property of each county, according to the proportion of its debt. The effect, of course, would be at once a diminished charge in respect of the debt so redeemed and converted, and a certain prospect of its ultimate extinction upon the expiration of the annuity.

The debt thus dealt with, and placed in course of liquidation, the remaining stages of the required reform seem accessible and almost easy by comparison. Consolidation of Trusts, the long-desired but rarely-attained object of all who have spoken, written, or theorised on the turnpike-laws, is the next great step to be effected; and equal and moderate rates of toll, gates to clear one another at fixed distances, reduction of salaries of officers, improved economy in repairs, and more careful and responsible administration of funds—benefits which have been so signally realised in the Metropolitan and in other consolidated Trusts—may be expected to follow in its train. The Commissioners propose that the amalgamation of Trusts should be made coextensive with each county, and that all the turnpike-roads therein comprised should be placed under a central county administration and control; subordinate boards, for local management and repair of roads, being constituted in the several districts. The only other feature of their plan which it seems important to notice here, is the appointment for South Wales of an engineer officer, in connexion with the Government or Board of Ordnance, to overlook and check the management of roads and application of funds, and to be the channel of that control over the powers of the local boards, which it is proposed hereafter to vest in the Secretary of State.

It has lately been announced that a measure, founded mainly upon the suggestions which we have now cursorily noticed, will be submitted to the legislature by Government during the present session. Whatever modification the plan which we have now passed

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passed in review may receive—and very possibly it may derive much improvement in its transit through parliament—we earnestly hope that no pressure of other business, no concession to clamour, should such be raised—above all, no interested opposition—may disappoint the just and reasonable expectations of the people of South Wales, of this or some other redress for the well-investigated, proved, and incontestable grievance under which they have suffered. The country is now quiet and peaceable, tolls are again collected, the police and soldiery have been removed: nevertheless things cannot go on as they are. We do not speak as distrusting the sincerity of those by whom the promised measure of relief is to be proposed, but we are alive to the difficulties of the question, and bear in remembrance the repeated delays and failures experienced by those who have attempted to introduce reforms of a similar character with respect to the Turnpike-Trusts in England. In the system now in operation in this country may be found, we have no doubt, instances of mismanagement, of oppressive tolls, of funds wasted or misapplied, and of dilapidated finances, which nothing in South Wales can surpass; while the immense and yearly accumulating arrear of debt, stated in the Parliamentary Return for 1842 at about eight millions and a quarter of money, seems to urge a resistless argument for legislative interference with a system which has produced such ruinous results. Yet Commissioners have reported and Committees sat in vain, and, session after session, the resistance of vested interests, and the combined and powerful influence of those who derive profit or power from the existing constitution of the Trusts, have proved effectual to stifle every measure which has been proposed for their correction. We trust, however, that recent events in South Wales, and the feeling which they have excited in the public mind, will, with the influence of the Government, aided by the representatives of that country in the legislature, whose patriotism may be honourably exerted in this cause, prove strong enough to counteract any efforts which may be interposed to shield the Welsh turnpike system, so justly convicted and condemned, from an effectual reformation.

We have left ourselves too scanty a space to discuss, except in the briefest manner, the remaining articles in the budget of Welsh complaints, and upon some we have already commented incidentally. The effect of the Tithe Commutation Act is one of the most important: this, the Commissioners argue, and we think justly, is a landlord and tenant's question, and that where the rent-charge now fixed upon the land exceeds the value of the tithe formerly paid, the lessee has an equitable claim upon his lessor in respect of the new burthen superadded by the act or bargain of the

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the latter, or, at all events, by operation of law, upon the original terms of their contract. It is quite clear that the rent-charge, though payable by the occupier, is virtually a charge upon the land; and it may be hoped that the just and liberal feeling of the Welsh landholders, coinciding in this case with an enlightened regard to their own true interest, as identified with that of the cultivators of their lands, will induce them to adopt the course necessary to indemnify those who have been made liable to an unforeseen and additional burthen by the effects of the Commutation. With respect to the latter class, the shrewdness and sagacity for which they have already had credit may be well exercised in finding the solution to that curious fallacy which some puzzle-headed persons have disseminated, and which the Commissioners have taken much pains to confute, that the system of averages established by the Act operates with special injustice towards the Principality. Finally, to all parties we would suggest, as the wisest course, that they should learn to make the best of the measure as it now stands, inasmuch as the Tithe Question is one, they may be well assured, which no prudent Government would suffer to be unsettled more than once in a century.

Of all subjects, scarcely excepting the tolls, on which the Commissioners were appealed to, none excited more soreness, none certainly elicited more unanimous condemnation, than the bastardy clauses of the Poor Law Amendment Act. The injustice involved, as the popular notion conceives, in throwing the whole burthen of the consequences resulting from an act of joint criminality upon the weaker sex (for the remedy held out by law against the male offender proved a practical nullity), 'outraged,' says the Report, 'the moral feeling, and provoked the indignation of the people to a degree that can hardly be described.' 'Interdum vulgus rectum videt.' A Bill, however, has been brought in and is now before parliament, to undo what we cannot but regard as a false step in legislation, based on a fond theory, disproved by general experience, but especially inapplicable to Wales, where the peculiar relation of the sexes and prevailing habits of the country produced a wide exception to that state of things which led to, and was supposed to justify, the alteration of the law in England. But of this unwise and unmanly innovation we trust we may now speak as virtually repealed.

To the increase of the burthen of poor-rates, and to the causes which have mainly tended to produce it, we have already adverted. Attempts have been made to throw all the odium arising from this source upon the new Poor Law Act; but those who will be at the pains to investigate the evidence and returns upon this subject may satisfy themselves that the increase has much more connexion with

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with the general distress which the country has suffered during the recent period, than with the machinery employed for its relief. To that dawning re-action which already, we trust, after so protracted a depression, sheds the light of improved prosperity upon the empire, and more especially to the revival of that important branch of trade which is the staple manufacture of South Wales, and the great field for the industry of its population, the struggling middle classes of that country may now hopefully look, not only for a mitigation of this peculiar burthen, but also for a recovery from that decline of profits, and continued exhaustion of means which have made them unwontedly sensitive to the pressure of every demand. Legislation may relieve from some vexatious enactions, or may lessen the friction of unavoidable burthens, but the heavier portion of the evils which have afflicted South Wales, the stagnation of trade, the deficient harvests, and the general impoverishment, which have increased poor-rates and made tolls intolerable, are incurable by Parliament:

'O passi graviora! dabit Deus his quoque finem.'

The exorbitant amount of the fees paid to magistrates' clerks for the transaction of the ordinary business at petty sessions seems to have been another very general, and in some cases, vehement complaint. This again is not a Welsh grievance merely, but one which applies to the whole kingdom, and it has recently attracted a good deal of public attention. The evils of the present system, its oppressive consequences, and injurious moral effect, are, we think, beyond controversy, and it is one which clearly falls within the scope of legislative remedy. The Commissioners suggest the payment of the clerks by salary out of the county-rate, instead of the present uncertain and unequal remuneration by fees; and they suppose that the adoption of such a measure would produce a very slight, if any, increase of charge to the counties, which would get the benefit of the larger fines that would be imposed if there were no costs, and that at the same time it would ensure the services of a class of persons better qualified for their duties than some of the present functionaries. This suggestion is well worth considering, and we trust that this grievance, which is both a real and remediable one, may not be suffered to sleep.

We have now done with the catalogue of Rebecca's complaints, and have only to advert in conclusion to one or two less popular, but not less interesting topics—which have called forth some remarks from the Commissioners, with reference to the general condition and prospects of the country with which their lengthened inquiry must have made them so intimate. One of these is the extensive prevalence of the Welsh language, the exclusive use of which the Commissioners justly regard as constituting a serious drawback

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drawback upon the advancement of the community, an impediment to education, the means of which are sadly deficient, a great hindrance to the operations of the church, to the administration of the laws, to the diffusion of sound opinions, and other general benefits of social intercourse. Certain persons, whose intentions are doubtless good, but whose zeal might find, we think, a better field in the present age than the perpetuation of useless distinctions, are at prodigious pains, by means of festivals, associations, badges, premiums, and similar machinery, to cherish and still further diffuse the native language of the Principality—a language which it is no libel to describe as singularly deficient in beauty or euphony, and which possesses scarcely a particle of literature deserving to be rescued from oblivion. It would be a curious speculation how much of the mischief of the present day is perpetrated through the medium of well-intentioned societies. We venture earnestly to recommend some of the concluding observations of the Report on South Wales to the consideration of these zealous archæologists, and to suggest as a worthier object of their intelligence and patriotism, and a better application of the sums devoted to the sustentation of this worthless relic, the extension of their aid and co-operation to that humble but discerning class who regard the English language 'in a spirit that does credit to their sagacity, as the language of advancement and promotion,' and who 'gladly embrace any opportunity of giving their children the advantage of acquiring it.'

The subject with which we shall conclude these remarks is one on which, had not our limits been already too far exceeded, we should have desired rather to dilate, though with far other feelings than satisfaction. The condition of the Established Church in the Principality, as described by the Commissioners at the close of their Report, is a melancholy picture. Who shall say that it has had no connexion with the deeper causes of Rebeccaism?

'We feel it incumbent upon us, before closing this Report, to add a few words upon a subject which it is impossible to regard without feelings of serious concern and regret: we refer to the existing position and circumstances of the Established Church in South Wales. That so large a proportion of the lower and middle classes are seceders from her communion is a fact which, on whatever other grounds it may be partly accounted for, the deficiency of her means has beyond all doubt greatly contributed to promote. In no part of the United Kingdom has so large a proportion of the great tithes been diverted into lay hands. In the diocese of St. David's, which includes nearly the whole of the six counties, the average value of the vicarages is stated to amount to only 137*l.* per annum. In consequence of this state of things many of the rural and thinly-peopled districts have been left without accessible means of worship or spiritual instruction, while the ministers of large and populous

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lous town-parishes have received stipends wholly inadequate to provide them with those requisites which are usually deemed necessary for their station, or to the demands which their office involves.

'Of the very serious evils now adverted to, a large class is still in active operation, and the consequences are apparent in that wide-spread alienation from the doctrines and discipline of the Established Church, which is so prominent a feature in many districts of the country. To suggest the remedies applicable to such a state of things would exceed, as it appears to us, the province of our duty; but we have thought it too important to be left without comment, both in respect to its general bearing on the sentiments and feelings of the people, and on account of the indirect, but not less powerful, influence which may be traced to it in connexion with those disturbances which were the immediate object of our inquiry.'—p. 37.

ART. VI.—*Die Königliche Rede an einen Katolischen Bischoff, &c.* Frankfort, 1842.

M. TOPFER, born and bred a Genevese republican and Calvinist, observes in his entertaining 'Voyages en Zigzags,' p. 457, on entering into Italy, 'on reconnoît bientôt qu'on vient d'entrer dans une contrée *sui generis*, dévote mais religieuse, fidèle à son culte, à ses traditions, à ses mœurs, saine à sa manière; chez une nation enfin, et non pas chez un assemblage d'esprits sans lien et sans unité.' Fully alive to all the blessings which we ourselves owe to the Reformation, and more keenly sensible than most, from a thorough and intimate knowledge, derived from long residence in the bosom of Romanist families, both at home and abroad, of the practical evils of the papal system, we, nevertheless, acknowledge that we never passed from France or Switzerland into Italy without something near akin to the feeling so well expressed by M. Topfer. It is, therefore, with no unmixed pleasure that we proceed to give an account of certain workings which have been long operating secretly amongst the members of the Church of Rome, and which must soon produce a division amongst them, similar to that which has just taken place in the Church of Scotland. Not that we have any disposition to justify or palliate tyranny and cruelty, civil or ecclesiastical, in Russia or in Rome. But we confess that, looking at the European continent as a whole, it is not from that quarter that we think the danger is most imminent. To exclaim in these days against oppression and superstition is much as if a Frenchman, an Italian, or a German, in the midst of a deluge of rain, were to be taking precautions against a fire. It is impossible to have resided in these countries, and not sympathize to some extent with those sober and reflective natives who dread all attempts to gain increased liberty

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liberty and increased religious light by appeals to the million, as being but masks for the furtherance of revolution and infidelity. If it were necessary to choose between any such extremes, most Englishmen would prefer to live under the government of Austria rather than in America, and the faith of Rome to the (so called) theology of the North of Germany.

Those amongst our readers who are acquainted with the Life of Monseigneur de Wessenberg, the Prince Primate of Constance, are aware of the contest which was carried on during the whole of his episcopate between him and the Roman Government; but in this, as in most similar cases, the true source of disagreement does not appear in any printed account:—all that is manifest is a mere skirmishing of outposts, not the real cause of war. In like manner, in the encyclical letter to the bishops in Poland,* transmitted at the time of the Polish Revolution, the Pope speaks, or rather is made to speak, in very strong terms of certain unquiet spirits which had been for many years troubling the Holy See with unreasonable requests—requests which, although always refused, were with unconquerable pertinacity continually renewed; but they who merely read this letter were as much in the dark as ever as to the nature of these demands; it was not the intention, as it was not the policy, of the Court of Rome to declare them

* The words in the EPISTOLA ENCYCLICA (1832) are as follows:—

'Agamus idcirco in unitate spiritûs communem nostram, seu verius Dei causam, et contra communes hostes pro totius populi salute una omnium sit vigilantia, una contentio.

'Id porro apprime præstabitis, si, quod vestri muneris ratio postulat, attendatis vobis, et doctrinæ, illud assiduè revolventes animo, *universalem ecclesiam quâcumque novitate pulsari*, atque, ex sancto Agathonis pontificis monitu, *nihil de iis quæ sunt regulariter definita minui debere, nihil mutari, nihil adjici, sed ea et verbis et sensibus illibata esse custodienda.* Immota inde consistet firmitas unitatis, quæ hâc B. Petri Cathedrâ suo veluti fundamento continetur, ut undè in ecclesias omnes venerandæ communionis jura dimanant: ibi *universis et murus sit, et securitas, et portus expers fluctuum, et bonorum thesaurus innumerabilium.* Ad eorum itaque retundendam audaciam qui vel jura sanctæ hujus Sedis infrangere conantur, vel dirimere ecclesiarum cum ipsâ conjunctionem, quâ unâ eadem nituntur et vigent, maximum fidei in eam ac venerationis sinceræ studium inculcate, inclamantes cum S. Cypriano *falsò confidere se esse in Ecclesiâ qui Cathedram Petri deserat, super quam fundata est Ecclesia.*

'In hoc ideò elaborandum vobis est, assiduèque vigilandum, ut fidei depositum custodiatur in tantâ hominum impiorum conspiratione, quam ad illud diripiendum perdendumque factam lamentamur. Meminerint omnes, judicium de sanâ doctrinâ quâ populi imbuendi sunt, atque Ecclesiæ universæ regimen et administrationem penes Romanum Pontificem esse, *cui plena pascendi, regendi, et gubernandi universalem Ecclesiam potestas à Christo Domino tradita fuit*, uti patres Florentini concilii disertè declarârunt. Est autem singulorum Episcoporum Cathedræ Petri fidelissimè adhærere, depositum sanctè religiosèque custodire, et pascere, qui in eis est, gregem Dei. Presbyteri vero subjecti sint oportet Episcopis, quos *uti animæ parentes suscipiendos ab ipsis esse* monet Hieronymus: nec unquam obliviscantur se vetustis etiam canonibus vetari quidpiam in suscepto ministerio agere, ac docendi et concionandi munus sibi sumere, *sine sententiâ Episcopi; cujus fidei populus est creditus, et à quo pro animabus ratio exigetur.* Certum denique firmumque sit eos omnes qui adversus præstitutum hunc ordinem aliquid moliantur, statum ecclesiæ, quantum in ipsis est, perturbare.'

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openly. The subject has been referred to in divers journals and pamphlets from time to time, but always in such a way that none could understand the points at issue save those who had other means of information. The censorship of the press, which in most Roman Catholic countries is in the hands of ecclesiastics, and generally of Dominicans, effectually prevents anything from transpiring that could give information to the Roman Catholic laity; and no question within the bosom of the Roman Church itself has much chance to attract the attention of Protestant polemists.

We say within the bosom of the Church itself—because nothing but the fear of schism has prevented many members of the Church of Rome in Germany from long ere now taking effectual measures for ensuring the redress of the things of which they complain. Down to this moment they have avowed and acted on the resolution not to admit of any discussion of, or departure from, any one doctrine or article of faith; confining their desire of alteration to such things as are mere matters of discipline, and which the Pope might rectify to-morrow if he pleased; and, till very lately, they also professed their determination to suffer anything rather than produce a separation from the See of Rome. A change, however, has now been wrought on this latter point—and fully admitting the dangers of schism, and all the difficulty of preserving, after separation, anything like authority in matters of government or doctrine—they are, nevertheless, at last resolved to risk all these evils rather than suffer the things of which they complain to continue.

It is obvious that these persons must have a very strong case, or at least think they have a very strong case, before, with such sentiments as we have described them to hold, they could be brought to adopt the measures they now contemplate. Slowly and reluctantly must they have made up their minds that, without a bold movement against authority, their case is a hopeless one. They are well aware of the difficulties they must find in justifying their final resolution to the Roman Catholic world at large; and one great difficulty with which they have to contend, and which is a difficulty to us in stating their case now, arises from their justification being complete exactly in the proportion in which it is unfit for the eye of the public.

The four points upon which they have been insisting are, first, that the public worship shall be performed in all countries in the vernacular tongue; secondly, that the cup shall be given, as well as the bread, in the Sacrament to the laity; thirdly, that the frequenting of the confessional shall not be compulsory; fourthly, that vows of celibacy shall not be obligatory on the clergy.

With regard to the first of these points—they complain not of

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of the doctrine that 'the law of the Church is one and unchangeable;' but they assert and complain that the doctrine has been pushed and used so as to have the effect of a fraud. They complain that the priests of Rome have multiplied the unchangeable laws to an extent which they know it is impossible to maintain, in order that they may obtain money for dispensations to break them. They complain, too, that this particular law against vernacular prayers *has been* relaxed elsewhere—but not for them. In France the people commonly use a prayer-book called the 'Paroissien,' which has the Latin service and the French translation in parallel columns; but such a work is prohibited in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and all countries where the power of the Church is absolute. In the North of Germany and the Tyrol they use a German mass-book, but it is rarely to be met with in Austria, Bohemia, or Styria. Nor let it not be supposed that this is a question affecting the laity only; a large majority of the priests in these regions are as ignorant of the meaning of the Latin which they chaunt, as the Jews are of the Hebrew which they read in the synagogue. Jews and Romish priests learn to read Hebrew and Latin, but they do not learn to understand it; even in the towns, to say nothing of the country parishes, very many priests understand no more of Latin than the people: and hence the importance, even as respects the clergy, of this first point for which they are contending.

On the second point, the custom of the Church of Rome is for none but the celebrants to partake of the chalice: the expression, therefore, 'refusing the cup to the laity,' so common at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, is not correct; priests are as much refused as laymen if they present themselves to receive the blessed Sacrament: but they seldom present themselves, because each one ought to say mass himself every day, and therefore he would not go a second time to receive it. It is certainly remarkable that of the two elements, the one of which it is specially said 'Drink ye ALL of it,' should be that one which is refused to all.

With the third point commences our difficulty, and one before which we confess ourselves compelled to yield: we are precluded from the possibility of proving our position, and we must state at once our conclusion, which is this—that if it had been the intention of any body of men to corrupt the morals of the human race, to habituate children of both sexes to impurity, filth, and profligacy, it would have been impossible to have devised a scheme more completely adapted to produce that effect than the practice of the confessional, as it is now carried on in the Church of Rome. The common sense of mankind, the ordinary feelings of morality, would have made it impossible to carry into practice such

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such a project, unless it had assumed the mask of religious duty to God; and when the sense of morality is so far deadened, as that any persons should suppose that burning alive can be well pleasing to God, it is not difficult for such to imagine that obscenity in thought and language should be so likewise. Whilst it is obvious that it is impossible here to prove our assertion, we will at least furnish the means by which any one who is so inclined may satisfy himself; we recommend such an one to read the ordinary English Roman Catholic prayer-book, called '*The Garden of the Soul*,' at the parts which relate to self-examination in order to confession: next, the books which are written to instruct the priests to extort from reluctant females in the confession things which no pure-minded woman has ever imagined; *e.g.*, '*La Méthode pour la direction des ames dans le tribunal de la Pénitence, et pour le gouvernement des Paroisses, Paris*, 1834;' '*Il Confessore diretto per le confessioni della gente di campagna, Bologna*, 1824;' '*Le Rituel de Toulon*;' or any similar books which make in all countries the stock in trade of a priest, and some or other of which are to be found in all their houses; and then let them read any work of *Theologia Moralis* on the confessional and the seventh commandment.

This subject in Protestant countries is merely either a matter of speculation and theory, or a handle for controversialists wherewith to attack papists—a task for which, it must be confessed, the heroes of 'discussion meetings' are singularly ill qualified. But with the honest ecclesiastics of Germany, the Tyrol, German Switzerland, Poland, Bohemia, and Hungary, these things are no speculations and theories, but sad and painful realities. They know that corruption of the youthful mind is the natural and almost invariable result; and some are determined that the fruits of this system shall not be hid in a corner any more; but, let the consequences be what they may, the secret recesses of infamy shall be exposed, and the system be put an end to.

It is impossible in the very nature of things that a young female, or almost any female, can have such a burden on her conscience as can make her desire often to resort to special and private confession to a priest; and certainly it ought not to be tolerated that she should have indecent thoughts suggested to her, even at the early age of seven years old; for at this period do they begin to insinuate their filth in the convents in which girls are commonly educated. The heads of the Church themselves admit the liability of abuse through the confessional, and frequent exhortations are published desiring all women who have improper solicitations made to them there to denounce the confessor; but a moment's consideration will show the inutility of this

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this exhortation; and one instance which we will give must suffice for all. An Italian gentleman of our acquaintance removed with his family from the place of his nativity to a town in another state; soon after their arrival the wife went to the confessional in the parish church, where improper proposals were made to her; she ran home and acquainted her husband: he made a formal complaint to the proper authorities in her name: a day was appointed for the examination of the charge: and when the time arrived the lady naturally declined to appear. It is obvious that just in proportion as the person offended is delicate, and the offence gross, there will be the greater difficulty of inducing the complainant to come forward. Scarcely any woman could be found who would go into the presence of several strange men and repeat the expressions by which her ears had been insulted. The result, however, was, that the priest had his licence for hearing confessions taken from him; and neither husband nor wife have ever gone to the confessional since that period. The authorities at Rome do all that in them lies to repress these disorders: the licences for hearing confessions are renewed from year to year, and always refused where well-grounded complaints have been made: but in country parishes there are no means of redress: the curé and his vicaire are the only priests in it, and the people are completely in their power. Knowing this blot in their system, the Mendicant orders turn it to their own profit. Two Capuchins, the one a priest, the other a lay brother, make a tour through a country district. The former goes into the church and receives the confessions of those who for various reasons do not choose to confess to the secular priest; whilst the lay brother, with his donkey and hampers, goes round from house to house to collect the contributions of the faithful for the benefit of the community. The system cannot be improved—*Delenda est.*

The effect of the system upon the minds of the people is obvious: and Sir George Smythe might have given a much fuller defence of the term 'beastly,' which he applied to Maynooth *(see his pamphlet, published at Chelmsford)*, than that which he has done, if he had been more fully acquainted with the subject. The immediate object, however, of bringing forward this point at the present time is not so much with reference to its effect upon the laity, as to its effect upon the priests themselves: and whoever intends to take the trouble of consulting the works to which allusion has above been made, should remember that these books are the private and secret studies of those who from their earliest years have taken vows of celibacy upon them; who live alone, shut up in their own solitary chamber, apart from all the world,

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world, for many hours every day. Such persons require a peculiar absence from all demoralizing words and thoughts; it ought to be their unremitting labour to banish every imagination, even the most transient, upon details of vice: whereas, to sit alone and study all the forms and varieties of impurity on which Spanish and French casuists have written, analysing and classifying every variety of crime which the most brutal and sensual of mankind have ever perpetrated, as in the works of *Sanchez, Escobar, Sa, Facundez, Gobat,* &c. &c., is the sure and certain method to make the vows a nullity.

That such is the fact of the case is known but too well to all whose duty and station compel them to be informed. We will confine ourselves at present to two dioceses in France, and two in Germany—in each of which we have ourselves resided. In each of the former, on a certain fixed day, a very excellent prelate assembles all the clergy of his see in the cathedral, where with closed doors, and in secret, they celebrate together the holiest mysteries of their faith. Mass being ended, the bishop proceeds to address a *concio ad clerum,* in which he enumerates all the cases of immorality which have occurred amongst the clergy in the course of the last year, with the sentences which have been passed by the ecclesiastical tribunals. The names of the parties are carefully concealed; some are known to priests resident in the immediate neighbourhood—but the greater part have escaped even local notoriety; many have become known only through the confessional: the *participes criminis* have perhaps been removed into other parishes and then revealed to new confessors that which would otherwise have remained secret, and which has thus come round to the ears of the prelate in whose diocese the culprit resided. Sometimes the weight of sin can be no longer borne on the conscience, and voluntary confessions have been made. A thrill of horror pervaded the assembly on one occasion when the good bishop had finished his recital; and then, with many tears, at the head, and in the name of the whole body of his clergy, he confessed the sin of the priests and people, and implored forgiveness.

Such is the practice in two different dioceses in France: probably of more; and certainly in all some measures are taken by the bishops of the present time to repress the outbreaks of vice amongst the clergy. These things, however, are most anxiously concealed from the laity; indeed, scarce a Roman Catholic layman of any rank, or of whatever general intelligence, has the smallest information upon any subject connected with the priests. Nor do we wonder that even pure and worthy dignitaries

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taries should shrink from the tremendous hazard of overthrowing what yet lingers in France of the old veneration for the priests. They may be forgiven for dreading a reform which should begin by loosening the already too weak bands that bind religion in any way on the people: for being anxious rather to discover some means of giving a strength and vigour to the good that remains, in order that the diseased parts may be sloughed off through increasing health.

In the German dioceses to which we referred the same assemblies of the clergy indeed do not take place; but the bishop's court sits twice every week, being exclusively employed in trying complaints made against ecclesiastics. So great and so incessant are the horrors here brought to light, that the excellent prelate who presides over one see more immediately under our eye, passes the whole night afterwards in fasting and tears of penitence for the things which have come before him. The extent of immorality is so great that it is considered a good sign of a priest if he is known to keep a mistress without causing any public scandal, and no notice is taken of him. If however she lies in at the parsonage, or if they quarrel so that a disturbance is produced in the village, then he is removed to another parish; if the same thing occurs a second time, the same treatment is pursued; if it is repeated a third time, he is degraded, all employment and means of livelihood are taken from him; and many such are to be seen throughout Germany breaking stones on the road, or serving as privates in the army. These, however, are not the immoralities which produce upon the minds of Bishops such effects as have been above described. They are such as cannot be put upon paper: hideous, unnameable crimes—committed in the most holy places, because supposed to be the most secure from the eye of man, regardless of the eye of God. In Italy such offences, when not screened by some powerful patron, are punished by incarceration in a convent, with starving and repeated flagellation, which frequently terminate in death. But in Germany no such power exists; more liberal, but less cruel; more tolerant both of good and evil. The example of the court in the neighbourhood of the place to which we are now referring, tended not many years ago to sanction some of the worst of the crimes above alluded to; and though it is now mended, the effects of past days are not worn out.

This state of morals is not peculiar to the clergy of these four dioceses, but they have been selected exclusively because we would refer to nothing with which we were not personally acquainted. The German ecclesiastics who are now resolved to bring these things to light have no wish for writing libellous accusations against

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their brethren: — but they will bring them forward as proofs, damning proofs, of the effects of the practice of the confessional, of the necessary studies of the priests, and of the vows of celibacy, upon the morals of the clergy: and *they* will draw their proofs not from one diocese here and another diocese there, but from all dioceses; not from the last years only, but from the uninterrupted course of the last century. It is a remarkable feature in the case that all the profligate clergy are strong in favour of the continuance of the law of celibacy, whilst all the moral clergy are for abolishing it. The Protestants in these dioceses generally say that that is in order that they may continue their flagitious courses in a way which it would be more difficult to do if they were married, but that is not the real ground of their resistance. They resist it because they know that it is popular at head-quarters to resist it; and they take the side of the authorities at Rome in order to make friends to themselves of the Mammon of unrighteousness, that they may be in their turn befriended.

It is quite a mistake of the Protestants to suppose that the heads of the Church of Rome are indifferent to priestly enormities; nothing can be farther from the truth. The Court of Rome uses every means in its power to punish such things—save where the offenders are supported by powerful patrons;—in those cases it is indeed tolerant and corrupt: but in all other cases its severity is very great and even cruel. The Court of Rome would very willingly see the manners of the clergy decorous everywhere; but it resists all reform through the means of public exposure: for, *that* once countenanced, where would it stop? It was this fear of exposure which paralyzed many efforts for internal reform in Italy itself prior to the age of Luther. It is this same fear that will at least strain every nerve to paralyze the efforts of the German ecclesiastics who now avow their zeal for amending what is evil; and it is the fear, not of an individual, but of a perpetual Ecclesiastical *Bureaucratie*. The movers of reform say that the four points towards which their efforts are directed are mere matters of discipline, and within the power of the Pope to correct at any moment he pleases; but some of them at least well know that practically the Pope is as much a cipher in the church as the Emperor of Austria is in Germany, or as the most constitutional king in his own dominions.

No Pope, we believe, ever ascended the Chair with better intentions than the present one; but he was elected, as has long been the rule, when old and enfeebled, and proved accordingly unfit to make any effectual struggle against the inveterate *malaria* of the system about him. Without doubt there is much genuine piety and virtue in Rome; but there is also a great deal of wickedness

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wickedness and infidelity, and these are only the more pernicious by reason of the hypocrisy which does and must result from the composition of a society in which the most prominent persons are at once professed courtiers or place-hunters, and ecclesiastics. Their priestly attire does not make a thousand busy place-hunters internally much different from those who follow similar objects in lay dresses at Vienna, Paris, or London; but it compels superficial pretence; and men trained in such a school, accustomed to breathe such an atmosphere, constitute a ruling caste far more likely to produce stern despotic avengers of indiscretion dangerous to its own *prestige*,* than zealous reformers of widespread, long-inherited abuses, which strike at the essentials of character throughout Rome and Italy, and all Papal Europe. Come anything rather than a general searching exposure of any class of facts involving the priesthood as a class! Anything rather than such an exposure as must end in convincing Lay Romanists that the Holy See has for centuries upheld, as part and parcel of the Divine Law, a regulation necessitating the habitual violation of the plainest precepts of religion and morality on the part of an order claiming exclusive reverence and submission as the delegates of heaven.

The 'Epistola Encyclica' of 1832, already quoted, reasserts accordingly in the fullest and even fiercest terms the determination of the Court of Rome, that nothing shall be listened to from any quarter on the subject of that grand radical evil—the enforced celibacy of the clergy.

'Cum autem, ut Tridentinorum Patrum verbis utamur, constet ecclesiam *eruditam fuisse a Christo Jesu ejusque Apostolis, atque a Spiritu Sancto illi omnem veritatem in dies suggerente edoceri*, absurdum plane est ac maxime in eam injuriosum, *restaurationem ac regenerationem* quamdam obtrudi, quasi necessariam, ut ejus incolumitati et incremento consulatur, perindè ac si censeri ipsa posit vel defectui, vel obscurationi, vel aliis hujuscemodi incommodis obnoxia. . . . .

'Hîc autem vestram volumus excitatam pro religione constantiam adversus fœdissimam in clericalem cœlibatum conjurationem, quam *nostis effervescere in dies latiùs*, connitentibus cum perditissimis nostri ævi philosophis *nonnullis etiam ex ipso ecclesiastico ordine*, qui personæ

* Men's tongues are silent, because every one is afraid to speak. Relations even are often in ignorance of what happens to each other. We know the case of a priest who, for speaking disrespectfully to his bishop, was suddenly taken away from the little village in which he lived, and wherein his brother was one of the principal proprietors, and yet none either knew or thought of inquiring what had become of him: at last it turned out that he had been taken to the prison of the Santo Uffizio, sixty miles off, kept nine months in a cage, in which he could not stand upright, and when he returned to his family at the expiration of his sentence, he was in a condition which need not be described; for he had had no opportunity all that time of washing or cleaning himself, shaving, or cutting his hair or nails. Yet to this day some of his relations do not know of his ever having been in prison at all.

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obliti munerisque sui, ac blanditiis abrepti voluptatum, eo licentiæ proruperunt, ut *publicas etiam atque iteratas aliquibus in locis ausi sint adhibere principibus postulationes ad disciplinam illam sanctissimam perfringendam.* Sed piget de turpissimis hisce conatibus longo vos sermone distinere, vestræque potiús religioni fidentes committimus, ut legem maximi momenti, in quam lascivientium tela undique sunt intenta, sartam tectam custodiri, vindicari, defendi, ex sacrorum canonum præscripto, omni ope contendatis.'

That movement in Bavaria and Western Germany, which at this moment excites the well-founded alarm of the Roman Court, may be traced principally to the zeal and abilities of the late Bishop Sailer; and hence the importance of the speech of the King of Bavaria upon the appointment of Bishop Riedel, which ended with the expression of his Majesty's hope that he should find in him a worthy successor of Bishop Sailer. The pamphlet, therefore, named at the head of these remarks is properly and truly an answer to the question, 'Who was Sailer, and what were his principles?'

Bishop Sailer died in 1832. In one of his last works he says,—

'He that knows anything of that unsteady thing the human heart, now pressed into despondency and now uplifted in presumption, will not cease to cry aloud these three things:—1st, What the authorities in the Church *ought* to do? 2nd, What those under authority *may* do? 3rd, What the providence of God *shall* do?

'1. To you ye noble and venerable heads and fathers belongs the task of amending and improving the ritual and liturgy of the Church where they are defective; to introduce what is suitable and appropriate to the present times and circumstances of the Church; to reform what *in the houses of the priests* (especially in Germany) calls aloud for amendment; and to spread around blessings and contentment among all parts of the Church.

'2. To you, my brethren, whose hands are tied from introducing voluntary changes, belongs the noble task of breathing into the existing formularies of the Church all the life they are capable of containing: and is not that a noble field for you?—of setting before your flock the light of a holy example, and so blessing all the families of your charge.

'3. But if neither those in authority nor those under authority will fulfil their duties, then will Nemesis appear, and the providence of God will clear a place for new plantings of the Holy Ghost; it may be after this fashion, it may be after another, it may be here, it may be elsewhere.

'The word that links the spirit of improvement on to the spirit of obedience, the responsibility of man to the providence of God, stands not in vain there where it is written, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."'

Bishop Sailer had been preceded by some men of great piety and

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and intelligence—Boos, Lindel, Gosner, and others; but he was distinguished not only by a degree of mental power superior to any of them, but also by a prudence and caution in which some of them were very deficient. It is not therefore wonderful that the movement should be identified more peculiarly with his name. Those in favour of it are now generally styled 'Disciples of Sailer;' and the King of Bavaria, it is obvious, has no objection to share the designation. But they have received another title from the many bystanders who sympathize little either with them or their antagonists. They are called 'Jesus worshippers,' the others 'Mary worshippers' (*Mariadiensten*); and these *sobriquets* clearly indicate another great practical abuse of the papacy, as to which the two parties have already come into open collision. We say *practical*—for, however clearly educated Romanists may see the demarcation between *douleia* and *latreia*—however sincerely they may protest against injustice when charged with giving to a dead woman the honour and worship due only to God—the fact is entirely undeniable that in Roman Catholic countries thousands and tens of thousands live and die in habitual reliance on the intercession and mediation, not of the Saviour, but of the Virgin and other Saints departed.

Those worthy men who are labouring at the reformation and purifying of the Roman Catholic Church will be opposed by the rulers at Rome—for any acknowledgment of error would be a confession that they have not been infallibly right in all they have said and done on every occasion, in every age. They will also be opposed by the radical party in Rome, because they are not seeking to overthrow the state, or revolutionize, or even dismember it, as O'Connell is doing. Their only chance of not being speedily crushed is from the increasing disunion in the papal councils. The doctrines of Lamennais have made great progress; and Padre Ventura, who was silenced because of the countenance which he gave the French abbé when at Rome, is again in favour, and preached the Quadresimal sermons this year. Hence the O'Connellite faction in Rome, which has always been opposed by Father Routham, the general of the Jesuits, as being against all government alike in church and state, whilst assuming the mask of attacking only the supremacy of an heretical Church, has gained much support. That O'Connellite faction, we grieve to say, has been taken up by all the English Roman Catholics resident in Rome; and the admirers of Lamennais are talking more composedly, and with less alarm, of the possibility of their throwing off all connexion with governments everywhere, and placing themselves at the head of the revolutionists throughout Europe. Some such desperate plunge seems, indeed, the natural death

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death of a system so mighty, and with so much vitality, as the papal system still possesses: it cannot die the way of all flesh, and expire like a candle burnt down into the socket, with a bright, perhaps, but momentary glare; it must die in a convulsion, and in such a convulsion as will shake all Europe to its very foundation.*

The great respectability of the bishops in France and Germany has alone kept the thing together for a long time past. In the former country several were soldiers under Napoleon, and a few also have been military men in the latter; but all are men of a certain age, well educated, and have seen much of the world. In Germany also the Pope has always been obliged to be more measured in his dealings than in other countries, for the old northern spirit has ever brooked but ill a submission to an Italian Cæsar, be he imperial or ecclesiastical.

Having said so much upon the real grounds of the movement in Bavaria, we must add our extreme disappointment at the inadequacy of the arms which are wielded in the conflict. The advocates for filth, sin, superstition, and worship of dead men and women, have long been supported by a very powerful Journal—one fully equal in ability to the 'Dublin Review.' It does not hesitate to denounce the followers of Sailer as 'Aftermystische;' and it must be confessed that the tendency of part of their system is to produce religious twaddle, and to generate a race of Madame Guions, as the school of Fenelon did in France. The first numbers of the 'WAHRHEITSFREUND,' a Journal undertaken by the friends of right principle, are full of instances of this kind. Their enemies, however, have done one piece of service by occupying the ground before them: they have taken from the court of Rome the power to apply for the suppression of this Journal, on the ground that it is contrary to the discipline of the Church for anything to be published by an ecclesiastic without the express authority and sanction of his bishop; and it has received the approbation of the bishop. They must, however, give their Journal a very different cast and tone. It is idle for them to waste their time by appeals to the fathers and councils; such a proceeding will only make a *logomachia,* and multiply quibbles upon quibbles. Let them appeal to principles which all acknowledge, and to morals which all pretend to respect. Let them publish fully and truly the result of the trials in the ecclesiastical courts; and they may rest assured that they must be successful in

* The press, too, is becoming more ingenious in disseminating its productions. A pestilent tragedy, lately printed at Florence in defiance of the authorities, entitled 'Arnaldo da Brescia,' by Nicolini, a tolerably good poet, is sought after with avidity, and circulates largely, though everywhere prohibited. It has a life of that reformer, with many historical documents appended; and the whole volume is full of bold expressions against priestcraft and arbitrary rule, stated with much power of language.

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urging every right-minded man to join with them against the sin denounced in Scripture, of 'forbidding to marry.'

The speech of the King of Bavaria, which has been the occasion of the pamphlet whose title is placed at the head of this article, is most important. His majesty not only mentions Sailer with praise, but recommends his example as a model to be followed—Sailer the friend of Stolberg, Haller, and Schlegel—Sailer the despised of the despised by the Ultramontane party. The king no doubt feels that, in labouring at the civilization of his people, his chief endeavour must be to deliver the clergy from the vices of heathenism. Let him stand resolutely by those whom he has here recommended to follow Sailer, and the followers of Sailer will soon cleanse that Augean stable which the secular arm alone can never do. The priests are too crafty for any layman, even for a king. The common saying at Rome is, that they —the priests —'have the promise of God for their support, even to the end of the world, which no kings have:' a position into which we shall not now enter further than to observe how characteristic the sentiment is of that grand usurper of whom it is written that she says, 'I sit as a queen, and shall see no sorrow.'

The movement in Bavaria has already created much stir throughout Germany; and the Austrian government, concluding that all who feel disgusted at popish abuses must verge towards Protestantism, has lately issued a proclamation, reminding its subjects of an old law which punishes with banishment any Roman Catholic who turns Protestant. It is possible, indeed, that the Protestants in Hungary may be generally more opposed to the Austrian maxims of government than the Roman Catholics; but it is certain that the leaders in the Diet are of ancient Roman Catholic families, and Roman Catholics themselves. Into the Hungarian part of the question, however, we shall not at this time enter.

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11. *The Pictorial Times.* Folio. 1843.
12. *London:* by Charles Knight. 6 vols. Royal 8vo. London, 1843.

AMONGST the characteristics of the literature of the present age there is one which, if neither the most striking from its novelty nor the most important in its tendency, is certainly the most familiar to us all, and silently exercises no little influence upon society; we allude to the rage for ornamented, or as they are now termed, 'Illustrated' or 'Pictorial' editions of books. Be the books what they may, sacred or profane, old or new; good, bad, or indifferent—destined to remain as monuments to their authors, more durable than brass, or to pass away and be forgotten like the last year's Annuals—still all must be adorned with whatever the arts of engraving and fine printing can supply, to form what our Gallic neighbours call 'Editions de luxe'—or else, for the most part, be condemned to small type, and, perhaps, double columns, as 'Editions for the people.' Nearly forty years since, when 'Illustrated' books were of comparatively rare occurrence, Professor Christian* querulously remarked, 'we do not grow wiser than our forefathers; the fury for prints proves the frivolity of the times, and our books, I fear, will shrink from a comparison with those of the age of Queen Anne, which were not adorned with such superfluous and meretricious decorations.' How would the professor lament over the 'Illustrations' of the present day!

* 'Vindication of the Right of the Universities of Great Britain to a Copy of every New Publication.'

The

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The skill of the engraver has indeed been singularly assisted by modern discoveries in science and in art: the Formschneiders and the Intagliatori of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries would start with surprise at the stereotyped woodcuts and the electrotyped engravings of the present day. Maso Finiguerra and Albert Durer, Melchior Pfintzing, and Raimondi (Marc Antonio) would, perhaps, be less astonished at the steam-engine and its wonders, than at the reproduction *ad infinitum* of their most laboured and most finished efforts; their own handiwork remaining the while unsoiled by ink, uninjured by the press, and serving only to produce metallic copies for the printers' use.

Five lustres since and a few hundreds only of impressions could be taken from a copper-plate engraving without its delicacy being materially injured; a 'retouching'—almost amounting to a re-engraving—was necessary to produce some few copies of inferior beauty and debased value. Now the 'Art Union' can supply its twelve thousand subscribers with impressions from an engraving, of which the last shall be scarcely, if at all, inferior to the first, and could do the same were its numbers tenfold what they are. Five lustres since, and a few small woodcuts, mostly of very questionable design and execution—the works of Bewick and two or three others being the alone exceptions—were with difficulty 'inked' with 'balls' and 'worked' by hand: the price of any book being materially enhanced by the pains and labour necessarily incurred in the printing of its woodcut 'embellishments'—for such was then the term. In Johnson's '*Typographia*,' published in 1824, is a detailed account of the difficulties experienced in finding either a printing-press of sufficient power, or proper ink, or the requisite skill to print a few copies of 'the very elaborate and most extraordinary engraving on wood, executed by Mr. William Harvey, of the Assassination of L. S. Dentatus, from a celebrated painting by Mr. B. R. Haydon.' This engraving was composed of eleven pieces of wood, 'through which passed four strong iron bolts with nuts at each end,' and measured fifteen inches by eleven and a half inches. We may now smile at this difficulty, but the worthy typographer might then boast of his success in achieving such a task with the means at his command. A few months ago the 'Illustrated London News' circulated to its twenty or thirty or forty thousand subscribers a well-executed and well-printed view of London measuring four feet by two feet, having a superficies about six and a half times that of the Haydonian Dentatus; and, more lately, the 'Pictorial Times' put forth a wood-cut of Wilkie's 'Blind Fiddler,' of the same size with Burnet's line-engraving!

To produce great numbers of large engravings in cameo, whether

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ther in wood or metal, steam-power is of course employed; for smaller editions of works of less magnitude the Stanhope or Colombian (Clymer's) presses worked by hand are still used, and although 'balls' also are even now employed by some printers for 'fine work' and for delicate engravings of small size, yet the greater beauty of impression of the numerous 'illustrated' books of the present day, as compared with those printed at the beginning of the present century, is mainly due to the almost universal substitution of Mr. Cowper's inking rollers for the 'balls' which, until the year 1816, had remained unimproved from the time of Fust and Schoeffer; from the middle of the fifteenth century to the time of Bulmer and Bensley. This simple but most important invention was, we believe, patented, but the patent was as generally and as unblushingly infringed as in the case of the kaleidoscope invented about the same time by Sir David Brewster—'Sic vos non vobis.' It is a very singular but well attested fact that, incalculable as have been the effects produced by the invention of printing (for who can estimate them?) no improvement was made in the mechanical means employed by the early printers, neither by the Manuzj or Giuntas, nor the Estiennes, Plantins, or Elzevirs, until the late Earl Stanhope invented the press which bears his name, and Mr. Cowper the rollers which do not bear his. Can we wonder that the Mazarine Bible, the first complete book printed (certainly before 1455) has not been excelled, if even it has been equalled, in all that constitutes beauty in a printer's eyes by any printed production of a later date? But to return to our subject.

Five lustres since, and, with the exception of Bewick's works, scarcely twenty books of modern date could be named having woodcut embellishments with any pretensions to merit. Amongst the few were a small Shakspeare in seven volumes, with designs by Thurston; an edition of Fairfax's translation of Tasso; and especially Rogers's Pleasures of Memory, with designs of exquisite beauty by Stothard.* The number of works with cuts steadily increased; but without doubt the greatest impulse was given by the publication of the 'Penny Magazine' of the Society for the Diffusion of *Useful* Knowledge—followed, '*haud passibus æquis*,' it must be confessed, by the 'Saturday Magazine' of the Society for Promoting *Christian* Knowledge. The first still continues, we believe, in its original course; the second has been long since cast off by the Society which originated it, although it still bears a stamp resembling, in outward appearance, that Society's distinctive mark. There is no doubt that these two

* Mr. Rogers, as it might be expected, has preserved some of these in the recent more elaborately ornamented editions of his Poems. We, however, prefer the wood to the copper.

publications,

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publications, each with many woodcuts weekly, have been the pioneers in the present march of woodcut illustration

The improvements in the art of wood-cutting, or of embellishment in relief, have been followed by their natural consequence—a great increase in the demand, greater means of supply, a lower price for 'the article,' and a corresponding increase in the 'factories,' some masters employing from twenty to thirty, or even more hands. If the present taste continues to exist, and shall spread, as is not by any means improbable, we may well anticipate that mechanical means will be found necessary, and something like a Brunel's block-machinery in miniature be adapted to the xylographic process, to aid the engraver in his suburban garret, as the larger machinery does the rigger in Portsmouth-yard.

A natural effect of all this is, that those means, which at first were called in to aid, now bid fair to supersede much of descriptive writing: certainly they render the text of many books subsidiary to their so-called illustrations. In this partial return to baby literature—to a second childhood of learning—the eye is often appealed to instead of the understanding, not so much on the ground that

> 'Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
> Ipse sibi tradit spectator,'

nor from an acute and accurate perception of beauty of design, as from a low utilitarian wish to give and receive the greatest possible amount of knowledge at the least possible expense of time, trouble, money, and, we may add, of intellect. Verily it is a superficial knowledge which now pervades the country from Berwick to the Land's-End—from Maidenkirk to John O'Groats—wherever the English language is known, and where it is not known: we have seen the 'Penny Magazine' in Polish.

One publisher has put forth a 'Pictorial Bible,' a 'Pictorial Shakspere,' and a 'Pictorial' History of England. The Napoleon Museum is advertised as an 'Illustrated' History of Europe. The hoards in the streets are placarded with puffs of some refuse of American literature (?) called Peter Parley's 'Illustrated' Histories, written, we suppose, by 'drab-coloured' Philadelphians, and savouring of democracy and repudiation of honest debts. We have a Weekly 'Illustrated News,' and a 'Pictorial Times;' besides scores and scores of baser newspapers 'illustrated" but unstamped. In all these cases it will be seen that the adjective is more prominent than the substantive. We do not know that it would be fair to say the same of 'Punch.' Mr. Punch has pens of no common mark at his orders, as well as pencils—very clever writers (we are sorry to see not so good-humoured

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humoured as they were at the start); yet George Cruikshank and his fellows are real artists, and to their grotesque fertility this most diverting paper owes at all events half of its attraction.

Five lustres since, and 'Illustration' had a quite different meaning from that which now obtains. A book was then called 'Illustrated' which was crammed, like a candidate for honours, with all that related to all that the book contained. To this end, every portrait, in every state,—etching, proof 'before letters,' finished proof, and reverses,—of every person, every view of every place, was if possible procured; and where engravings did not exist, drawings were made, until the artist's skill and the collector's purse were alike exhausted. The germ of this system of illustration existed as early as the time of Charles I. The pious but ascetic Nicholas Ferrar had bought, says Dr. Peckard,* during his travels on the Continent,

'A very great number of prints engraved by the best masters of that time, all relative to historical passages of the Old and New Testaments: indeed, he let nothing of this sort that was valuable escape him.'

These prints Ferrar employed in ornamenting various compilations from the Scriptures; amongst others,

'He composed a full harmony, or concordance, of the four Evangelists, adorned with many beautiful pictures, which required more than a year for the composition, and was divided into 150 heads or chapters.'

The history of this 'illustrated' book, the first we believe of its kind, is curious:

'In May, 1633, his Majesty set out upon his journey to Scotland, and in his progress he stepped a little out of his road to view Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire, which by the common people was called *the Protestant Nunnery*. The family having notice, met his Majesty at the extremity of the parish, at a place called from this event the King's Close, and in the form of their solemn processions, conducted him to their church, which he viewed with great pleasure. He inquired into, and was informed of the particulars of their public and domestic economy; but it does not appear that at this time he made any considerable stay. The following summer his Majesty and the Queen passed two nights at Apthorpe in Northamptonshire, the seat of Mildmay Fane, Earl of Westmoreland. From thence he sent one of his gentlemen to *intreat* (his Majesty's own word) a sight of *The Concordance*, which, he had heard, was sometime since done at Gidding, with assurance that in a few days, when he had perused it, he would send it back again. Mr. N. Ferrar was then in London, and the family made some little demur, not thinking it worthy to be put into his Majesty's hands, but at length they delivered it to the messenger. But it was not returned in a few days, or weeks: some months were elapsed when the gentleman brought it back from the king, who was then at London. He said he had many things to deliver to the family from his

* In Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography, ed. 1839, vol. iv. p. 189.

master:—

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master:—first, to yield the king's hearty thanks to them all for the sight of the book, which passed the report he had heard of it; then to signify his approbation of it in all respects; next, to excuse him in two points, the first for not returning it so soon as he had promised, the other, for that he had in many places of the margin written notes in it with his own hand; and "(which I know will please you), said the gentleman, you will find an instance of my master's humility in one of the margins. The place I mean is where he had written something with his own hand, and then put it out again, acknowledging that he was mistaken in that particular." Certainly this was an act of great humility in the king, and worthy to be noted; and the book itself is much graced by it. The gentleman further told them that the king took such delight in it, that he passed some part of every day in perusing it. And lastly, he said, "to show you how true this is, and that what I have declared is no court compliment, I am expressly commanded by my master earnestly to request of you, Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, and of the young ladies, that you would make him one of these books for his own use; and if you will please to undertake it, his Majesty says you will do him a most acceptable service."

'Mr. Ferrar and the young ladies returned their most humble duty, and immediately set about what the king desired. In about a year's time it was finished, and it was sent to London to be presented to his Majesty by Dr. Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Cosins, one of the king's chaplains. This book was bound entirely by Mary Collet (one of Mr. Ferrar's nieces), all wrought in gold, in a new and most elegant fashion. The king, after long and serious looking it over, said, "This is indeed a most valuable work, and in many respects worthy to be presented to the greatest prince upon earth, for the matter it contains is the richest of all treasures. The laborious composure of it into this excellent form of an harmony, the judicious contrivance of the method, the curious workmanship in so neatly cutting out and disposing the text, the nice laying of these costly pictures, and the exquisite art expressed in the binding, are, I really think, not to be equalled. I must acknowledge myself to be greatly indebted to the family for this jewel, and whatever is in my power, I shall at any time be ready to do for any of them."'

King Charles's statues, pictures, jewels, and curiosities were sold and dispersed by the regicide powers: from this fate, happily, the royal collection of manuscripts and books was preserved; neither was it, like the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, doled out, piecemeal, to Hugh Peters and his brother fanatics. This good service was mainly owing to Bulstrode Whitelocke.* When the British Museum was founded, King George II. presented to it the whole of the royal library; and Ferrar's Concordance, with another similarly illustrated compilation by him, is there preserved in safety. The Reverend Thomas Bowdler of Sydenham, the re-

* 'Jan. 18, 1647. The manuscripts and books in Whitehall, because of soldiers being there, were ordered to be removed to St. James's house, and placed there, which I furthered in order to the preservation of those rare monuments of learning and antiquity which were in that library.'—*Memorials*, p. 288, ed. 1732.

presentative

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presentative of the last baronet of the Cotton family, the founders of the Cottonian Library, possesses another of the Ferrar volumes. Of those which were presented by Ferrar to George Herbert and Dr. Jackson no record remains.

The system of which we now speak was not fully developed until the publication of Granger's 'Biographical History of England.' Something may be said in favour of those who, with gentle dulness and patient industry, haunted the printsellers' shops to collect all the engraved portraits which Granger had enumerated. There is a charm in the human face divine, although it must needs be powerful to call forth—as it does—twenty, or thirty, or fifty guineas from a collector's pocket for a coarsely executed cut of some Meg Merrilies, some Tom of Bedlam, or some condemned criminal, of which the only value is being 'mentioned by Granger.' However, the dross is always the dearest portion of a collector's treasure, be it in books or prints. Strutt's 'Dictionary of Engravers,' to be completely 'illustrated' in a collector's eyes, should contain every work of every engraver mentioned in it (Hollar alone would cost 10,000*l.*, could a set of his works be procured): yet this has been attempted, and so has Rees' 'Cyclopædia!' The copy of Pennant's 'History of London' which was bequeathed to the British Museum by Mr. Crowle cost that gentleman 7000*l.*; and the 'Illustrated' Clarendon and Burnet, formed by the late Mr. Sutherland, of Gower Street, and continued by his widow, who has munificently presented it to the Bodleian Library, cost upwards of 12,000*l.* This, perhaps the richest 'pictorial' history which exists, or is likely to exist, deserves more than a passing notice. It contains nearly nineteen thousand prints and drawings: there are seven hundred and thirty-one portraits of Charles I., five hundred and eighteen of Charles II., three hundred and fifty-two of Cromwell, two hundred and seventy-three of James II., and four hundred and twenty of William III. The collection fills sixty-seven large volumes. Forty years were spent in this pursuit. The Catalogue of the 'Illustrations,' of which a few copies only were printed for distribution as presents by Mrs. Sutherland, fills two large quarto volumes. In mere numbers, however, Mr. Sutherland was surpassed by the foreign ecclesiastic who is said to have amassed twelve thousand 'portraits' of the Virgin Mary! We know of copies of Byron's works, and Scott's works, each 'illustrated' with many thousands of prints and drawings, and each increasing almost daily.

The venerable bibliopole and bibliographer, M. Brunet, says, in his '*Manuel du Libraire*,' art. Strutt, of a copy of the Dictionary formerly belonging to Messrs. Longman, and valued by them at 2000*l.*:—

'Cette

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'Cette manie de faire des livres précieux me rappelle la réponse que me fit un capitaliste à qui je montrais un volume d'une valeur considérable. "Tenez!" me dit-il froidement, en me présentant un portefeuille rempli de billets de banque, "voilà un volume encore plus précieux que le vôtre." Ce mot me paraît sans réplique, et je ne crois pas qu'il y ait dans les trois royaumes de la Grande Bretagne un curieux qui pût montrer une *illustrated copie* plus précieuse qu'un pareil portefeuille. Au surplus, ne disputons pas des goûts, mais croyons que celui de l'amateur de billets de banque serait celui de bien des gens.'

This system of 'illustration' has, however, had its day: it required time, money and, moreover, knowledge and taste. Illustrations are now wanted ready-made for the million.

Five lustres since and manuscripts were things which were rarely seen, and still more rarely understood. The opportunities for seeing them were indeed but few: the British Museum was in comparative infancy; its reading-room frequented by tens, not as now by hundreds of daily students. The libraries of Oxford and Cambridge offered little facility of access to their treasures, and scarcely any means existed of making generally known the various splendid manuscripts to be found in other libraries, public and private. Catalogues of collections of manuscripts were compiled with a view to the subject-matter of each volume, rather than to the accidental qualities of calligraphy and illumination: even when the characters of a manuscript were criticised it was chiefly with the intent to judge thereby of its age and the country where it was written; but little criticism respecting the illuminations of manuscripts is to be found in those most conversant with them, in Mabillon, Maffei, Baring, Kopp, Walther, Trombelli, and the Benedictine authors of the 'Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique.' This last work, to great learning and very little judgment, adds so much quackery that, upon adding together the various classes into which the authors divide the modes of writing found in Latin MSS. alone, we find that they enumerate classes, divisions, sub-divisions, genera, and species, containing one hundred and eighty-nine species of majuscule writing, one hundred and seven species of uncial writing, ninety-three species of demi-uncial writing, and two hundred and thirteen species of writing in minuscules; to say nothing of the different species into which they divide cursive or running hand. It may well be a question how many schools of illumination they would distinguish.

Sometimes, it is true, the words 'cum picturis' were added to the description of a volume, but to those who had not actually handled manuscripts the words conveyed little meaning, and the few engravings from such 'picturæ' which here and there occurred in catalogues, or elsewhere, excited no wish in the mind of the reader to see the originals. The engravings to be met with in the

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the bulky tomes of Montfaucon, Ducange, Papebroch, Kollar, and others, were not generally known, nor were those which were published by the Society of Antiquaries, of the Cottonian Manuscript of Genesis, extensively circulated. The illuminated service books of the Roman Catholic Church, which, of whatever nature, breviary or plenarium, antiphonar or gradual, hours or psalter, processional or benedictional, were, and still too often are, confounded under the generic term of 'missal,' afforded, by their more frequent occurrence, the chief means of information.

The first who in this country used, to any extent, illuminations as a source whence to 'illustrate' the manners and customs, the dresses and sports, of former ages was the laborious Joseph Strutt, whose engravings, though always coarse, and often inaccurate, have supplied the small learning of many a self-styled antiquary. A few years afterwards the late Thomas Johnes of Hafod put forth his translations of Froissart's and Monstrelet's 'Chronicles,' with engravings in outline from some finely illuminated MSS. of those authors. Mr. Johnes's books form an epoch in the history of illustration, as they first made apparent to the general reader the beauty to be discerned in manuscripts.* In 1814 Mr. Utterson published an edition of the romance of 'Arthur of Little Britain,' with outline engravings, in the style of those to Johnes's translations. This was another step, for although Strutt had slightly tinted or daubed some of his plates, Mr. Utterson had some of the large paper copies of his book well coloured, so as to imitate the originals. This however raised a quarto volume, with only twenty-five small plates, to the price of fifteen guineas! The great price of coloured plates prevented the increase of publications of this kind, and but little was done until the year 1833, when Mr. Shaw published his 'Illuminated Ornaments.' To this work unquestionably the public taste is much indebted; it first united good judgment in the choice of subjects, minute accuracy of detail, beauty of execution, and comparative cheapness of price. Each plate was accompanied with a description by Sir Frederic Madden, who added a preface, which, though very short, is almost the only history of 'illuminations,' to use what is now become a technical term for small paintings in gold and colours. Mr. Shaw had scarcely begun this work when his services were called for by the trustees of the British Museum to 'illustrate' the catalogue of the Arundel collection of MSS., and their liberality enabled Mr. Shaw to produce some plates which are as yet unrivalled, save by the work

* Some MSS. of Froissart are very beautiful. There have been published very lately some coloured facsimiles, by Mr. Humphreys, from a remarkably fine illuminated copy of Froissart (now in the British Museum), which, from the arms in it (gu. a chevron or between three escallops arg. a bordure of the second, quartering arg. on a chief gu. three eaglets displayed or), may perhaps have belonged to the historian De Comines.

undertaken

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undertaken by the Comte Auguste de Bastard, under the auspices of the French Government. The taste was now well excited in England, where public patronage is ever found the best.

By the aid of the French Government MM. Silvestre, Champollion-Figéac and Aimé Champollion, *fils*, have completed a large work, the largest as yet on such subjects, which we have named at the head of this article: it contains about 300 plates, mostly coloured, comprising specimens of writing as well as of drawings or illuminations. As might be expected in a work so large, the execution is unequal, and many of the subjects are unworthy of the preference given to them over others. It is a vast storehouse, and although, from its price, it is to the general reader as inaccessible as manuscripts themselves, yet we must call it an expensive, not a dear book. In Messrs. Bossange's catalogue it is marked at the price of 80*l.* In point of artistic feeling, and also of accuracy, it is inferior to Mr. Shaw's work.

The coloured plates of illuminated MSS., which are found in the large work of Sommerard, *De l'Art au Moyen Age*, are little better than caricatures.

The first number of a humble imitation of M. Silvestre's book, from which indeed some of its specimens are taken, is now on our table: the chief merit is its cheapness—five plates, printed in gold (Dutch gold) and colours, by Mr. Owen Jones, for eight shillings! Were they better drawn, little more could be desired. A Mr. J. O. Westwood, who compiles the descriptions, writes himself 'F.L.S.,' and indeed he 'speaks in Karl Linnæus' vein:' thus, when describing a 'Codex purpureo-argenteus,' of remote antiquity, he says:—

'I have introduced the last two lines of the 5th, and the first line of the 7th verses, to show that not only the words are broken in two at the end of the lines, without any connecting marks, but that the paragraphs were also undivided into verses. They are, however, separated by *alineæ*, here appearing simply in the first letter being written rather beyond the perpendicular edge of the other lines, but scarcely larger than the other letters. The rounded E, the acutely-angled first stroke of the A, the elongated Y and P with the extremity obliquely truncated, the rounded part of the latter scarcely reaching below half the width of the lines, the acute-angled M with three of its strokes thickened, and the Δ with the basal stroke elongated beyond the triangle, and knobbed at each end, are peculiarities evidencing the most remote antiquity, in all of which respects it will bear comparison with the most famous codices"!!

He appears to confound 'verses' with τίτλοι and κεφάλαια; could he possibly have expected to find 'verses' in a MS. believed to be of the fifth century?

His first specimen is taken from a copy of the Gospels, in

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Latin, which there is little doubt was sent over to Æthelstan by his brother-in-law the Emperor Otho, between the years 936 and 940, and which was given by Æthelstan to the metropolitan church of Canterbury,* as appears from a coeval inscription in the volume. Mr. Westwood says:—

'The first page of the volume contains a large illuminated frontispiece: in the centre of which is a youthful king, crowned and kneeling in a church, with two courtiers behind him, and in front a figure of Christ, naked, and wounded on the side. The former has been supposed to represent King Richard II.; but it appears to me to be unquestionably intended for the youthful Henry VI., being, in fact, precisely similar to the miniatures of that king, contained in his psalter in the same library (Cotton. Domitian xvii.). In the upper part of the illumination is an aged crowned king, kneeling in the open country, with the devil at his back. There are also eight coats of arms in various parts of the page, and on a blue slab are inscribed the following lines:—

Saxonidum dux atque decus, primumque monarcham,
Inclitus, Ælfridum qui numeravit avum,
Imperii primas quoties meditantur habenas,
Me voluit sacrum regibus esse librum.

This illumination is evidently of the early part of the fifteenth century, and the verses above quoted record the tradition that Athelstan (the grandson of Alfred), by whom the English monarchy was consolidated, and raised to so much importance in the eyes of Europe, had devoted this volume to the service of the coronation of the Anglo-Saxon kings.'

This leaf, of which the writer of the above comprehends neither the meaning nor the importance, was inserted by Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV., and widow of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; therefore its date is after 1477. The arms of Burgundy impaling England are at the foot of the page, with the letters C and M, and their motto 'Bien en advienne,' the whole surrounded with daisies (Marguérites). The figure of the king, therefore, is *not* 'unquestionably intended' for Henry VI. of Lancaster, the mortal enemy of Margaret of York. The other seven coats of arms are those attributed to, or borne by, the several dynasties of England prior to Margaret's time: being respectively (we spare our readers the heraldic jargon) those of Athelstan—*Edward the Confessor* for the Saxon kings—*Denmark* for Canute—

* The words are 'Dorobernensis cathedre primatui, &c.,' which by several writers who have mentioned this volume are supposed to signify the church of Dover, instead of Canterbury. Their mistake has evidently been caused by school reminiscences of the Eton Latin Grammar, wherein the same error occurs, in the example to the second rule of the Second Concord in Syntaxis—'Audito, *it being heard*, regem, *that the king*, proficisci, *was set out*, Doroberniam, *for Dover*.' We commend this to Dr. Hawtrey's notice.

Normandy

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Normandy for William I. and II., and Henry I.—*England* for Henry II., Richard I., John, Henry III., Edward I. and II.—*Ancient France* (first assumed by Edward III.)—and *Ancient France and England* quarterly for Edward III. and Richard II.

The fact that the sister of one of our kings should, at such an early period, thus have perpetuated the history of the volume takes away all reasonable ground for doubt. Sir Henry Ellis has printed a letter* from Sir S. D'Ewes to Sir Martin Stuteville, which shows that this MS. was used at the coronation of Charles I. At that time it belonged to Sir Robert Cotton, who was personally in attendance with it upon the sovereign. Not the least remarkable circumstance attending its history is, that, having been given by Æthelstan to Christ Church, Canterbury, the property of it should now, after the lapse of 900 years, be partly vested in the archbishop of that see, as principal trustee of the British Museum. But this interesting volume, the only undoubted relic of the ancient regalia of England, has drawn us from our subject.

Of a very different nature from the books which we have just mentioned is that which, under the auspices, and chiefly at the expense of the French Government, is undertaken by the Comte Auguste de Bastard, brother of the late Comte de Bastard, a President of the Cour de Cassation, and Vice-President of the Chambre des Pairs de France. We ourselves have seen this splendid work,—the 'Peintures et Ornemens des Manuscrits,'—but it is probable that many of our readers will never have the like advantage, for we believe that there are not two copies in England of this costly book. *Costly* we may, indeed, well call it, for the seventeen livraisons of the first of the three sections into which the 'Partie Française' alone is divided, are published at the price of 1800 francs, or seventy-two sterling pounds, each—so that this first portion, only forming, at the most, three volumes 'grand in folio Jésus' (who but Frenchmen would ever so profane the name?), will cost 30,600 francs, or 1226*l.* sterling (we have Count Bastard's handwriting now before us) being at the rate of 10*l.* and upwards for each coloured plate! The 'Partie Française' is to consist of three sections, which, if of equal size, will amount to 3678*l.*! The conditions of subscription mention that 'à partir du 1er Juillet, 1840, il paraîtra, chaque année, de quatre à six livraisons, qui seront payées, argent comptant, à Paris, au domicile de l'éditeur, rue Saint Dominique, No. 93, Faubourg St. Germain. . . . . Comme garantie du travail, les planches portent tous ces mots, *Le Comte Auguste de Bastard direxit*, et un timbre sec aux armes de l'éditeur.' We fear that

* Original Letters, first series, vol. i. p. 214.

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neither our announcement, nor the Count's guarantee, will procure him many subscribers. Of the great accuracy as well as unrivalled splendour of this book there can be no doubt; nor would we insinuate anything tending to depreciate its high merits as a work of art, or 'illustrated book,' but we openly express our opinion that the vast cost is not compensated by the result obtained. MSS. themselves would be as accessible as this book, which would represent only a small portion of a few. If Count Auguste de Bastard's work should comprise only two other parts of equal extent with the French, the cost of a single copy will be upwards of *eleven thousand pounds!* a sum which, if well managed, would produce an entire edition of a work of high character and great beauty. The 'Antiquities of Mexico,' a magnificent work put forth at the sole expense of a young Irish nobleman, the late Viscount Kingsborough, cost his lordship, we believe, about 30,000*l.*; but for this sum a whole edition of a book in seven volumes in large folio, with very numerous coloured plates, was obtained,* and, in relation to its bulk and necessary price, copies were extensively circulated. However, be the cost of the Count's work what it may, the French Government cannot be taxed with want of liberality, for it has subscribed for sixty copies (including that of the editor, and the four required by the 'Copyright Act' of France), out of the one hundred copies printed. This subscription, for the first section of the first part alone, amounts to 73,560*l.*, or, for the 'Partie Française,' to 220,680*l.*, and, should the whole be completed, on the least proposed scale, to 668,040*l.*, or, in francs, to 16,032,960! Of this enormous sum, we believe that the French Chambers have already paid no little portion. At this rate 'Illustrated Books' become of great national importance, and the length of our notice of the Count's work is amply justified.

To enter fully into the history and mystery of illuminated MSS., from which the books we have just mentioned draw their materials, would lead us too far from our subject, and would not be of much interest to those, by far the greater part of our readers, who never have had, perhaps never will have, an opportunity of examining such works of bygone times, and will know of them only by the books just mentioned and their more humble copyists. One thing we must premise, however, that whatever may be the age of the MS.—of the seventh or of the fifteenth century; whatever its school, whether of Byzantine or Flemish, Italian or Anglo-Saxon art; whatever its subject, whether the holy Scriptures or a ro-

* Of this splendid book two copies were printed on vellum, which, when illuminated and bound, were estimated to cost 2000*l.* each. Lord Kingsborough presented one to the British Museum, the second to the Bodleian Library.

mance,

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mance, a chronicle or a book of devotions; in short, whatever its matter, whether prose or poetry—the illuminations may be generally taken to represent the arts, manners, customs, and especially the dresses of the age and country in which the MS. itself was written and 'illuminated.' Thus we may trace many of the customs and dresses of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers in a psalter which belonged to Canute, and many early English sports and pastimes in another psalter of the thirteenth century (which at a later period belonged to Queen Mary), and which also affords a very curious specimen of the bizarrerie of the early artists. At the foot of the pages of this MS., amongst the numerous grotesques with which they are ornamented, is a complete series of illustrations to —what do our readers suppose?—the romance of Reynard the Fox! and figures of the same kind with those to be found in the *misericordes* or *misereres* of our cathedral stalls. The late amiable and lamented Gage Rokewood has given, in the *Vetusta Monumenta* of the Society of Antiquaries, a number of early carriages and dresses from the Lutterel Psalter. Mr. Shaw has given figures of 'Spanish warriors' of the twelfth century, which are copied from the 'illustrations' to a Commentary on the Apocalypse,* written at Burgos in 1109, and which strongly resemble some of the figures on the Bayeux Tapestry; yet the first are intended for the 'horsemen' seen by the holy apostle in his prophetical vision, the second for the Norman cavalry at the battle of Hastings. The MSS. of Quintus Curtius, Valerius Flaccus, Statius, and others give us representations of the warriors and arms of the times of our Edwards and Henrys, of Froissart and Commines; we have now before our eyes an illumination representing part of

'The tale of Troy divine,'

in which cannon are planted against the walls of Ilion, and soldiers, armed cap-à-pie in such armour as Dr. Meyrick would assign to the year 1450, are scaling walls which, though pierced for cross-bows, are but about half their own height, whilst cavalry are advancing to gates which, though machicollated and portecoulissed, do not reach to the middle of the warriors' lances. Even the Hebrew MSS. are not exempt from this unfailing characteristic. We have seen a MS. of the fifteenth century of the

* It is difficult to say with truth of any volume that it is unique; we, however, believe this to be so, except a rival to its strange mixture of styles of art exist in the dark unfathomed caves of Spanish libraries. It was purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum from the Comte de Survilliers (Joseph Buonaparte), for whom, whilst in Spain, it was not improbably abstracted from the Escurial or from the Archiepiscopal Library of Toledo. There is none like it in any collection which we have seen, nor was there before in the British Museum, neither is there, we have good reason to think, in the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris. Only one other copy of the text of the work is known, viz. in the Royal Library of Turin.

Haggada,

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Haggada, that Rabbinical office for the first two evenings at the Passover, in which is embodied the legend of '*this is the stick which beat the dog, which bit the cat, which ate the kid, which my father bought for two-pence,*' accompanied with figures in Spanish dresses of the artist's time;—and a roll of the book of Esther, of the seventeenth century, in which Haman and Mordecai are depicted as Dutch Jews in trunk hose, and king Ahasuerus as a burgomaster with his gold chain. Sundry critics have expatiated with lofty contempt on the violation of all rules of propriety and keeping by these early illuminators. There is no defending them against the charge—*but* it so happens that it does not apply to them alone, for most of the great painters are equally obnoxious to it. We need only walk through the Louvre or our own National Gallery to observe every kind of extravagance; nor, to apply another test, does the most outrageous performance of any illuminator surpass the practical absurdity of Garrick playing Julius Cæsar or Macbeth in an English general's uniform of his own time, or (what many of our own readers have witnessed) the performance of Terence's comedies by the young gentlemen of Westminster School attired as modern dandies and powdered lacqueys. These and such like absurdities we do not now commit; but St. Paul's Cathedral is still deformed by Dr. Johnson—in a Roman toga! and Westminster Abbey by Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, as a Roman warrior, with an inscription as offensive to Christianity and right feeling as the monument itself is to good taste. The one rule to which, with all their faults, the illuminators of ancient times adhered is now of great use to us their descendants, who want to know their modes of life in all their tenses; their arms, costumes, architecture, and furniture are thus become familiar to us. The costumes of the middle ages are now well understood; and Mr. Albert Way, we doubt not, could satisfactorily inform us of the fashions of any particular period, a knowledge which often serves to fix the epoch of a work of art. At Her Majesty's fancy ball last year, a royal duchess appeared as Anne of Bretagne, in costume historically correct; the Duchess of A. as a lady of the highest rank of the fourteenth century, faithfully copied from an illumination of—the Queen of Sheba! —from a magnificent Bible history of the time; whilst the Marchioness of E. was in the costume of the latter part of the fifteenth century, copied, aptly enough, from one of the Virtues, as blazoned in gold tissue and ermine, among the illuminations to Henry VII.'s copy of the Poems of Charles of Orléans (father of Louis XII.), who was taken prisoner at Agincourt.

To give a full account of the rise and progress of illuminated or 'illustrated' MSS. would oblige us greatly to exceed the limits of

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of a review, but we cannot altogether pass over the subject. Its history has yet to be written, and great difficulties will attend the composition, as regards the productions of the earlier centuries of the Christian era. The extraordinarily early dates assigned by some writers to the celebrated MSS. of Virgil and Terence, in the Vatican, are altogether conjectural, and destitute of any foundation in sound criticism. The first has been referred to the same century in which Virgil lived, the other to the time of Constantine! If these dates be true, ought we any longer to doubt that St. Mark's Library possesses, as it once boasted of doing, the autograph of that evangelist, or that the Alexandrian MS. was written by Thecla in the time of St. Paul? The late amiable and accomplished but credulous Mr. Ottley has published, in the Archæologia of the Society of Antiquaries, an elaborate dissertation to *prove* that a MS. in the British Museum, containing an 'illustrated' copy of Cicero's version of Aratus, is of the like early date. We have known Mr. Ottley discover vestiges of early Roman art in the illuminations of a work written by Convenevole da Prato, the tutor of Petrarch, and addressed to Louis of Anjou, King of Naples! That the MSS. which we have named, and many others which we could name, are of great antiquity is true; but we unhesitatingly assert that it is impossible, without better criteria than we now possess, to assign them, as is so confidently done by sciolists, to any particular century.

In our own country the arts of illumination flourished at a very remote period of time: perhaps no nobler monument of its kind is possessed by any nation than the 'Book of St. Cuthbert,' or 'Durham Book,' now in the British Museum. It is a copy of the Gospels in Latin, written, at the end of the seventh century, by Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who died A.D. 721, and illuminated by Æthelwald, the succeeding bishop. It was then clothed in a binding of gold, inlaid with precious stones, by Bilfrith, a monk of the same establishment; and a Dano-Saxon version was interlined by a priest named Aldred. The old chronicler, Turgot, or Simon of Durham, gravely narrates how, by the merits of St. Cuthbert, and of those who, in his honour, had written and adorned the book, it was miraculously preserved when the Danes ravaged Lindisfarne. Simon says, 'Erat enim aurificii arte præcipuus.' Its golden and gemmed binding is gone, but its intrinsic beauty is preserved, as may be seen by Mr. Shaw's facsimile.

MSS. of this remote date are rare; still rarer are those which at all approach in beauty to the Durham Book. In the time of Charlemagne greater progress was made, and the art of writing in gold became more practised. The Codex Aureus, for which Lord Treasurer Harley gave 500*l.*, is of this time, and so is the volume

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volume well known as the 'Hours' of Charlemagne. The Bible which is said to have been written by Alcuin for Charlemagne, and which was purchased for the National Library at the cost of 750*l.*, is more probably of the time of Charles the Bald; for whom another splendid Bible, now in the Bibliothèque du Roi, is believed to have been written, of which a portion is in the Harleian Library. In this rapid sketch we cannot particularise many things; we shall name only a few of sacred subjects. We have already mentioned the Gospels belonging to Æthelstan, and we notice of the same century the Menologium in the Vatican, with illuminations which have been engraved under the auspices of Cardinal Albani, and the Benedictional belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, which was written for S. Æthelwold Bishop of Winchester, and which is fully described by the late Mr. Gage Rokewood in the Archæologia. These are worthy of comparison. The Psalter of St. Louis is in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, and the very splendid Bible of the Anti-Pope Clement VII. (Robert of Geneva) is in the Bibliothèque du Roi. The identical copy of Guiar des Moulix's version of Pierre le Mangeur's Biblical History, which was found in the tent of John king of France at the battle of Poictiers, is in the British Museum, and also the copy which belonged to his son the Duke of Berry. The 'Hours' of this Duke of Berry are in the Bibliothèque du Roi. Sir John Tobin, of Liverpool, possesses the famous 'Bedford Missal,' for which he gave 1100*l.* It was written for the Regent Duke of Bedford, brother of Henry V. The same gentleman also purchased for 500 guineas, at Mr. Hurd's sale in 1832, the Breviary which was presented to Isabella of Castille by Fernando de Rojas.* The beautiful Psalter of Henry VI. is in the British Museum; and that which belonged to his father-in-law, René of Anjou, and is said, but on what appear to us insufficient grounds, to have been illuminated by René himself, is in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal at Paris.

* Amongst its many ornaments this MS. contains the arms of the Roxas or Rojas family (*or, five etoiles of eight rays, saltire wise, azure*), with the inscription (we give it in full) 'Dominæ Elizabethæ Hispaniarum et Siciliæ reginæ christianissimæ potentissimæ semper augustæ, supremæ Dominæ suæ clementissimæ Franciscus de Roias, ejusdem majestatis humillimus servus ac creatura, optime de se meritæ hoc breviarium ex obsequio obtulit.' Dr. Dibdin, who describes this volume (Bibl. Decameron, i. pp. clxiii.-clxvii.), mistakes the arms of Rojas for those of France!—'wherein we observe the arms of France quartered on a blue ground'—and reads, or rather prints the latter part of the inscription thus:—'*H... marin.... ex obsequio obtulit.*' Dr. Dibdin fairly gave up the interpretation. Not so the compiler of Mr. Hurd's Catalogue, who thinks 'it may safely be affirmed they conveyed a compliment to Isabella's patronage of Columbus's expedition. King Ferdinand having refused any assistance, Isabella generously supplied the greater part of the outfit. The mutilated words *H.... mariñ.....* furnish the key. The hiatus may probably be filled up nearly thus:—'*H* [*ia*] [*Trans*] *mariñ.* [*ex*] [*F.*],' that is, *Hispaniæ Transmarinæ expeditionis Fautrici ex obsequio obtulit!!*' This equals Jonathan Oldbuck's A.D.L.L. *Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens.*

The

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The 'Hours' which belonged to René, and afterwards to Henry VII., are in this country. One of the finest volumes of this kind, the 'Hours' of Anne of Bretagne, is in the Bibliothèque du Roi; its exquisite illuminations are most faithlessly and coarsely copied in Sommerard's work. Another, certainly by the same hand, and which now is in Mr. Holford's library, formerly belonged to Christofero Madruzzi, Cardinal Bishop of Trent, who is believed to have originated the memorable council held there. The Duke of Devonshire possesses the Missal of Henry VII. The Psalter of Henry VIII. is in the British Museum. The 'Hours' of Charles V. are at Vienna. We might extend this list fifty-fold. We cannot, however, pass over the Sherborne Breviary, in the collection of the Duke of Northumberland at Sion House; the Missal (now in the British Museum) of the Croÿ family, that family so familiarised to us by Walter Scott's Isabelle—a volume richly adorned with miniatures and with a profusion of blazonry quite sufficient to have gratified the vanity of Countess Hameline;—nor two beautiful Missals of Italian art belonging to the Queen, which are valuable not only for their intrinsic merits, but also as tokens of gratitude from the last of the Stuarts—the Cardinal of York—to King George IV.

The names of those who executed the beautiful works which we have mentioned, and others of like nature, have in very few instances been handed down to us. We have already mentioned Bishop Æthelwald. Oderisi d'Agobbio, and Franco of Bologna, are immortalized by Dante;* of Silvestro degli Angeli little more than his name is known. Francesco Veronese and Girolamo dei Libri are known only by the beautiful missal which they adorned for one of the cardinals of the Della Rovere family; and we have not many particulars of the life of Don Giulio Clovio, who, although one of the latest, is yet confessedly the chief amongst all of his art. One testimony to his celebrity is the ready attribution by sciolists of any manuscript, having any pretensions to beauty, to his hand. A small volume, which the Strawberry Hill catalogue said was his work, produced under the auctioneer's hammer about 400*l.* His undoubted works are few. A commentary on St. Paul's Epistles, which he adorned for Cardinal Grimani, is in the museum of Sir John Soane. Mr. Grenville possesses the victories of Charles V., painted by Clovio for Philip II.;

* 'O, diss' io lui, non sei tu Oderisi,
L'onor d'Agobbio, e l'onor di quell' arte
Che alluminare è chiamata in Parisi?
Frate, diss' egli, più ridon le carte
Che penelleggia Franco Bolognese:
L'onore è tutto or suo, e mio in parte.'
Purg. xi. 79.

and

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and a missal by his hand belongs to Mr. Townley of Townley, the head of the ancient Roman Catholic family of that name. It is not known where the volume which he painted for the King of Portugal, and which is elaborately described in William Bonde's work, exists at this time, if indeed it be existing. The splendid but unfinished genealogy of the Kings of Portugal, lately added by the trustees of the British Museum to the National Collection, has been by some persons attributed to him, but there is more reason to believe the paintings to have been done, at least in part, by Simon of Bruges for the Infant Don Fernando. Our readers may judge of the value of such productions by the fact that this genealogy, consisting of eleven leaves, is thought to have been cheaply purchased for the sum of 600*l*. Mr. Grenville's Giulio Clovio cost him, we believe, 500 guineas.

We have scarcely space to mention another class of manuscripts: the Venetian Ducali, or codes of instructions given by the senate or pregadj in the name of the Doge to those nobles who were deputed to preside over the various possessions of the seignory. These volumes were generally adorned in a manner according with the rank of the doge and the patrician governor. Three of these ducali were brought from Italy by Mr. Edwards, and attributed by him to Titian, Tintoretto, and Battista Gelotti respectively. They formed part of his library sold in London in 1815. We know not who now possesses them. When we consider the numerous volumes of this kind which, during a long series of years, were adorned for the numerous governors of the numerous dependencies of the Venetian republic, their great rarity is only to be accounted for by the system of secrecy observed by that government. It is probable that these volumes were restored by the various podestàs and capitani at their return from their offices to the archives of the seignory, and there destroyed. It is certain that they were not sold, like our own Exchequer documents, to a fishmonger by the ton weight. On this supposition only can we account for the fact that not more than fifty, between the years 1360 and 1700, so far as we can learn, are known to exist—yet the state archives have been brought to the light of day, the great families have been ruined, and their libraries dispersed. Count Daru mentions only fifteen. The British Museum possesses twenty-eight, the Bibliothèque du Roi (according to Daru and Professor Marsand) thirteen, Sir Thomas Phillipps six, Mr. Grenville one. We know of one only at Cambridge, and we do not think that the Bodleian possesses more than two or three.

Before noticing the more modern illustrations, we must not omit to mention one mode (and that but little known to us moderns) of conveying information by pictorial representations on walls.

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walls. We cannot undertake to particularise all these modes, but they well deserve a more enlarged space than we can afford to give here. We will allude to one subject only, that of geography; to the painted maps described by Eumenius,* the Peutinger Tables (which we know only by a comparatively modern copy), the maps in the king's chamber at Westminster, the Hereford map, and the paintings to illustrate the voyages of the fratelli Zeni in the Sala dello Scudo at Venice. This taste, perhaps the necessity for its indulgence, has gone by: we do not expect to see Parry's voyages or Burnes's travels depicted in Her Majesty's robing room, in the new Houses of Parliament.

It is quite foreign to our purpose to enter at length into the origin and history of engraving, or to discuss the priority of this or that woodcut, or the relative authority or credulity of Papillon, Heinecken, or Ottley. With regard to the woodcuts 'illustrative' of the History of Alexander, and said by Papillon to have been executed in the year 1286 by a twin brother and sister of the name of Cunio, we cannot but agree (in spite of all that has been urged by Ottley and Zani) with Heinecken and those who believe the whole to be a fable. Were it not for the fact that Papillon had been insane, we should not hesitate to call it an impudent forgery. It is certain, however, that engravings of some sort, or illustrations, were not merely coeval with printing, but even preceded it:—the block books, as they are termed, being amongst the first. The 'Biblia Pauperum,' whose every leaf is now worth a bank note, was the Pictorial Bible of the middle of the fifteenth century; and the 'Speculum Sacerdotum,' which purported to be a help to 'pauperes prædicatores,' may be considered typical of 'Simeon's Skeletons of Sermons,' intended for the same *useful* purpose. The history of the art of cutting in wood and copper has its interest—but that interest is not general.

It is equally foreign to our purpose, and far beyond the limits of a review, to enumerate the individual books which have been put forth with illustrations during the four centuries wherein the arts of printing and engraving have flourished conjointly. Neither are the various epochs of improvement, if indeed improvement there be to any great extent, so marked as to enable us to point out to our readers those signs or instances by which they may be

* Videat præterea in illis porticibus juventus et quotidie spectet omnes terras, et cuncta maria, et quicquid invictissimi principes urbium, gentium, nationum aut pietate restituunt, aut virtute conficiunt, aut terrore devincunt. Siquidem illic, ut ipse vidisti, credo, instruendæ pueritiæ causâ, quo manifestius oculis discerentur quæ difficilius percipiuntur auditu, omnium cum nominibus suis locorum situs, spatia, intervalla descripta sunt, quicquid ubique fluminum oritur, et conditur, quacumque se litterorum sinus flectunt, qua vel ambitu cingit orbem vel impetu irrumpit oceanus.' —*Eumenii Æduensis Oratio pro instaurandis scholis Mœnianis*, cap. xx. ed. Arntzenii, tom. i. p. 225.

judged

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judged of. Our chief boast may be the great facility with which tens of thousands of copies are produced in cases where a few hundreds only in the earlier times were either made or needed. We have said that no modern printer has excelled the Mazarine Bible. Has any woodcutter excelled Albert Durer? Have any 'Illustrations' to Dante yet appeared which, save Flaxman's outlines, excel those by Botticelli or Baldini in the Florence Dante of 1481? Yet this is the second book published with engravings. Can a higher tribute have been paid to the illustrations of a book than that, from their great beauty, they should for a long time and by many writers have been attributed to Raffaelle, and that this opinion can be refuted only by the fact of Raffaelle's youth at the time when the book was published? What modern designer, what modern engraver but would feel flattered were such work his own? Yet this book—the *Hypnerotomachia of Poliphilo*, by Francesco Colonna—was published in 1499, when Raffaelle was but sixteen years of age.* If profusion be a test of modern excellence, what work can be said to excel the 'Perils and adventures of the famous hero and knight Tewrdanncths,' printed in Nuremberg in 1517?† In modern 'illustrated books' we have often recognised designs and engravings as having come under our observation before; having appeared on the table as 'pièces de résistance,' we have met with them hashed up in an annual or in some *rifacciamento*, peppered highly to excite the languid appetite of the cloyed literary public. Even here, even in the abuse of art, our forefathers excelled us. We copy even their faults. Jonathan Oldbuck says,

'I conceive that my descent from that painful and industrious typo-

* From this we must except maps and charts, which down to a surprisingly late period remained of very rude and inaccurate design and execution. Compare any isolario of the Mediterranean formed in the eighteenth century with that fine specimen of marine surveying, the map of the North Sea, published by the Admiralty, under the care of Capt. Beaufort, from the surveys of the lamented Capt. Hewitt, finished after his death by Capt. Washington.

† This work is an allegorical poem on the marriage of the Emperor Maximilian I. (*Tewrdanncths*, or 'Noble Thoughts') with the Princess Maria of Burgundy (*Ernreich*, or 'Rich in Honour'): it is dedicated to Charles V., by Melchior Pfintzing, chaplain to the emperor, who declares that he witnessed all the marvellous deeds narrated, and who is generally believed to be the author, though some writers have ascribed it to the emperor himself. The volume is a most splendid specimen of the art of printing, 'par rapport aux caractères extraordinaires avec lesquels le texte y est imprimé; caractères ornés de traits hardis entrelacés les uns dans les autres, et qui figurent d'une manière merveilleuse une belle écriture allemande.' It was long a matter of question whether the work were printed from metal types or from wooden blocks, but from accurate collations it is now proved that types were used. The woodcuts are of extraordinary beauty, and were executed by Hans Schaeufflein, whose initials (with his *rebus*, a baker's peel, *Schaüfflein*) are on several of the engravings. Some of them have been attributed to Hans Burgkmair, the pupil and friend of Albert Durer. Of this magnificent book the Earl of Ashburnham, the Earl Spencer, and the Right Hon. T. Grenville, and some others, possess copies printed on vellum.

grapher

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grapher Wolfrand Oldenbuck,* who, in the month of December, 1493, under the patronage, as the "Colophon" tells us, of Sebastian Scheyter, and Sebastian Hammermaister, accomplished the printing of the "Great Chronicle" of Nuremberg—I conceive, I say, that my descent from that great *restorer of learning* is more creditable to me as a man of letters than if I had numbered in my genealogy all the brawling, bullet-headed, iron-fisted, old Gothic barons since the days of Crenthemiuach-cryme—not one of whom, I suppose, could write his own name.'

We doubt if the laird of Monkbarns would have made this boast, had our learned friend Mr. Maitland's 'Papers on Sacred Art'† appeared. He would have been startled at hearing that the 'great restorer of learning,' from whom he claimed to descend, had caused one and the same wood-cut head to represent in succession Hosea —Sadoch—Scipio Africanus the younger—Antonio de Butrio, a Bolognese jurisconsult of the fifteenth century—and Nicolò Perotti, the conclavist of Cardinal Bessarion, who by his simplicity lost his master the popedom, himself a cardinal's hat. He would find one set of features—literally speaking, one *block-head*—used for Zephaniah, Æsop, Philo Judæus, Aulus Gellius, Priscian, and John Wicliff—another for Hector, Homer, Mordecai, Terence, Johannes Scotus, Francesco Filelfo, and sundry others—a third for Eli the priest, Virgil the poet, Arius the arch-heretic, &c. But books with far higher pretensions than the 'Nuremberg Chronicle' were *illustrated* with equal fidelity. In 'Fox's Martyrs,' a book having the odour of sanctity, one wood-cut represents eighteen persons burned by sixes at Brentford, Canterbury, and Colchester respectively, and serves also to depict seven who suffered at Smithfield. The *portrait* of Bishop Farrer answers as well for sundry persons of inferior note. The question whether the martyrologist's text partake or not of this system of repetition, whether the same dialogue, *mutatis mutandis*, occurs more than once or twice, forms no part of our present inquiry.

We know of more modern instances of this conventional portraiture: for example, see Houbraken's heads. The same freak, or rather imposition, has been practised in stone: thus a statue of John Sobieski, King of Poland, trampling on a Turk, was called a statue of Charles II., having under his feet the usurper Cromwell, and was erected to that monarch's honour by Alderman Sir Robert Vyner, Bart. This citizen-like illustration stood on the site of the present Mansion-house. The late Mr. George Chalmers was of opinion that as features, the length or shape of the nose or chin or mouth, and the colour of the hair or eyes, were

* *Antony Koberger* was the real Simon Pure.

† We sincerely hope that these papers, like those on 'The Dark Ages,' will appear in a separate form.

matters

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matters capable of being described, so they were capable of being depicted, and he exemplified his belief by composing, synthetically, a *portrait* of Mary Queen of Scots!—We will not anxiously look out for very modern instances of somewhat similar deceptions; we speak with a tone of caution to those whom it may concern. It is not likely that now, as in the days of the 'Nuremberg Chronicle,' the same engraving will serve to represent Anglia, Troy, Toulouse, Pisa, and Ravenna; but we have *réchauffés—usque ad nauseam.*

For a long time the ornaments or illustrations of printed books were chiefly (we are far from thinking or saying, entirely) confined to representations of actual or material things, such as persons or places, existing or purporting to exist. The more imaginative portion of illustrations may, we think, be considered to arise from a taste which once obtained throughout Europe—that of EMBLEMS, as they were not always correctly termed. Few comparatively of our readers may know that these books are to be reckoned by hundreds, many of them adorned with engravings which, both as regards design and execution, would in the artistic slang of the present day be called 'Gems of Art.' What a sensation would now be made were a work advertised 'with illustrations designed by Il Parmigiano, and engraved by Giulio Bonasone'—even though the book bore the somewhat vague title of 'Symbolicæ Quæstiones de Universo Genere!'* From the nature of these books, their amusing tendency, and consequent frequent destruction by use, often, we have no doubt, by the hands of children, many of them are now very scarce. They form a curious chapter in the history of literature; and we are surprised that they are not a more frequent object of collection by bibliographers and biblio-maniacs. They have their use too in personal history. Most individuals of note, by rank or merit, had their emblem or device, or *imprese,* which served them often in lieu of a name, still oftener in lieu of arms, when, in the case of ignoble birth, arms could not, as now, be 'found to any name,' by any seal-engraver. In England we had several writers of verses to emblems. Whitneys, and Withers and others are not very generally known; but who does not remember 'Quarles' Emblems,' with all the quips and quiddities, and withal—the absurdities—contained therein? Quarles owed a vast deal to the *Pia Desideria* of Herman Hugo, a Jesuit, one of the most popular books of its class. Other subjects than religion had their emblems. Otho Vænius put forth *Emblemata Horatiana,* where Horace's text is spiritualised to absurdity, and *parva sapientia* is

* See Roscoe's account of Achilleo Bocchi, in his Leo X., cap. xvii.

figured

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figured as a baby. Minerva, armed *cap-a-pie*, and bearing an ægis and spear! The most complete collection which we ever saw of these books of emblems was that formed by the late Duke of Marlborough, whilst Marquess of Blandford, and living at Whitenights. That collection is now dispersed. We hope some day to give our readers a separate article on 'Emblems.'

In the earlier half of the last century* some few editions of a few books, as Milton, Shakespeare, the 'Spectator,' &c., were published, having each a few plates from designs by such artists as Hayman and Wale, and others unknown to fame, and deserving none. They have this merit in common with the old illuminators, that they represent faithfully the costumes and manners of the times. Once, we believe, and once only, Hogarth designed a merely ornamental or imaginative subject for a volume. His plates to 'Kirby's Perspective' are real illustrations. In the last century, too, existed a taste of which we know few modern instances, that of books printed entirely from intaglio or from engraved plates. Such were a 'Horace,' by Pyne, and a 'Virgil,' by Justice, now only met with in the collections of the curious: the former was not devoid of merit in its illustrations. A Prayer Book was also engraved by Sturt, having no other merit than that, if it be any, which arises from the difficulty of execution. Sturt was a *painful* artist. There is in his book a portrait of George I., composed of the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Decalogue, and sundry Psalms. He has also reproduced the old but always ludicrous error of the 'beam' in the eye, represented as a log of wood, at the least six feet long! In the last century, too, some books were published, which may bear comparison with any of the present day. We may instance the 'Voyages Pittoresques,' particularly that of Naples and Sicily by Saint Non, a book well and splendidly illustrated, but sadly disfigured by *immondices*,† most needlessly as well as offensively introduced. In the case of our own country we may instance 'Cook's Voyages,' and the truly magnificent plates with which, by the wise liberality of the Government, they were enriched.

In the latter part of the last century a great change—a marked improvement over the Haymans and Wales, *et id genus omne*—took place. There flourished at the same time Bartolozzi and Cipriani, and—a host in himself—the late Charles Stothard, R.A.,

* We do not mean to be understood as implying that no books had plates before this time. But we are not making a catalogue. One of the most beautiful books we ever saw was a copy of the first edition of Jeremy Taylor's 'Life of Christ,' with 'brilliant impressions in the first state' of the plates engraved by Faithorne.

† We must caution all parents against buying, without previous examination, any of the French 'illustrated' editions, even of their standard authors. The artists appear to wander willingly from their subjects in order to seek for dirt. Even their more scientific books are not free from this plague-spot.

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a truly English artist—one to whom little justice is done in this respect. Even his industry was remarkable, and could we enumerate the plates engraved from his designs, the numbers would, we think, astonish our readers. Many of his designs, engraved by the elder Heath for Harrison's 'Novelist's Magazine,' are of great beauty, though but little known. This magazine is a work of twenty-three closely-printed royal octavo volumes! We cannot pretend to recount or even to know the existence of all the books which now swarmed with illustrations. Shakespeare and the 'British Classics' (here understood to mean writings originally ephemeral), and the 'British Poets' and the 'British Theatre,' were all published in an 'illustrated' form by Bell, and Cooke, and others, we believe, of whom we never heard nor care to hear. The editions, however, published by Sharpe of the 'Classics' and 'Poets,' are far beyond the others in taste and beauty—nay, we think them not equalled by any which have since appeared. The beauty of these books rendered it not beneath the dignity of any artist to engage in similar objects, and there are few who have not fleshed their pencils in 'illustrations.' The greatest, and also the most industrious, of living geniuses in art, Turner, has, we believe, allotted a space of every day for many years past to the execution of small drawings for the 'illustration' of books. He is said to receive 25 guineas for the smallest; but the booksellers often get more than that price for the drawing from a collector, after their own purpose has been served.

At last arose the rage for Annuals, and for a time Art lay prostrate at the feet of Nonsense. We cannot think of criticising the Annuals—happily they are nearly extinct. ONE MILLION STERLING has, at the least estimate, been wasted on their production. Oh, that our readers could see—as we have seen—all the Annuals which, from the rise to the decline and fall of the imbecile mania, have appeared—in one small space of, perhaps, 8 feet by 6 feet—and moralize as we have done upon the public taste! That taste has of late been venting itself in part in Art-unions, not the most objectionable of safety-valves; but this, it seems, is now closed by the fiscal hand of government. We wait to see the next direction of the pictorial energy.

'Illustration,' as now used by booksellers and printsellers, is incapable of being defined. Every engraving, every woodcut, every ornamented letter, however meaningless, however absurd, is an illustration; and provided such things are rather numerous in proportion to the extent of the work, it is forthwith dubbed 'an illustrated edition,' and the public are good-natured enough to buy it. Now a history may be well called illustrated when, as in the case of accurate views or authentic portraits,

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portraits, the pictured representation conveys to the mind a more clear and accurate knowledge than any verbal description could by any possibility communicate—when a single glance of the eye will at once impress on the mind that accurate idea of form which it is impossible for a blind person to obtain. A book of natural history is defective in one of its main objects when it wants such illustrations. It appears from Pliny (xxv. 2. 4) that Greek botanical works usually had the plants copied on the margin; and we have no doubt his own book had similar 'illustration' when first published.* Were the rule always followed, how much of technical phraseology, compounded of a vile jargon, partly Greek, partly Latin, partly of some modern language with Latin inflections (in fact *macaronic*), partly derived from names of nobodies or noodles, would be spared, and how much more accurate would be our knowledge. We should be curious to see the best representation made by the most learned naturalist from the most laboured technical description of an object which he had never seen. A classic or ancient author of any kind may be illustrated by coins or figures of any antiquities, as nearly as possible contemporary with the writer. What imaginary figures by Prado or Villalpandus would impress us so strongly as the representations, no doubt drawn from the actual objects, on the triumphal arch of Titus, of the sacred utensils of the Temple at Jerusalem?

We altogether except against the mixture of the real with the imaginary, and calling the latter as well as the first, 'Illustrations of the Bible.' Why place in the same category the figures on the Arch of Titus, the views of places mentioned in Scripture, the Jewish coins—and (as in the 'Pictorial Bible') the Death of Sisera after N. Poussin, who with truly French taste has represented the Canaanite Captain as a Roman Centurion—the 'repentance of Israel,' after Canova; or 'Prudence,' after Sir Joshua Reynolds? All Gravelot's, and Cochin's, and Boudard's Iconologies might, with equal right, have been introduced. In Westall's Illustrations to the Bible, figures may be seen, the exact counterparts of those in his Illustrations of the 'Lady of the Lake.' Macklin's edition of the Bible, on which vast sums were spent, is one mass of pictorial absurdity, unmingled with any redeeming quality of truth or probability, and where the labour of the most skilful engravers has been wasted on designs unworthy of their talents. The 'Family Bible' of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has 'Illustrations,' which are of as little use as those in Macklin's edition, and which excel them only in being copied from better pictures — chiefly by the ancient

* See the English version of that very valuable manual of lore, and at the same time most entertaining tale, the 'Gallus' of Professor Becker (Lond. 1844), p. 244.

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masters as they are called. We rather doubt their tendency to promote Christian knowledge. It is often very difficult to ascertain with truth the scope of a picture: thus in the National Gallery is a picture by Claude le Lorrain, described as 'Sinon brought before Priam;' but how it could be supposed to 'illustrate' the lines—

> 'Ecce, manus juvenem interea post terga revinctum
> Pastores magno ad regem clamore trahebant,'

we know not. The 'pastores' are helmed warriors! the 'juvenis' between them is offering water! It has been claimed, and justly, as illustrative rather of David, at the cave of Adullam, with the three mighty men 'who brought him water out of the well of Bethlehem.' We are not about to discuss the propriety or impropriety of painting subjects from Scripture, nor generally the errors—the flagrant errors—committed by painters of such subjects—nor the merits of such paintings, old or new, by living artists or by the great masters. We speak only as to the impropriety of their introduction as 'illustrations,' which, if the term mean anything as generally used, implies something which tends to explain or throw light upon the text. So with any history: what light is thrown upon Hume's text by the magnificent nonsenses in Bowyer's edition? a book as superb and as useless, and as devoid of real beauty as Macklin's Bible. It outrages all probability, and sets at defiance all consistency in manners and costume. The 'Pictorial History of England' has at least this merit—we say this, because we never have read, probably never shall read, the work*—that it gives very numerous, and, so far as we can judge, accurate representations of persons, and things, and that a great proportion of the cuts are real illustrations of the text. In biography how much is the interest we feel enhanced by portraits and representations of places; but even here, where the opportunities for committing absurdities appear to be so few, what instances of every kind do we not meet with? We have now on our table Clarke and M'Arthur's 'Life of Lord Nelson,' a book published with every advantage of patronage, royal and official. We pass over the questionable taste shown in many of the plates, and we will give the words of the authors themselves —*Arcades ambo*—in explanation of the *allegory* which faces the title-page of the first volume. The design—alas! for the Royal Academy—is by one of their Presidents—Benjamin West—we hope the 'description' was not also contributed by him—

'The leading point in the picture represents Victory presenting the

* We *have* read the same publisher's 'London'—and in it there is a great deal of interesting reading, as well as a world of apposite wood-cuts. It is a capital 'parlour-window book.'

dead

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dead body of Nelson to Britannia after the battle of Trafalgar, which is received from the arms of Neptune, with the trident of his dominions and Nelson's triumphant flag. Britannia sits in shaded gloom, as expressive of that deep regret which overwhelmed the United Kingdom at the loss of so distinguished a character. In the other parts of the picture are seen the concomitant events of his life. The Lion, under Britannia's shield, is represented fiercely grasping the tablets with beaks of ships, on which are inscribed his memorable battles; and the sons and daughters of the Union are preparing the mournful sable to his memory. At a distance on the left is represented the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds." The winged boys round his body are emblematic that the influence of Nelson's genius still exists; other figurative and subordinate parts are introduced to give harmony and effect to the whole composition.'

Southey truly says, 'the daisies and dandelions of eloquence are strewed here with profusion;' we wish that we had room for the whole of his comment.*

For books of Travels of course the proper mode of illustration is obvious. We do not wish for fanciful embellishments—let us have as nearly as may be the real reflection of what the traveller sees. It would be endless to enumerate the excellent performances of our own time in this way. The designs of Mr. Brockedon for Italy and the Alps—those of the late Lord Monson for the south of France—and those of Mr. Roberts for Egypt and the Holy Land, occur to us as among the most satisfactory; but in these cases the letter-press is trifling in relation to the prints. What a pity that the beautiful drawings executed by, or at all events under the inspection of Bruce during his travels, and now in the possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. Cumming Bruce, should never have been engraved! They represent many splendid architectural remains which since that day have entirely disappeared.

In illustrating poetry or works of fiction, the artist may be as imaginative and his fancy as unbridled as the poet's own: he has only to avoid the commission of solecisms or palpable incongruities. Above all things it is necessary that he should clearly un-

* Nelson has been singularly unfortunate in his illustrators: the monument to his memory in Guildhall has been aptly described as 'a woman crying over a bad shilling;' that in St. Paul's is somewhat better, but—that in Trafalgar Square! We suppose that it is intended at some future time to perform, but we know not by what means, upon the dwarfish column the same operation as on the *Penelope* frigate—to cut it in half and to insert 30 feet of additional length in order that its proportions may be just. Even the armorial bearings granted to his family in illustration of his services might be supposed to have been designed by West and blazoned by Clarke and M'Arthur. Read—and honour duly the Heralds' College of 1805!—

'Or, a cross patonce sable surmounted by a bend gules, thereon another bend engrailed or, charged with three hand grenades sable, fired proper; over all a fess wavy azure, inscribed with the word "Trafalgar" in letters of gold; a chief (of augmentation) wavy argent, thereon waves of the sea, from which issuant in the centre a palm-tree between a disabled ship on the dexter, and a ruinous battery on the sinister, all proper!!'

 derstand

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derstand his author. Were we illnatured, we could point out many ludicrous instances arising from misapprehension of the meaning of a passage; one shall suffice by way of caution. We have before us Gray's Elegy, and the first line of the epitaph at the end,

'Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,'

is *illustrated* by the figure of a gentleman in full dress black lying —Lord Herbert of Cherbury fashion—(or, as Partridge would say, ... 'patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi,') and literally 'resting his head' upon a sod of turf for a pillow!

Sundry new books of this class are very beautiful, abounding in engravings on copper and steel and wood, and in some instances printed in colours. Mr. Owen Jones's exquisite Arabesques from the Alhambra formed appropriate ornaments for a book of Spanish Ballads; but we have since seen the same sort of *illustrations* embroidering pages for which cartouches from the tombs of Memphis would have been quite as suitable. We daily witness abominations of this sort, and we would earnestly press upon artists the necessity of preserving congruity, of using a fit thing at a fit time for a fit object, and not to consider that the merely positive beauty of anything renders its introduction always desirable. Its relative beauty must be also considered. We would have them avoid such errors as architects, for instance, have committed in putting, as in Regent-street, the choragic monument of Lysicrates as the steeple of a church, or in St. Pancras, the Erectheium as a vestry-room, or in the 'City' the Temple of Ceres at Tivoli to round the corner of the Bank. The works of Moore have received, as they deserve, great variety of illustration, chiefly, and as necessarily arising from the nature of his writings, imaginative. The scenes as well as the persons and machinery of 'Lalla Rookh' and the 'Loves of the Angels' are imaginary, and the artist may indulge his fancy to the utmost in the creation of ideal beauty without fear of transgression, save in departing from the words that burn in Moore. Rogers, gifted with exquisite taste in art as in poetry, has had the singular felicity of will and power to choose the illustrations to his own poems. They are too well known and valued to want commendation from us. Byron and Scott are alike in this, that they give ample scope both for real and ideal illustration, and the opportunity has not been lost. We do not speak of all the portraits of all the Ianthes and all the Die Vernons, beautiful as many of the personifications of Byron and Scott's heroines are, any more than we do of all the Hamlets and Ophelias, all the Tom Joneses and Sophias. But is it possible to read Byron without wishing to see the scenes he describes? and if that wish be strong in our minds with regard to Byron, whose

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whose interests lie abroad—in fact are foreign—how far stronger is it in the case of Scott, whose thoughts, and words, and scenes come home to ourselves—to England—to Scotland; and in Scott it is not poetry only but prose also which enchants; we wish to see before us not only where

'———huge Ben Venue
Down to the lake his masses threw;'

not only where

'The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake
Floats double—swan and shadow'—

but also Bothwell Brig, where stern Balfour of Burley fought, Lochleven where Mary was confined, and Preston Pans where Colonel Gardiner was killed. It is this minute illustration, this transporting of ourselves to the actual locality of the scene that interests us, which makes us value as we do the Abbotsford edition of Scott. It is no fancy when we say that we understand him better in this edition, as the cuts—in general—we regret to say not uniformly—do really illustrate the text. How is it that a representation of the locality of the scenes of Shakespeare* does not in general so much interest us? Is it because, when reading 'Romeo and Juliet,' we are satisfied (let some biographers dream and say as they please) that Verona was as little known to him as 'Sarra in the londe of Tartarie' was to Chaucer? It has been attempted to fix the scene of the 'Tempest' at Lampedusa. Would it help us in any way to obtain a more accurate perception of the poet's meaning, or quicken our own imagination, if we gazed on the best pictorial illustrations of the island? Does Savorgnano's account of Cyprus in 1569-71, the time when Othello is feigned to have been there, help us in any degree to understand Shakespeare, or does it in any way interest us? We feel differently respecting Herne's oak, and the Cliff at Dover.

Even new novels now-a-days come out with their 'illustrations'—and the prints are in some cases much more meritorious than the text. We do not allude, of course, to Mr. Dickens (though some of his works have been very lucky in the adjuncts)—nor to those lively Irish drolleries (cleverly illustrated as they are) of 'Charley O'Malley,' 'Tom Burke of Ours,' &c. &c.

Five lustres since and a book, Smith's 'Antiquities of Westminster,' was advertised as possessing (apparently its greatest merit then) '*the* stone plate,' a solitary specimen of lithography.

* We are glad to see that the affectation of writing 'Shakspere' is subsiding almost as rapidly as it arose groundlessly. 'Shakspeare' was bad enough. Mr. Charles Knight must forgive us—we think as highly as ever of much that he has done for our great poet; and wish him all success in the very useful 'Concordance,' of which two numbers have reached us. It seems done on a most judicious plan, and with exemplary care.

Need

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Need we say to what an extent lithography is carried now? To what perfection it is brought is evident by a comparison of the *etchings* of Otto Speckler's designs to the German edition of 'Puss in Boots,' and the lithographed drawings in the English edition. We have now before us perhaps the only specimen of *photography*, strictly speaking, which exists; a *bank note* engraved by the action of light upon metal, and printed in our presence by the common process. Five lustres more, and in what terms may this specimen be mentioned? It opens a strange vision! Coloured and decorative printing, which we remember as existing only in the comparatively rude specimens given in Savage's work, is now brought to great excellence and is common. We have seen some specimens of a proposed work by Mr. Humphreys, on illuminated manuscripts, which have surprised us by the accuracy of their execution and the effect obtained by merely mechanical means.

ILLUSTRATION is now about to be practised on a gigantic, at least upon a national, scale. We are to have a *pictorial history* of England on the walls of the houses of parliament. In the name of all the unities we hope and trust that no gross anachronisms, no real absurdities, may be perpetrated in fresco by any youth of twenty-two, or of the maturer age of forty-two, or of the too ripe age of sixty-two. Let us at the least avoid the errors of the French Versailles.* Let us not represent the 'naked Picts' in 'painted vests.' In the very proper, most proper, wish to obtain excellence in art, let us not shock common sense. We know that we are not likely again to be presented with ceilings and walls

'Where sprawl the gods of Verrio and Laguerre;'

but we are naturally fearful that excellence of design or richness and depth of colour may be allowed to cover defects. We have, however, great confidence in some of the commission.

Some fifty, or sixty, or seventy years since, an offer was made by the members of the Royal Academy (we are not sure whether in their corporate capacity or as individuals) to paint or illustrate the inside of St. Paul's Cathedral.† The offer was declined, but we know not with certainty upon what grounds. In the fifteenth century Jean Gerson, the Chancellor of Paris, had good reason to object to the introduction of ridiculous pictures into churches; but still they existed in numbers, and of such a nature as, perhaps, to warrant the Genevese reformers in going to extremes, in wishing the destruction of the good or harmless—in fact of all—in order to ensure the destruction of the positively bad. The

* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxi. p. 1.

† The inside of the dome was painted by Sir James Thornhill, and is now in a sad state of dilapidation. His original sketches are still preserved, and might, if necessary, be used in the restoration of the paintings.

Council

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Council of Trent made one good regulation on the subject—the bishops were charged with the responsibility—'Tanta circa hæc diligentia et cura ab episcopis adhibeatur ut nihil inordinatum, aut præpostere et tumultuarie accommodatum, nihil profanum, nihilque inhonestum appareat; cum domum Dei deceat sanctitudo. Hæc ut fidelius observentur, statuit sancta Synodus nemini licere ullo in loco vel ecclesiâ, etiam quo modo libet exemptâ, ullam insolitam ponere vel ponendam curare imaginem, nisi ab Episcopo approbata fuerit.'* We wish that this rule had been so far carried into effect, even in the English Church, that no statue nor monument, even although ordered and approved and paid for by parliament, should have been introduced, as from the nature of some we presume they must have been, into St. Paul's Cathedral, without the sanction of the bishop. We cannot avoid the expression of our wish that they might be transferred as so many 'Illustrations' to the new houses of parliament, unquestionably the fitter receptacle for monuments to the praise and glory of man, for such undoubtedly and properly, in their nature, they are. One more instance of 'Illustration,' and we close this paper. A short year since and a church, we will not name its locality, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was re-opened. Some stained windows had been added. The circular of the vicar stated, that 'the eastern window of this church, now completed with stained glass, is designed to *illustrate* the service for Trinity Sunday. The centre opening has reference principally to the Lessons, the side openings to the Gospel and Epistle.' The canon of the Tridentine Council might have been useful here. These are not the 'Illustrations' we want.

ART. VII.—*Maria Schweidler die Bernstein-hexe, der interessanteste aller bisher bekannten Hexenprocesse, herausgegeben von* W. Meinhold, Doctor der Theologie, und Pfarrer.—(*Maria Schweidler, the Amber Witch: the most interesting Trial for Witchcraft yet known.* Edited by W. Meinhold, Doctor of Divinity and Parish Priest.) Berlin, 1843.

IF this little work be genuine, it is undoubtedly, as it announces itself, the most interesting of all those strange trials for witchcraft, so absorbing, and sometimes so inexplicable, which occur at a certain period in almost every country in Europe; if it be a fiction, it is worthy, we can give no higher praise, of De Foe. The editor, as we understand, is or was the pastor of Coserow, in Usedom, an island on the coast of Pomerania, separated from the mainland by

* Sess. xxv. Decretum de invocatione, veneratione, et reliquiis Sanctorum et sacris imaginibus.

a channel

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a channel of no great width. Dr. Meinhold professes to have found the manuscript in a manner by no means improbable, yet rather too like that which the author of Waverley, as well as many others of inferior name, have been so fond of playing off upon us. It was brought to him by his sexton (Kuster) out of a niche or closet in the church, where it had long lain hid among a heap of old hymn-books and useless parish accounts. The sexton had been in the habit of tearing a leaf or two out of it whenever the pastor, as on the present occasion, wanted a piece of loose paper. But even in the account of the discovery there is a quiet circumstantiality so like truth as almost to lull the suspicions arising out of our familiarity with these common artifices. 'I thought at first,' says the editor, 'to throw the story of my Amber Witch into the form of a novel; but luckily I soon said to myself, Why should I do so? Is not the history itself more interesting than any novel can be?'

The worthy pastor has judged wisely. We have read nothing for a long time in fiction or in history which has so completely riveted and absorbed our interest as this little volume of about 300 pages. Though the language in which it is written, the low German of Pomerania, mingled, as our editor informs us, with some idioms of Swabia (from whence he supposes his predecessor, Pastor Schweidler, to have originally come), embarrassed us considerably—it was impossible to lay the book down. We could scarcely pause to look out the meaning of uncommon or provincial words. Nor was it the mere curiosity to know the end, which in our younger days held us breathless over volume after volume of indifferent romance, but which we have now lost from the fatal certainty of conjecture acquired by our confirmed and insatiate bad habit of novel-reading. This unerring divination enabled us to see the catastrophe of some of the Waverley novels, even, it might seem, before the author had settled it himself; and makes us bear with patience the month that elapses between the separate numbers of Dickens; howbeit that gentleman so far abuses his privilege as to leave us in the middle of a murder. That prophetic tact, which in ordinary cases discerns at once the parentage of all ambiguous children, assorts the couples with as much confidence as if we had heard their banns published, and brings home his crimes to the villain of the romance with a fine dexterity, which might move the envy of Vidocq himself, is certainly kept in rare suspense by the catastrophe of the 'Amber Witch.' But this is far from its greatest attraction; it is rather the apparent genuineness, to which at times we have been tempted to pledge ourselves, the singular truth and reality of the whole detail, the absolute life-like nature of every circumstance, of every action and every word, the succession of minute, quiet, unlaboured touches, with the exquisite homely beauty of the leading

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leading characters, the Pastor and his daughter, their piety, their charity, their affection, their virtue so quaintly blended with their weaknesses and superstitions.—All this is the unrivalled charm throughout this little book, incommunicable, we fear, in any translation—we are quite sure in any brief abstract we may be enabled to give in our journal. Who could translate it? Scarcely even Mrs. Austin. The somewhat antiquated and provincial language, with its odd pedantic scraps of Latin, is a part of its truth and actuality, and could hardly be preserved by a translator, unless by uncommon care and felicity, without harshness and affectation.

The Pastor himself, good old Abraham Schweidler, reminds us of the Vicar of Wakefield, with a touch, it may be, of his namesake the worthy Mr. Adams, and perhaps of Manzoni's Don Abbondio—but his life is cast in much ruder times, and in a much simpler state of society. The daughter strikes us as perfectly original; we must not anticipate the developement of her character, which will appear in our brief outline of the story, but we know scarcely any maiden in history or romance at once so ideally beautiful, yet so completely akin to our common sympathies; at once so admirable in all her trials, yet so mere a village girl, with a girlish love of fine clothes, a sort of pretty pedantry characteristic of the times, and a heart ready to yield itself up unrestrained to a virtuous passion.

But, as we hinted above, the whole cast of the story, be it real or imaginary, is more like De Foe; though what it is which constitutes this likeness, whence the peculiar truthfulness which they possess in common, it is not so easy to define. As in De Foe, every person is an actual individual, every place an actual place. There is not an abstract personage, not a mute, or a man merely designated by his trade, occupation, or office. Everybody is introduced by name, and though we never heard the name before, we seem almost to recognise an old acquaintance, so completely and instantaneously do his words and actions let us know all about him. We have not the slightest doubt, not merely of his existence, but of his being that one individual. The beadle is not merely the real beadle of Coserow, but Jacob Knake and no one else. The Pastor Benzenzis is like old Abraham Schweidler, yet not old Abraham. So likewise there is no description of places, yet we have every locality with all its minute particulars at once before us. If there be a part of the world of which we were utterly ignorant, it is the coast of Pomerania, yet just as we know more about old London from De Foe's 'History of the Plague,' and of low London life from his 'Colonel Jack,' than from pages of antiquarian lore, so from this little book, in which there is not a line of *description*, we think we know the Streckelberg, the way to it, its

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its juniper-bushes, its caverns, and its sea-shore, certainly far better than if we had studied the best geographical treatise or local guide. This book has no 'illustrations'—and it needs none.

It is time, however, to come to our story. The scene lies in the island of Usedom, at the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. This was the period in which the belief in witchcraft was most profound and undoubting. Horst indeed in that strange compilation, his 'Zauber Bibliothek,' says 'that from about 1610 to 1660, in the German Protestant countries, chiefly in the smaller states, the free cities, and the towns and villages under the jurisdiction of the military orders, and the co-hereditary districts (ganerblichen ortschaften), the greatest number of witches were burned. This was the case at the same time in the German Catholic provinces. It was as if the two churches, at this period of the highest excitement, in the midst of the unspeakable miseries of the Thirty Years' War, rivalled each other in holy zeal against the Devil and his sworn adherents the poor witches.'—vol. ii. p. 149. We believe that Dr. Meinhold is in the right that in Germany at least the Protestant were worse in this respect than the Catholic districts, as if the people sought to compensate to themselves for the superstitions which they had abandoned, and the indelible love of persecution which clung to their yet unenlightened hearts, by their more undoubting faith in these monstrous inventions, and by burning miserable old women by hundreds. Nothing seems more in favour of the authenticity of this book, or better imagined, if it be a fiction, than the unbounded and unhesitating faith of the whole community as to the actual power of witches, their formal compact, and their intimate intercourse with the Evil One. The only question, as we shall soon see, between the Pastor and his daughter, and some of their enemies, is who was the witch, and who therefore ought to be burned.

The story, it must be understood, is told by Abraham Schweidler, the Lutheran pastor of Coserow; the date, early in the thirty years' war. Some leaves at the beginning of the MS. had been torn out, but luckily the tale commences just at the moment which makes us immediately acquainted with the most important personages. The parish has been suddenly attacked by a troop of imperial soldiers, who, with the wanton barbarity usual in those cruel wars, wasted and destroyed everything. 'Trunks, drawers, cupboards, were all knocked about and broken to pieces; my surplice (priesterhemd) was torn; so that I was in the greatest misery and tribulation.' The pastor had happily concealed his little daughter (mein armes Töchterlein) from these lawless ruffians, who, if an elderly cornet had not interfered, were disposed to insult even Ilse the maid, though she was above 50 years old:—

'I thanked, therefore, my Maker, when these wild guests were off, that

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that I had saved my child from their clutches, although not the least dust of flour, nor the smallest grain of corn, nor a little morsel of meat of a finger's length was left; and I knew not how I should find food enough to keep myself and my poor child alive. *Item* thanked I God that I had hidden the *vasa sacra*, which, with my two churchwardens [Fürsteher]—Henry Seden and Claus Balken of Usteritz—I had buried in the church in front of the altar, consigning them to God's care. But, as aforesaid, suffering bitter hunger, so wrote I to his worship [Se Gestrengen] the justice, properly the lord *Governor* of the district [den Herrn Amtshauptman],* Wittich von Appelmann of Pudgla, that for the sake of God and his holy gospel, he would in such my heavy need and distress, let me have what his Highness's grace, Philippus Julius, had awarded me out of the *præstanda* of the Convent of Pudgla, to wit, 30 bushels of barley and 25 marks of silver, which his worship had to this time never paid. For he was a hard and inhuman man, inasmuch as he despised the Holy Gospel and the preaching of the word, and openly and without shame made a mock at the servants of God,—namely, that they were useless bread consumers, and that Luther had but half cleaned out those hogstyes, the churches. God mend him! But he answered me not; and I should have utterly perished, if Henry Seden had not begged through the parish for me. God of his everlasting mercy reward the honest fellow! He was the while very old, and was sorely plagued by his wicked wife, Lise Kolken. Bethought me, when I married them, it would not turn out over well; seeing that she was in common report for having lived in unchastity with Wittich Appelmann, who was an arch deceiver and a terrible whore-master, such as the Lord never blesses. The same Seden brought me five loaves, two sausages, and a goose, of which goodwife Paasche of Loddin had made him a present; *item* a side of bacon from Hans Tewert the farmer. He must, however, keep it close from his wife, who would have had half of it for herself, and when he refused it, cursed him, and wished him a good headache [kopfgicht, properly gout in the head], whereat in a moment he felt a swelling in his right cheek, which grew thereafter quite hard and very troublesome. At these terrible tidings I waxed wroth, as became a good pastor, and I asked him whether he thought haply that she was in evil intercourse with that wicked Satan, and was a witch. But he held his tongue and shrugged up his shoulders. Bade him then call old Lise, who was a tall, meagre creature, about 60 years old, with glowering eyes that never looked one in the face, and red hair, as her old man also had. But though I admonished her diligently out of God's word, she would not speak, and at length I said, "Will you unbewitch your old man (for I had seen him in the streets through the window maundering along like a madman), or will you that I bring you up before the justice [Obrigkeit]?" She gave in at last, and promised that he should soon be better, and so he was; then begged she that I would give her a little bacon and bread, the while she had had for three days no meat or nourishment between her teeth, except her tongue. My daughter gave her half a loaf and a slice of bacon about two hands

* This is of course untranslateable, like other titles and offices of the age and country.

breadth,

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breadth, which she did not think enough, but muttered within her teeth, whereat my little daughter said, "A'nt you content, you old witch? be off and look after your old man . . . . ." Whereupon she went away, still muttering between her teeth, "I will look after him and you too."'

Nothing but this righteous horror of a witch could provoke the gentle sweetness of the pastor's little daughter, on whom is henceforth centered the whole exquisite pathos of our story. The village is again beset by a troop of imperialists: almost the whole population take refuge in the Streckelberg, a moorland hill near the sea. The pastor, his daughter, and the little children, with whom Maria shares all her food, are concealed in a cavern. The bells are heard ringing strangely, flames are seen rising above the trees; old Paasche is sent up on the hill to see what is going on. He brings word that twenty troopers are riding off, and the whole village in flames. This we fear was too true a picture of these terrible religious wars. That war and religion should ever be named together!! Still more disastrous intelligence arrives. Three or four of the peasants have been shot, and the poor churchwarden, Henry Seden, only escaped by means of his wife. Old Lise here appears again under very suspicious circumstances. She had been seen coming out of the church with the soldiers, and those ruffians had got the two communion cups and patins in their hands. As they passed through the churchyard, she had prevented them from shooting her poor husband, as they had wantonly done the other three. Old Lise swears that she had been forced by the soldiers to open the church; that one of the stones (an arch lie, says our pastor) not being properly fitted, they had begun to dig about with their swords, till they found the plate. The guilt could not, however, be brought home to Lise, who stoutly denied it; and got off with a severe lecture from the pastor. The whole party were utterly without food; Maria had divided already among the children all she had: but Providence sent a large flock of fieldfares into the neighbouring bushes, which they contrive to snare. Ilse, the maid, had volunteered into the village to bring away the mane and the tail of the pastor's old cow, which had died a short time before, to make springes. Pastor Schweidler himself picks up on the road a loaf, which one of the troopers has dropped, and which a raven was pecking. He conceals it carefully, not for his own or his daughter's use, but to '*improve it*' for the spiritual welfare of his flock. We must endeavour to translate the scene of this supper:—

'Quoth I, then, when all was ready, and the people were all sate down upon the ground—now see ye how the Lord yet feeds his people in the wilderness with fresh quails; should he do further, and send us a little

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little bit of manna bread from heaven, would ye ever be weary of believing, and not willingly the rather bear all want, trouble, thirst, and hunger, that he might hereafter lay upon you according to his gracious will? Whereupon they all answered and said, Yea, verily. EGO. Will ye faithfully promise this? Whereupon they said again, Yea, that will we. Then drew I forth, weeping, the loaf from under my waist, lifted it up on high, and cried, Now see, thou poor, believing little flock, what a sweet manna bread our faithful Redeemer hath sent by me. Whereat they all shrieked out, and cried and wept; and the little children all jumped up, and held out their hands, and cried, Me bread! me bread! [miekt brod! miekt brod!] and when I, for trouble of mind, could not pray, I bade Paasche's little girl say the Gratias, the while my Maria cut up the loaf, and gave its portion to each of them. And now we all joyously sate down to the blessed God's meal in the wilderness.'

Our pastor does not forget the prophet Elijah and the ravens—

'As we had at length filled our stomachs with the necessary food, I made a thanksgiving sermon on Luke xii. v. 24, where the Lord says, "Consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap, which neither have storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them; how much more are ye better than the fowls?" But our sins stank before the Lord. For as that old Lise, as I soon found out, had not eaten her birds, for they were not savoury enough for her, but had thrown the same into the juniper bushes, his wrath waxed sore against us, as of old against the people of Israel; and at night we had only seven birds in our springes, and the morrow only two. And no raven come to us again to bring us bread! Wherefore rebuked I old Lise, and admonished the people, to take upon them willingly the righteous chastisement of the Most High God, and to pray the more earnestly.'

We must hasten over the return to the village, the sore distress of the poor pastor at the loss of all his property, of his books—he recovers only a Virgil and a Greek Bible—above all, the loss of the *vasa sacra*. Nothing can be more simple, natural or pathetic than the whole history of their sufferings from famine: at one time he gets a bit of bread from a wandering beggar; at another they obtain a very scanty supply from a neighbouring village which had escaped the plunder of the Imperialists. But his sorest distress at this time is, that he cannot administer the Sacrament to the people, who are earnestly desiring it. In this juncture he ventures to write to the hardhearted Governor (Amtshauptman), entreating him to give him some money to provide for the Holy Sacrament, and to buy a cup, even if it were of tin. The pastor had before made some ink out of the soot of the chimney, and sealed a letter with a little wax found sticking to an old wooden candlestick, which had belonged to the altar, and which the soldiers had not thought worth destroying. He tears out the blank

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blank leaf at the end of his Virgil, his last piece of paper, but unfortunately makes a dreadful and most disrespectful blot with his ink. He sends this letter by his old maid-servant—

'But the poor soul came trembling with terror back, and crying bitterly, and said that his worship had kicked her out of the castle gates [the schloss], and threatened to put her in the stocks if she came again. Did the parson think that he (the justice) would throw about his money as he (the parson) did his ink? They had water enough for the sacrament. The Son of God had once changed water into wine—he might do so again,' &c. &c.

This shocking blasphemy almost overcame the pastor's patience: he assembled the parish, preached on the text of St. Augustine, *Crede, et manducâsti*, 'Believe, and you have eaten.' He showed his flock that it was not his fault that they had not the proper elements; repeated his message to Appelmann, who soon heard that the parson was *preaching at him*. The Great Man makes the whole parish sign a 'protocol' of the sermon, despatches it to the government, and gives out that he will soon provide the parish with a better parson. Poor Schweidler is reduced to the utmost distress: his field of barley, which had been sown by some kind hand, is raked up by some wicked one; the little food he has is spirited away, no doubt through his pitiless foe, Lise Kolken.

We must try to give his utter agony in his own language. He has found out that his daughter has been cutting up fir-bark, pretending to eat it, as bread, in order that her father might be persuaded to take some small share in what they had left. The gentle Maria has fainted for weakness, and Schweidler himself has not strength to cross the room to her. His maid, and his faithful neighbour, old Paasche, try to lift him up. He begs them to leave him alone, and even to take his daughter out of the room, that he may pray.

'This did they, but the prayer would not come. I fell into bitter unbelief and despondency; and I murmured against the Lord that he plagued me more hardly than Lazarus or Job. For, wretch that I was, I cried out, Thou didst leave Lazarus the crumbs that fell from the table, and the pitiful dogs; thou hast left me nothing; and thou didst not chastise Job till thou hadst mercifully taken away his children; but thou hast left me my poor little daughter, that her sorrows may increase mine own a thousandfold. Lo this is why I can pray for nothing more than that thou wouldst speedily take me away from this earth, for gladly would I lay down my grey head in the grave. Woe is me, ruthless Father, what have I done? I have eaten bread and left my child an hungered. O, Lord Jesus, thou that hast said, what man is there of you, that if his children ask him for bread will give him a stone? Lo, I am that man; lo, I am that ruthless father; I have eaten bread and given my daughter wood; punish me, I will bear it, and be still. O my

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my righteous Jesus, I have eaten bread and given my poor daughter wood. As I did not speak this, but shrieked it aloud, wringing my hands the while, my little daughter fell sobbing on my neck, and rebuked me for murmuring against the Lord; for even she herself, though a weak and frail woman, would not in like manner despair of his mercy. So that I soon, through shame and repentance, came to myself again, and humbled myself before the Lord for my sins.'

The maid ran in the meantime shrieking through the village, but they all had eaten their dinners, and were most of them gone out to fish—nothing was to be had. The last hope lay in old Henry Seden, the churchwarden, who steals his wife's pot of broth, and places it under the window. But even in her agony Maria will not touch it; and honest Henry only gets a sound rating, or worse, from his termagant Lise. Old Lise, however, had given Paasche a basin of broth, a sup of which he brings to the parsonage, not letting them know how he got it, and Maria's life is saved by this innocent stratagem.

In his complete desolation the old pastor thinks of leaving his parish, where 'in five years he had had but one wedding and two baptisms, and begging his way to Hamburg, to his brother-in-law Martin Behring, a respectable shopkeeper there.' But Maria thinks it strange that he should think of leaving his home, 'inasmuch as she had hardly ever been beyond the bounds of the parish, and her blessed mother and little brother lay in the churchyard, and who shall make up their graves and plant them with flowers? Then,' proceeds the innocent girl, 'God has given me a smooth face, and what shall I do upon the roads, which are full in these terrible times of soldiers and other wandering vagabonds, with only you, a poor weak old man, to guard me; *item*, how shall we protect ourselves against the cold, for the enemy has stolen all our clothes, so that we have hardly wherewith to cover our nakedness?'

He is rebuked, too, by the stronger faith of the maid Ilse, whom they in vain endeavour to persuade to return to her relations. Ilse pretends to go, but finds she cannot leave them, and they find her next morning at her usual work in the kitchen. She reminds the good pastor of his first sermon; that he had then solemnly said that he would abide by his people in the utmost need, even to his death. They find, also, that some charitable person had stolen into the house by night and left them two loaves, a good bit of meat, a bag of grits, and a bag of salt, at least a bushel.

'One may guess what a cry of joy we all uttered. And I was not ashamed to confess my sins before our maid, and in our morning prayer upon our knees we vowed obedience and faithfulness to the Lord. Thereupon this morning we had a noble breakfast, and sent something out

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out to old Paasche: *item*, my dear daughter let all the little children come again, and fed them tenderly, before any one could speak a word, with our provisions; and as in my heart of little faith I sighed thereat, though I spake nothing, she smiled and said, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." '

The pastor thought that this quotation of his daughter's could be little less than inspired. That very afternoon Maria came dancing home full of joy; she had been on the Streckelberg to gather berries; she had gone down to the sea-shore, and there the sand had been washed away, and she had discovered a large vein of amber of incalculable value. She had brought away such specimens as she could break off and carry. The pastor found himself immediately rich, if he could conceal his treasure from his enemy the Amtshauptman, who would immediately have seized it in the name of the king. Old Abraham and his daughter keep their own counsel about their treasure-trove.

> ' But whom now rob I?—why, the state!—in truth
> Marvellous little owe I this same state.'

Throughout, indeed, they act with considerable shrewdness; they usually visit their treasure by night; they then pack up some large pieces, go to the neighbouring town of Wolgast, sell the amber for what is to them enormous wealth, to certain Dutch merchants, spread about a rumour that they have had a large legacy; and in short are not very scrupulous about the subterfuges to which they have recourse, and somehow do not remember to repent them of these little departures from truth. But who would not forgive them?—They come back to the village with a large quantity of provisions.

' The next morning my daughter divided the blessed bread, and sent every one in the village a good large piece. . . . *Item:* I had notice given throughout the parish that on Sunday I would administer the Holy Sacrament; and in the mean time I bought up all the large fish which had been caught. When now the blessed Sunday came, I first held a confession of the whole parish, and thereupon a sermon on Matt. xv. 32, "I have compassion on the multitude . . for they have nothing to eat." The same I first explained of spiritual food, and there rose a great groaning both among men and women; when at the close I went to the altar, where stood the blessed food for the soul, and repeated the words—"I have compassion on the people, for they have nothing to eat." (N.B. I had borrowed a pewter cup in Wolgast, and bought a little earthen plate for a patin, till the time that Master Bloom should have got ready the silver cup and patin I had ordered.) When I had thereupon consecrated and administered the Holy Sacrament—*item*, spoken the last blessing, and each in silence was praying his "Our father," and was going out of the church—I went back to the confessional seat, and

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and signed to the people to stay, for the blessed Saviour would not only feed their souls but likewise their bodies, seeing that he would always have the same compassion on his folk, as with his people of old by the sea of Galilee; the which they should see. Went then to the tower, and brought out two baskets, which our maid had bought at Wolgast, and I had had conveyed there in good time, placed them before the altar, and took off the cloth with which they were covered, on which there was a loud outcry, inasmuch as they saw one full of broiled fish and the other of bread.' . . .

'After church, when I had put off my surplice, came Henry Seden's glowering-eyed wife, and impudently asked for something more for her husband for his journey to Liepe; moreover she herself had had nothing, seeing she had not been at church. This almost angered me; and I said to her, "Wherefore wert thou not at church? But hadst thou come humbly, thou shouldst have gotten something, but now thou comest so impudently I will give thee nothing. Think what thou hast done to me and my child." But she kept standing at the door, and glowering impudently round the room, till my little daughter took her by the arm and led her out, and said the while, "Hearest thou, thou shalt first come humbly before thou gettest anything, but comest thou so, thou shalt have thy share, for we will no longer reckon with thee an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; that the Lord may do, if such be his good pleasure;—but we will readily forgive you." Whereat at last she went out of doors, in her way muttering within herself, but she spat several times in the street, as we saw out of the window.'

Time passes on—but not without events. A capital ghost-story, which we cannot extract, introduces the pastor to young Rudiger, the handsome heir of Nienkirch, who visits the parsonage now and then. One night he is detained; and as the only bed was Maria's, she was fain to sleep with the maid, and give up her chamber to the youth. This causes a good deal of pretty blushing and confusion, very inexplicable to the worthy parson, and in the morning he is surprised to see his daughter come down to breakfast in the fine red silk gown, and ribands, and apron which she had bought at Wolgast.

Unfortunately soon after, a wolf-hunt throws the innocent Maria in the way of the Governor (Amtshauptman), who takes a great fancy to her, and condescends immediately to offer to take her into his service. She refuses, of course, this perilous promotion; and another day came—

'old Seden's glowering-eyed wife, like a lame dog. . . . . She sets before my daughter whether she would not go into the service of his Honour the Governor, praises him as a religious and virtuous man, vows that all that the world said of him was "stinking lies;" that she could bear witness of it, "for she had been in his service ten years." *Item*, she praised the good living they had there, the handsome beer-money (biergeld) which the great people who often visited there gave to

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the servants who waited on them; that she herself had once received from his excellent Highness, the Archduke Ernst Ludwig, a rose-noble. Moreover, there were many fine young men there, so that it might be her good luck, seeing that she was a pretty kind of girl, to choose whom she would marry; but she might sit in Cosetow, where nobody came, till she was crooked and wrinkled (krumm und dumm), before she got a coif on her head.'

Maria is proof against magnificent temptations; the Governor in vain proposes to her the dignified place of his housekeeper (ausgebersche), and tries to make up a match between her and his huntsman (jager.) Even old Abraham sees plainly enough his base object, though, as he is the magistrate 'set over him by God,' he thinks it right to treat him with the utmost respect. The last time he left the house, indeed, he says, 'that he went, and Satan went with him, as of old with Judas Iscariot.'

So passed the winter; but with the spring the parish of Coserow was disturbed by new misfortunes. The cows began to die in a sudden and unaccountable manner; the pigs followed their example; a woman with child fell down (the parish midwife was just dead, and no one to take her place), and something black, like a bat, came from under her clothes, and flew out of the window. The parson's daughter, being the only maiden of marriageable years in the parish, was in great request. She had to draw out three hairs from the tail of each cow that was seized, and bury them under the manger: she had also some counteracting charm to work for the pigs. That it was all witchcraft no one could doubt, and the whole parish thought that no one but Henry Seden's glowering-eyed wife was at the bottom of all this devil's mischief. But Lise Kolken's cow was seized like the rest, and she was obliged to have recourse to Maria. Suddenly all Maria's healing influence seems to cease; all her attempts are in vain: one cow dies almost under Maria's hands. Kate Berow's pig, which she had bought with the savings of her spinnings, expires in like manner; and the kind girl is so moved, that she promises the poor creature a young pig when her father's sow should have her litter. Lise Kolken's pig went next, and when Maria refused to go any more, as she saw it was of no use, the wretched old hag (we are sorry to say the good parson calls her *teufelshure*) ran about the parish, and said it was no wonder that Maria could no longer do any good to the cattle; that she visited the Streckelberg too often—in short, brought the coarsest accusation against the kind and spotless maiden.

It is true, says honest Abraham, that she was wont to go there, to gather flowers and repeat her favourite lines of Virgil—we forgot to say that Maria was a scholar—in fact, old Abraham had the

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the ambition of making her a second Anna Maria Schurman, the female wonder, the all-accomplished and all-learned Mrs. Somerville of the day—not in natural philosophy, indeed, but in Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac, to say nothing of Greek and Latin. However, he forbade her from going any more, at least to dig for amber:—

'But this thing did she do, albeit she had promised not, and of this disobedience came all our misery. Ah, thou blessed God! what a serious thing is thy holy fourth [fifth] commandment! Honoured John Lampius of Crummin, when he visited me in spring, told me that the Cantor of Wolgast would sell the Opp. St. Augustini, &c.'

Maria heard Lampius make this communication—and the affectionate girl went out at night to dig for amber, in order to make him a present of this much coveted book on his birth-day, 'the 28th of the month of August.'

It so happened that just at this time the young *nobilis*, Rudiger of Nienkirch, rode over to hear all about the parish being bewitched:—

'As I told him the whole, he shook his head in unbelief, and gave it as his opinion that all witchcraft was lies and cheatery; whereat I shuddered violently, seeing that I had thought the young lord to be a wiser man, and now could not but see that he was an atheist! He perceived this, and answered me with a smile, whether I had ever read Johannes Wierus, who would admit nothing about witchcraft, and argued that all witches were melancholy persons, who imagined that they had made paction with the devil, and were more deserving of pity than of punishment. Wherupon I answered, in truth I had not read such a book (*for who can read all that fools write!*), but I showed him that by the testimony of eye-witnesses here and elsewhere, it was a monstrous error to deny witchcraft, inasmuch as a man might just as well deny that there was such a thing as murder, adultery, or theft.'

We have now an amusing episode of the appearance of Gustavus Adolphus—as our friend Dugald Dalgetty calls him, and as he was honoured by all Coserow, the Lion of the North and the Bulwark of the Protestant faith. Good parson Schweidler writes, with infinite labour, eight Latin complimentary verses, with but a false quantity or so, and these lines are recited by his daughter to the king, who is graciously pleased to answer in Latin—*Propius accedas, patria virgo, ut te osculer.* This mark of approbation the gallant monarch no doubt bestowed as condescendingly, and the young lady received not less loyally, than the ladies of Tillietudlem the salute of their youthful monarch. Moreover, Gustavus hangs a gold chain round her neck, and says—'if I return conqueror, *promissum carmen et duo oscula expecto.*'

But this is but a gleam of sunshine before the darkening night. Though the bewitching the cattle seemed to have ceased, other strange circumstances had occurred. Old Henry Seden had

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disappeared under very suspicious circumstances; and now Maria Schweidler's own god-daughter, old Paasche's child, is manifestly possessed. The Rev. Abraham tries, in due form, but with indifferent success, to exorcise her. Unfortunately, Maria had sent her a little cake which her maid Ilse had bought at Wolgast. The good pastor perceives that the parishioners begin to avoid him in a most inexplicable manner—the school is deserted, not a child makes its appearance; and when the blessed Sunday comes there is scarcely a person in the church; the few that appear run away in terror and aversion. This is not all—the faithful Ilse herself, who had clung to them in all their trials of poverty and hunger, begs to be allowed to leave them. Maria entreats her to let her know the reason,—

'But she hid her face in her apron, and sobbed, and could not speak a word: whereupon my daughter lifted up the apron, and stroked her cheek, to make her speak. But when she saw that, she struck away my poor child's hand, and said "Fie!" and spat out before her, and went out of the door. Such a thing had she never done since my daughter was a little baby; and we were both so astounded that we did not speak the least word.'

Maria runs out to call her back, but every one of the villagers hurries away from her; wherever she appears, the school-children cry, cower in the corners, and spit before them, as the maid had done.

The next morning a carriage appeared; the beadle, Jacob Knake, places a warrant in the hands of poor Schweidler, for the arrest of his daughter as a notorious witch. She is carried off to Pudgla, the town where the Governor (Amtshauptman) resides. Old Abraham can only prevail on the beadle to let him accompany her by a handsome *biergeld*. Along the road she is everywhere insulted—as they pass the mill, the miller's lad throws meal-dust upon her. All Pudgla is collected, with cries, 'Is that the witch?' —'Look, look!—the parson witch!—the parson witch!' The Amtshauptman receives them with bitter mockery. 'What! you would not come to my house—and yet you are come!'—He is, however, in private more civil; he takes the poor girl aside, and promises to save her life—upon one condition. On her indignant rejection of his offers, he adds, in a strange and mysterious menace, 'Well, as you have had Satan for a lover, you need not be so nice.' He then endeavours to embrace her, she resents, and in her struggle scratches his face. Old Schweidler, who had crept to the door, breaks in; and the cruel Magistrate threatens to put them into different and foul dungeons. He does not, however, as yet behave with quite so much inhumanity.

The next morning is the first hearing. There arrived from Usedom

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Usedom his worship Herr Samuel Pieper, *Consul Dirigens*—item the Camerarius Gebhard Wenzel, and a scriba, 'whose name I heard, but I have forgotten it. My daughter forgot it too. Seeing she had an excellent memory, she told me the most of what follows, for my poor old head was almost burst, so that I could retain very little.' The father is allowed, as a special favour, to be present at the hearing. The *Consul* asks the *Justice* whether he had put *Rea* in chains; when he said, 'No,' the *Consul* gave him 'such a reprimand as went through my marrow.' 'The door opened, and the beadle entered with my daughter, but backwards, and without her shoes, which she was obliged to leave outside. The brute had seized her by her long hair.' On the first question, whether she knew why she was brought there, she replies that the Amtshauptman had told her father; she then, with perfect modesty and self-command, details the wicked conduct of the Governor towards her—'she therefore will not have him for her judge; and trusts in God that He will deliver her from the hands of her enemies, as He delivered of old the chaste Susanna.'

But the Amtshauptman, with cool effrontery, denies the whole; he declares that it was his little dog who scratched his face. In vain poor Schweidler confirms his daughter's testimony—the Herr Consul *dirigens* is somehow or other completely in the power of the Amtshauptman—the trial proceeds. We must give some part of it:—

'*Quæstio.* Whether she could bewitch (zaubern)?

Responsio. No; she knew nothing of witchcraft.

Q. Whether she could unbewitch?

R. Of that she knew as little.

Q. Whether she had ever been on the Blocksberg? *

R. That was much too far off; she knew no hill but the Streckelberg, where she had often been.

Q. What had she done there?

R. Looked over the sea, or gathered flowers, and sometimes got an apron full of dry brushwood.

Q. Whether she had ever called upon the devil?

R. That had never entered her thoughts.

Q. Whether the devil had ever appeared at her call?

R. God defend her from such a thing.

Q. So she could not bewitch?

R. No.

Q. What happened to Stoffer Zuter his dappled cow, that it had suddenly died in her presence?

R. That she did not know: and it was a strange question.

Q. Then it would be as strange a question how Kate Berow's little pig had died?

* The famous place of witch-meetings in the Hartz mountains.—*See Faust.*

R. Assuredly;

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'*R.* Assuredly: she wondered why any one should lay it to her.

'*Q.* Then she had not bewitched them?

'*R.* No: God defend her.

'*Q.* Wherefore, if she was guiltless, had she promised old Kate another little pig when her sow should litter?

'*R.* She did that out of kindheartedness. [Hereupon she raised herself up and began to cry violently, and said she saw clearly that she had to thank Lise Kolken for all this, for she had often threatened her when she would not gratify her covetous wishes, for she asked for everything she took a fancy to. The same Lise had gone all about the village when the cows were bewitched, telling them that if a pure virgin pulled two hairs out of the cow's tail they would be better. She had pitied them, and, as she knew that she was a pure virgin, she had at first helped them, but latterly had not.]

'*Q.* Whom had she helped?

'*R.* Zabel's red cow, and Witthan's sow, and old Lise's own cow.

'*Q.* Why had she helped them no longer?

'*R.* That she did not know: but she thought, though she did not wish to get any one into difficulty, that old Lise Kolken, who for many years had been in ill fame as a witch, had bewitched the cows in her name, and then unbewitched them, as she pleased, only to bring her to disgrace.

'*Q.* Why had old Lise bewitched her own cow, and let her own pig die, if she had raised the report in the parish, and could really unbewitch?

'*R.* That she did not know; but it might be [and here she looked at the amtshauptman] that she was paid double for it.

'*Q.* She tried in vain to shift the guilt from herself; had she not bewitched old Paasche's and even her father's barley, and had it trod down by the devil; *item*, brought the caterpillars into her father's orchard?

'*R.* The question was as monstrous as the act would have been. There sate her father—his worship might ask him if she has ever shown herself an undutiful child to him. [Whereupon I wished to rise and speak, but the consul would not let me, but went on in his examination, wherefore I sate down, abashed and silent.]

'*Q.* Whether she could deny that, through her wickedness, the woman Witthan had brought a devil's delusion into the world, which had got up and flown out of the window, and when the midwife came had disappeared?

'*R.* Verily, she had done good, all her life, to the people, and never harm to any one; that in the great famine she had taken the bread out of her own mouth and shared it with others, especially with the little children. They might call the whole parish to witness this. But wizards and witches always did evil, and never good to men; as our Lord Jesus taught (Matt. xxii.), when the Pharisees charged him with casting out devils through Beelzebub: his worship might thence see whether she could indeed be a witch.

'*Q.* He would soon convict her of her blasphemies: he saw that she had a good tongue in her head; she must answer the questions put to her,

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her, and no more. It was not *what* good she had done to the poor, but *how* she had done it. She must now show how she and her father had suddenly become so rich that she went pranking about in a silk gown, having been before so very poor.'—

'—— Whereat she looked on me, and said, "Father, shall I tell?" Whereupon I answered, "Yea, my daughter; thereupon you must speak out frankly and plainly, though we become beggars again." She then told how, in our great necessity, we had found the amber, and how much we had sold it for to the Dutch merchants.

'*Q.* What were the names of these merchants?

'*R.* Dietrich von Pehnen and Jacob Kiekebusch; but, as we have heard from a sailor, they were dead of the plague in Stettin.

'*Q.* Why had we concealed this discovery?

'*R.* For fear of our enemy the Amtshauptman, who, as it seemed, would have condemned us to die of hunger, inasmuch as he forbade the parish, under heavy penalty, to supply us with anything, and said he would soon find them a better parson.'

'—— Hereupon Dominus Consul looked the Amtshauptman sharp in the face, who answered that he had indeed said so, seeing that the parson had preached at him in the most insolent manner, but he knew that they were far from any danger of dying of hunger.

'*Q.* How came so much amber on the Streckelberg? She must own that the devil put it there.

'*R.* Of that she knew nothing; but there was there a great vein of amber, which she could show. She had broken pieces off, and covered the hole again with fir twigs, that no one might find it.

'*Q.* Had she gone to the Streckelberg by day or night?

'Hereupon she blushed, and was silent an instant; but she presently replied, "Sometimes by day, sometimes at night."

'*Q.* Wherefore did she stammer? She should freely confess everything. that her punishment might be lighter. Had she not given over old Seden to Satan, who had carried him off through the air, so that only some of his brains and his hair were left sticking on the oak-tree?

'*R.* She did not know whether it was his brains or hair or not, which was found there. She had heard a woodpecker shriek so mournfully that she had gone towards the tree. Item: old Paasche, who had heard the noise, had followed her with his woodman.

'*Q.* Whether the woodpecker was not the devil, who had carried off old Seden?

'*R.* That she did not know; but he must have been long dead, as the hair and blood which the young man took from the tree were quite dry.

'*Q.* How and when did he come by his death?

'*R.* That Almighty God knows; but Zuter's little girl had said, that one day when she was gathering nettles for her cow under Seden's hedge, she had heard the old man threaten his glowering-eyed wife that he would tell the parson that she, as he now well knew, *had a spirit*; whereupon the old man had soon disappeared. But these might be child's stories; she wished to bring no one into difficulty.

'Whereupon

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'Whereupon again Dr. Consul looked the Amtshauptman full in the face, and said, "Old Lise Kolken must be brought before us." Whereat the Amtshauptman gave no answer. He proceeded: "You still affirm, then, that you know nothing of the devil?"

'*R.* That she should affirm it, and affirm it to her blessed end.

'*Q.* And yet had she, as witnesses would show, allowed him to baptise her in the sea.

'Here she changed colour, and for a moment was silent.

'*Q.* Why do you change colour again? For God's sake, think on your salvation, and confess the truth.

'*R.* She had bathed in the sea, because it was a very hot day: that was the whole truth.

'*Q.* What chaste maiden would ever bathe in the sea? You lie; and perhaps you will still lyingly deny that you bewitched old Passche's little girl with a cake?

'*R.* Ah me! ah me! She loved the child as her own dear little sister. . . . . In the great famine she had often taken a bit out of her own mouth to put it in hers. How could she have done her such mischief?

'*Q.* Wilt thou still lie? Honoured Abraham, what an obdurate child is this of yours! Look here: Is this no witch's salve, which the beadle found to-night in your box?—Is this no witch's salve, eh?

'*R.* It was a salve for the skin, to make it white and smooth, as the apothecary at Wolgast, of whom she bought it, told her.

'Whereupon he shook his head, and went on.

'*Q.* What! wilt thou, then, at last deny that this last Saturday, the 10th July, at twelve o'clock at night, you called upon your paramour, the devil, with awful words; that he appeared as a great hairy giant, and embraced and pressed you to his bosom?

'At these words she was paler than a corpse, and began to tremble so violently that she was obliged to hold by a chair; and I, wretched man, who would have sworn for her to my death, when I saw and heard this my senses went away, so that I fell from the bench, and Dn. Consul must call the beadle to help me up again. When I came to myself, ... and, by God's mercy, was better, the whole Court arose, and conjured my frail child, by the living God and her soul's welfare, to lie no longer, but to have compassion on herself and on her father, and confess the truth.

'Whereupon she heaved a great sigh, and became as red as she had been pale, so that her hand upon the chair was like scarlet, and she could not lift up her eyes from the ground.

'*R.* She would confess, then, the simple truth, as she saw well that wicked people had stolen after her, and watched her. She was getting some amber from the hill; and as she was at work, in her way, and to dissipate her fears, she had repeated the Latin *carmen* which her father had composed for the most excellent King, Gustavus Adolphus; that young Rudiger of Nienkirch, who had often come to her father's house, and talked love to her, had come out of the bushes, and when she shrieked for fright had spoken Latin to her, and taken her in his arms.

He

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He had on a great wolf's-skin, that people might not know him if they met him, and tell her father that she had been by night on the hill.

'At such her confession I waxed quite desperate, and cried out in wrath, "O thou godless and disobedient child, so then thou hast a lover. Did I not forbid thee to go to the hill by night? What hadst thou to do at the hill at night?" And I began to cry out, and to sob, and to wring my hands, that even Dn. Consul had compassion, and he came towards me to comfort me. Meanwhile, she too came towards me, and began to defend herself; that she had, against my orders, gone to the hill only to get as much amber as to buy secretly, for a present on my birthday, the Opp. Sancti Augustini, which the cantor of Wolgast had to sell. She knew nothing whatever of the youth's design in waylaying her by night on the hill; and swore, by the living God, that nothing unbecoming had taken place, and that she was still a pure virgin.'

So ends the first hearing; and strange and absurd as some of the circumstances may seem, we will answer for it (from some reading in trials for witchcraft) that there is nothing so extravagant or monstrous as to make one doubt as yet the authenticity of the report of the proceedings.

All, however, now goes against the poor girl; she cannot find the place where the amber was; the sea and the wind had heaped the sand over it. On searching her box, where she said there was some amber (the beadle, we must remember, had already been rummaging there, and found the witch-salve), it was empty—money and amber were all gone: her fine gown, however, and the chain the king had given her, were locked up in the chest in the church. Her father said he had done so to keep it for her wedding-day—she looked with fixed eyes, and said—'for me to be burned in, O Jesu! Jesu! Jesu!' The Consul took this as a sort of acknowledgment that she deserved it—if she were innocent she would not say so. 'Innocentia! (she replies) quid est innocentia? ubi libido dominatur, innocentia leve præsidium est.' Her Latin makes the Consul shudder still more—it could not be fairly learned—he never knew a woman who understood Latin. The inquisitors are only puzzled that they cannot find the paper with her written compact with the devil—it should seem a necessary document! We must not dwell on the other incidents which conspire against her. Here our own suspicions, not of Maria, but of the editor, begin to grow stronger. The last is a letter from old Hans of Nienkirch, declaring that his son denies all knowledge of the matter! And the next day young Rudiger himself being sick in bed, at least so the Consul is led to believe, deposes in vehement language to the falsehood of the whole business.

No wonder that 'the next morning poor Abraham's grey hair was as white as snow.' Yet the Lord wonderfully blest him, for at daybreak a nightingale began to sing in the elder bush by his window,

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window, so that he thought it was a good angel. After he had listened some time, he was able to pray, which he had not been able to do since Sunday. We cannot give the very curious chapter 'de confrontatione testium.' Old Ilse, Maria's maid, is the first witness. She deposes that Maria had sometimes gone out at night—'up the chimney?' is the next question. And 'did you never miss your broom or your tongs?' At one awful moment in this part of the trial 'all were so mouse-like still, that one might hear the flies buzz about the inkstand.' Lise Kolken is the last witness; and Maria cross-examines her with great quickness, and catches her in divers contradictions. The worst point against poor Maria is that Lise swears she has 'a devil's mark on her person.' In vain she vows that she was born with it; she is carried out to be searched by the beadle's wife and old Ilse. There is discovered a mole between her breasts, into which the beadle's wife runs a needle, and is rather surprised and horror-struck that the poor girl shrieks and bleeds: as a devil's mark, it ought to have been quite insensible.

She is, however, allowed a counsel before *she is put to the torture!* Herr Syndicus Michelsen arrives from Usedom; and there is a very amusing chapter describing the defence prepared by the learned doctor, with all the flaws he finds in the indictment, and his quotations from Scripture. The doctor has not the least doubt, all the time, that she is an arrant witch. One of his great arguments is, that *rea* had actual money, whereas the 'Malleus Maleficarum' lays it down as an irrefragable principle that the devil never gives real riches! For the bathing in the sea, he triumphantly quotes the example of Bathsheba. The great object of the defence is to turn the tables on Lise Kolken. 'Rea cannot be a witch, because she has neither a crooked nose nor red glowering eyes, as a witch ought to have, according to Theophrastus Paracelsus.' In gratitude for this admirable *defensio,* poor Maria wishes to kiss the Advocate's hand; he draws it back in horror, and wipes it three times!

The simple parson, and even his more clear-sighted daughter, are, however, so impressed by the profound learning, and puzzled by the legal subtleties of the Syndicus, that they begin to entertain hopes. These hopes are soon dashed: Dn. Consul arrives with the decision of the court, who find that there are 'indicia legitima, prægnantia, et sufficientia ad torturam ipsam;' and she must prepare for this last inquisition. A neighbouring clergyman, the Pastor Benzensis, arrives in his surplice. He delivers on the whole a kind-hearted and religious sermon, urging her to confess, yet insisting on the mercy of the court, who are only anxious to save her soul! Her father, in spite of all remonstrances,

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monstrances, follows her to the horrible chamber of torture. The scene is too dreadful to dwell upon; but throughout there is the same living reality, circumstance following circumstance with all the impressiveness of actual life. Nothing can persuade the old man to leave the torture-chamber, even at the last moment. The poor girl is tied to the fatal ladder: even yet her quiet resignation to her martyrdom has not deserted her; she utters with no irreverent spirit, in the Hebrew and in the Greek, the words of our Lord upon the cross, Θεέ μου, θεέ μου, ἱνατί με ἐγκατέλιπες. At the Greek Dn. Consul starts back, and makes a sign of the cross; the Greek, as he thought, could be nothing but an invocation of the devil; and now, with a loud voice, he said to the beadle, 'Screw.' At this the father gave one long wild cry, which made the vault of the dungeon tremble. This and this only the daughter cannot bear: she cries, 'I will confess everything you wish.' Being unbound, she springs from the ladder, and throws herself on her father's breast. The confession we can only give briefly: —

'*Q.* Whether she could bewitch?
'*R.* Yes, she could.
'*Q.* Who taught her?
'*R.* The hateful Satan himself.
'*Q.* How many devils had she?
'*R.* One was quite enough.
'*Q.* What was the name of that devil?
'*R.* *Illa* (after thinking a moment), Deisidæmonia [Superstition].'

Whereupon *Dn. Consul* shuddered and said, 'that must be a very terrible devil—seeing he had never heard his name before.' He made her spell it, lest *Scriba* should make a mistake in his orthography. . . . . They then came to the question—a question, be it remembered, in all such cases invariably put, and, extravagant as it may seem, sooner or later answered by the poor tortured wretches, or by unhappy maniacs, in the affirmative—a question sanctioned by a papal bull, that of Innocent VIII., incorporated in the 'Malleus Maleficarum,' the great code of witch law—and doubtless in his belief in the justice and propriety of such a question, the head of our own church, the Solomon of his day, would have scorned to be outdone by either pope or lawyer. The question is on her criminal intercourse with the devil. In her perfect innocence, and from an ambiguous word in the German language, the girl cannot comprehend the question. When they force her to understand it, nothing but the order to tie her up again, wrings from her a reluctant 'Yea.' Even here, and in one or two more revolting questions, we confidently believe that there is no exaggeration! On such confessions as these, wrung from

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from them by torture, thousands of human beings have suffered death in almost every country of Europe, aye, and of America too!

The next chapter gives us a strange, and, as we must begin to acknowledge our growing suspicions, a singularly *powerful* scene —the confession of old Lise Kolken, who is brought to Pudgla and thrown into prison; but feeling herself dying, sends to pastor Schweidler to hear her confession, and to administer the sacrament to her before death. He finds her lying with a besom for a pillow, as if 'thereon to ride to hell.' Her confession is one of those wild rhapsodies that crazy old women poured forth with such unaccountable fertility of invention. In the midst of it a small worm, yellow at the tail, crawls under the door of the dungeon. 'When she saw it, she gave a scream—such as I never heard, and hope never to hear again. For in my youth I saw one of the enemies' soldiers pike a child in the presence of the mother—that *was* a scream which the mother gave; but that scream was child's play to the scream of old Lise.' The worm creeps up her back, and she dies howling 'the sacrament!' 'the sacrament!'' She had, however, confessed to being a witch for thirty years; and told all her villainy with the Amtshauptman, whom she likewise accused of having a spirit. Unfortunately, in his distress old Schweidler had brought no witnesses to the confession; no one heard but the villainous beadle, who is sold body and soul to the Amtshauptman.

The next chapter is headed 'How Satan sifted me as wheat, and how my daughter bravely withstood him.' The poor old man is submitted to the trial which Claudio is subjected to in 'Measure for Measure;' and, like Claudio, he yields. The villainous Amtshauptman shows him in the distance the funeral pyre on the Streckelberg, on which, at ten next morning, his daughter is to be burned; and quotes divers Scriptures 'to his devilish purposes.' Maria writes a Latin answer to her father's Latin letter—for he is ashamed to write in German—in which she gently rebukes his weakness, and calmly expresses her own determination to die!

The fatal day, the fatal hour approaches, but Maria's calm and gentle protestations of innocence so far convince her godfather, the Pastor Benzensis, that he is even reconciled to her dressing herself for the sacrifice in her silken attire, with the King of Sweden's gold chain round her neck, and flowers in her hair. He consents to administer the Sacrament to old Abraham, his daughter, and the faithful maidservant. One little incident with regard to the latter, adds to the appalling reality of the scene. Old Ilse has spent all her savings in some pounds of flax, which she begs

Maria

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Maria to bind round her person, 'because when the last witch was burned she suffered dreadfully from the wet wood of the pile, which would not kindle.'

'But, ere my daughter could thank her, began the awful cry for blood in the Justice Chamber; for a voice cried as loud as it could, "Death to the accursed witch, Maria Schweidler, for she has fallen from the living God." And all the people cried after it, "Death to the accursed witch." When I heard this, I fell against the wall; but my sweet child stroked my cheek with her sweet little hands and spake, "Father, father, bethink thee, did not the people cry, 'Crucify him, crucify him,' around the sinless Jesus?—Shall we not drink the cup which our heavenly Father hath given us?"'

She is made to repeat her confession—the sentence is read—she mounts the fatal cart with her father and the Pastor Benzensis; she passes on among the grossest insults of all the people, who crowd from every part of the country to the spectacle: and still incidents of strangely mingled beauty, horror, and absurdity, follow each other with the casual and natural sequence of actual life. Maria begins to chaunt her favourite hymn, on the joys of Heaven, attributed to St. Augustine, but really written by Peter Damiani.

'Flos perpetuus rosarum ver agit perpetuum,
Candent lilia, rubescit crocus, sudat balsamum;
Virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt,
Pigmentorum spirat odor, liquor et aromatum;
Pendent poma floridorum non lapsura nemorum.
Non alternat luna vices, sol vel cursus siderum,
Agnus est felicis urbis lumen inocciduum.'

The Latin fairly frightens away the rabble, who retire cursing to a respectful distance, and the victim is thus spared their inhuman mockeries and even their attempts to hurt her person. One fellow is so frightened that he falls head over ears into the ditch. 'Whereupon my poor daughter herself could not help smiling, and asked me if I knew any more Latin hymns, to keep the foolish and filthy-spoken rabble from us. "But dear," said I, "if I did know any Latin hymns, how could I repeat them now?"' 'My *Confrater*, the Rev. Martinus, knew one: it was in truth an heretical one; yet as it delighted my daughter above measure, and he repeated several verses three or four times, till she could say them after him, I said nothing. For I have always been very rigid against all heresy: yet I consoled myself that our Lord would pardon her simplicity. And the first line was "Dies iræ, dies illa."' The *heretical* verses were in fact that noble Catholic hymn. And so poor Maria goes on chaunting—

'Judex

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'Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Item:

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.'

From this point, however, Romance openly asserts her own. Poetical justice, that *Dea ex machinâ*, so unlike the ordinary justice, we fear, of this world, descends, and gradually dispels every lingering remnant of belief, which we had cherished, in the authenticity of our 'Amber Witch.' It is a very beautiful little novel, but it is manifestly a novel.

During the procession a terrific storm comes on, ascribed of course to the hellish influences of the witch; the rabble and the officers of justice, the judges themselves, have no doubt about it. But when at length they arrive at the bridge over the mill-stream, which passes above the mill-race (it is astonishing how we see at once the whole form of the country and the course of the road), the horses and the men begin to stumble on the slippery ground. The driver of the cart, in which the culprit and her father are seated, is thrown, and breaks his leg; every one who endeavours to pass, gets at least one or two falls. The Amtshauptman spurs his horse on, and at the moment there comes a flash of lightning of extraordinary brightness, followed by a clap of thunder as extraordinary; the startled horse backs—the Amtshauptman is seen whirling round on the spokes of the mill-wheel!! All this is afterwards discovered to be a mischievous revenge of the miller's lad, whom the Amtshauptman had ordered a severe flogging, for insulting Maria when they had passed that way before; he had smeared the whole road with tallow and other slippery substances, and thus brought on this part of the catastrophe.

The witch but deserves her burning the more richly. The execution is, therefore, only delayed, not arrested; the procession to the Streckelberg forms again; the storm has but exasperated the rabble, being, as we said, evidently the last convincing proof of poor Maria's diabolic powers: even Pastor Benzensis wavers in his belief in her innocence. As they reach, however, the foot of the Streckelberg, the sun breaks out, and a glorious rainbow, an omen to Maria, if not of hope, of divine mercy, spans the heavens. At that moment a horseman is seen furiously riding up: it is at first thought to be the ghost of the Amtshauptman, and the spectators fly on all sides; it is young Rudiger of Nienkirch, with twenty armed followers. He had been shut up by his father, who was alarmed at his attachment to the parson's daughter;

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daughter; a cousin had been made to personate him, and to sign the fatal protocol, which denied all knowledge of her, and had so much weight at her trial. In short the whole plot is unravelled—skilfully and gracefully enough we will allow—the latter chapters are as pleasingly written as the rest—but the charm is broken; it has ceased to be a true, contemporary, and harrowing record of times past, it has become like other tales of absorbing interest, simply and unaffectedly told (Lady Georgiana Fullerton's 'Ellen Middleton,' for instance), though one, if we may judge by its impression on ourselves, of surpassing excellence.

Yet we must not omit one crowning touch of character.—The young Rudiger harangues the mob from the cart—not merely denounces the grievous injustice of the sentence against poor Maria, but tries to persuade them not to believe any longer in such absurd nonsense as witchcraft. 'When I heard this,' says old Abraham, 'I was astonished, as a conscientious clergyman must be, and got upon the cart-wheel, and whispered to him for God's sake to say no more on this matter, the while the people, if they no longer feared the Devil, would no longer fear the Lord God.'

We refrain, not without regret, from trespassing upon the short remaining *novel* part of the story; we would willingly have extracted the striking picture of the love-lorn Maria sitting on her own funeral pile (the Scheiterhaufen), on the Streckelberg, and reciting Dido's last magnificent words from Virgil—but we must break off.

Since the Amber Witch laid her spell upon us (we cannot say that we are disposed to condemn her therefore to the flames)—we have made further inquisition into the reality of our history. We are glad to find that Germany was at least as much perplexed as ourselves. Some of the journals pronounced boldly for its authenticity: a long controversy was threatened, which was put an end to by a letter from the editor, Dr. Meinhold, which we have read in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, plainly and distinctly claiming the authorship. Half the learned and critical world who had been fairly taken in, revenged themselves for their credulity by assuming a kind of lofty scepticism, and refusing to believe the author on his own word. Dr. Meinhold, it seems, is the author of some poems, and we believe other works, which had not made a very strong impression on the public mind, but which we shall look to with much curiosity. Others put on a pious indignation, and were greatly shocked at a respectable clergyman, a doctor in divinity, practising such a deception, more especially as regards themselves, and with so much success. Among these we understand is a poet, who dramatized the Amber Witch, with considerable effect, for the Hamburg theatre. For ourselves, we trust that we are

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are not latitudinarian in the delicate point of clerical veracity; but as we can have no quarrel on this score with Dr. Meinhold, we cannot look with rigour on his asserting this kind of conventional privilege, which use at least has vindicated to the author of clever works.

But we have heard another amusing anecdote. Among Dr. Meinhold's victims were the Tubingen reviewers—either the redoubted Strauss himself, or his faithful and acknowledged followers. These gentlemen, whose training in the infallible Hegelian philosophy has endowed them with an unerring judgment as to the authenticity of every kind of writing; whose well-tried acuteness can detect the *myth* in every form; who throughout the Gospels can discriminate, from internal evidence, the precise degree of credibility of each chapter, each narrative, each word, with a certainty which disdains all doubt—the school of Strauss pronounced the 'Amber Witch' to be a *genuine chronicle!* But worse than this, if Dr. Meinhold (as we understand a very pious and good man) is to be credited, they fell into a trap designedly laid for *them.* Dr. Meinhold, during his theological studies, was so unphilosophically dissatisfied with the peremptory tone with which this school dealt with the authenticity of the sacred writings, that he determined to put their infallibility to the test. He had written the 'Amber Witch' some time before, and thrown it aside; he now determined to publish it as a sort of trial of these critical spirits. We wish him joy of his success, and condole with Strauss and Co.!

ART. IX.—1. *Railway Reform; its expedience and practicability considered, with a copious Appendix,* &c. 2nd and 3rd editions, revised and considerably enlarged. London, 1843.

2. *Railways, their Uses and Managements.* London, 1842.

3. *A Letter to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, on Railway Legislation.* London, 1844.

4. *Report to the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade, on the Statistics of British and Foreign Railways.* By M. Laing. London, 1844.

AS the first wonder and delight universally created by the celerity, cheapness, and comfort of railway travelling gradually subsided, the impatience and, we fear we must add, the ingratitude natural to all mankind, and especially to *John Bull,* have begun to exhibit themselves in complaints of its not being more rapid, more cheap, and more comfortable; and the much-

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much-abused word *reform* and the misapplied term *monopoly* are already extensively employed to prejudice the public mind, and to create a desire for a course of alterations, of which, though some may be fair and feasible, many are in our opinion premature, some unreasonable, some impracticable, and others would be, we are satisfied, extensively injurious to the very interests for which they are inconsiderately proposed.

We can have no sort of doubt that if the rapid, complete, and unlimited success of Railways could have been originally anticipated and some general system of operations legally established in the outset, many errors of all kinds would have been avoided, a great deal of time and trouble saved, and enormous expenses considerably reduced; but, on the other hand, it should be recollected that if in our *then* state of information and of public feeling it had been attempted to postpone the *Liverpool and Manchester* project, for instance, until we had agreed on a general reticulation of railroads over the whole kingdom, and to have embarrassed it with theoretic conditions and prospective and extraneous difficulties, it is probable that we should not now have had any railroads to reform. The infancy of so complicated a system is not to be criticized by rules derived from its maturity;—if, indeed, its present state, wonderful as its growth has been, can even yet be called maturity—may it not, on the contrary, be suspected that a time may come when the most plausible plans and the wisest precautions of the present day may seem to our successors as rash and as erroneous as the proceedings of 1826 appear to some of the railroad reformers of 1844? It behoves us, therefore, to bring to the consideration of this important and complicated subject a full measure of candour and patience, much indulgence for past errors, a scrupulous respect for existing interests, and great caution in the introduction of new principles, either of construction or administration, in a system which has been, in spite of all the errors of inexperience, so miraculously successful.

Railways, or, as they were first called, *tramways*—that is, artificial tracks for facilitating the draught of carriages—have been employed for 200 years, and probably much longer, in the north of England collieries. Roger North, describing a visit which his brother, Lord Guilford, made at the end of one of his circuits to Newcastle, says that amongst the curiosities of the region were what were called '*way-leaves*:'—

'When men have pieces of ground between the colliery and the river, they sell *leave* to lead coals over their ground, and so dear, that the owner of a rood of ground will expect 20*l.* per annum for this leave. The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber from the colliery down to the river exactly straight and parallel, and bulky carts are made

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with four rowlets fitting these rails, whereby the carriage is so easy, that one horse will draw down four or five chaldrons of coals, and is an immense benefit to the coal-merchants.'—*Life of Lord Keeper Guilford*, vol. i. p. 265.

This seems to have been about 1676, but the practice was, no doubt, much older. Our readers will observe that the disposition, now so much complained of, of the landowners to make the railways pay inordinately dear for a passage, is no modern abuse, but as old as the invention itself.

About the middle of the last century, as the iron-works in Shropshire and Staffordshire developed themselves, railways began to come southward, and to be more regularly and systematically applied, not merely in connexion with collieries, but also with lime-kilns, quarries, and all mining operations. At Colebrook Dale, in Shropshire (celebrated for the subsequent erection of the first considerable iron bridge), iron plates were, about 1760, nailed on the wooden rails, as well to diminish friction as to prevent abrasion; this soon led to the substitution of rails of solid iron, which was attended with rapid success, and adopted in various parts of the country, to a greater extent than the public in general are aware of. There was, for instance, a railway five miles long from the collieries in the vicinity of Derby into that town; there was another, called the Park-forest Railway, about six miles long; and another near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire, which had four miles of double and eight miles of single rails. Towards the beginning of the present century railways had made their way into all coal and mining districts, and their progress was so rapid, that in 1811 there were in South Wales not less than 150 miles of railways, of which the Merthyr Tydvil company possessed 30.

In all these cases the object was to send heavy weights down moderate inclinations, and to bring back the empty vehicles, so that the work of the horse moving loads downwards and bringing back the empty waggons did all that was desired. At length the principle of what we now distinctively call a *railroad* dawned on the ingenious mind of Doctor James Anderson, who had for many years dedicated his attention to mechanical, statistical, and agricultural subjects. In the periodical number of his 'Recreations in Agriculture,' published in 1800, he not only recommended a larger introduction of railways for all agricultural communications, but proposed a general adoption throughout the country of *lines of railways* to be carried along the sides of the existing turnpike roads; and though he only contemplated their employment for the draught of heavy loads at a slow rate, so that the saving would have been of little more than horse labour, his principles

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principles and even his details would have equally served for accelerated motion, and if his extensive plan had succeeded for *waggons*, its early application to *post-chaises* was inevitable. As a matter of curiosity, and because little or no notice has been taken of him in any recent publication on railroads, we shall give a few details of Dr. Anderson's project.

His proposal extended itself, as we have said, to the whole country, but he specified, by way of experiment, the road from London to Bath, and he suggested two preliminary trials on a smaller scale; the one, that such a road should be laid down, either in iron or stone, between the great docks then (1799) projected at the Isle of Dogs and the city of London; the second was for a more general experiment along the great western road to Hounslow.

After several details showing that the railroad would be both cheaper to make and repair than the ordinary turnpikes, he proceeds to calculate its superior advantages, even if the cost were to be equal. He calculates that heavy-laden waggons could be drawn at one-tenth of the force, and of course of the cost, of the former modes of traffic. He then expatiates—just as a railroad projector of the present day might do—on the various advantages which such a saving of labour and facility of circulation would produce, 'without,' as he fancied, 'one shilling expense to any individual or to the state;' for he assumed that he had proved that the new *railway* would cost certainly not more, and probably less, than the old *turnpike*. But what the good Doctor had the sagacity to foresee, and, as we think, a misjudging anxiety to deprecate, was the intervention of a company of monied men into this scheme, who would make it, he anticipated, a gambling speculation, and convert the railroad into private property; whereas these railways should, as he thought, be managed by a board of public commissioners, and

'be kept open and patent to all alike, who shall choose to employ them, *as the king's highway*, under such regulations as it shall be found necessary to subject them to by law.'—*Recreations in Agriculture*, vol. iv. p. 1.

In a subsequent paper Dr. Anderson gives full details as to the laying out and forming such lines of railways: their width, their height—their gradients, their curves—the position, form, and weight of sleepers, rails, and chairs—their bridges, viaducts—and, in rugged countries, he adds, 'short *tunnels* may be necessary.' All these points are successively considered; and, with the exception of the motive power, Dr. Anderson's description might pass for that of a modern railroad.

We do not know that Dr. Anderson's proposal attracted much notice at the time; but about two years after, Mr.

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Edgeworth published, without any allusion to Anderson, a similar proposal in Nicholson's '*Journal of the Arts*,' for March, 1802 (vol. i. p. 222). In this paper Mr. Edgeworth states that he had *long before* conceived, and in a degree executed, this idea; but his Autobiography is silent on the subject. His Essay of 1802, however, includes Dr. Anderson's outline, and improves upon it. Mr. Edgeworth suggests that, besides heavy waggons at a slow pace, means might be found of enabling 'stage-coaches to go *six* miles an hour, and post-chaises and gentlemen's travelling carriages to travel at *eight*, both with one horse;' and, finally, that 'small [stationary] steam-engines, placed from distance to distance, might be made, by means of circulating chains,' to draw the carriages along such roads, with a great diminution of horse labour and expense.

But there was one important difficulty overlooked, or at least not obviated, by either Anderson or Edgeworth, which, though it did not interfere with the construction and success of private railways for short distances, created insuperable obstacles, both constructive and financial, to the execution of the more extensive project. A railroad, if not perfect throughout the space to be traversed, is, for the transport of the same carriage, worth nothing; for though Anderson proposed to affix the *flange* to the *rail*, so that the flat-tired wheels of his waggons would work on both the rail and the road indifferently, the motive power that would have carried them easily along the *rail* would not have dragged them an inch on the *road*. No advantage, therefore, would be gained, unless the whole system were continuous and complete—and all the carts, waggons, and carriages of the country constructed to one given gauge. The scheme, however, of adding to all the high roads of the country, and particularly when passing through towns, a double line of marginal railway, was obviously impracticable; and, in short, a real and effective line of such rails could have been accomplished by no other means than the gigantic alternations of cutting and embankment, which have given our modern railroads the double advantage of running clear of the impediments of existing roads and streets, and of reducing to practicable levels the superficial irregularities of the country—difficulties which Anderson foresaw, and, as we have seen, alludes to; but which, in their view of following the margin of the turnpike-road, neither he nor Edgeworth made any provision to meet. The whole project, thus failing in its very foundation, fell at once into neglect and oblivion, from which it has been recently rescued, and directed to more important and active purposes than Anderson or even Edgeworth dreamed of, by the very agency which Anderson was so anxious to interdict—an enormous outlay of speculative

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speculative capital supplied by a combination of 'monied men,' who have thus substituted their own 'private road' for 'the king's highway.'

Some traces of one of Anderson's ideas appear in the stone causeway that was made about thirty years ago along the Commercial Road, communicating with the East India Docks, but of which we do not remember another instance in England, though some are to be found on the Continent. The first Act of Parliament, as far as we know, for the making a railroad, was one passed in 1801, for making an iron railway running from Merstham in Surrey to the Thames at Wandsworth, called the *Surrey Railway;* this was on Anderson's plan; and we find another Act in 1809, for a similar one between Cheltenham and Gloucester. Both of these little railways have been lately bought up by two gigantic rivals: the first by the Brighton, and the latter by the Birmingham and Gloucester. We are sorry for the absorption of the latter; for as it was chiefly employed in conveying coal from the Severn to Cheltenham: its competition with the great rival, by whose side it runs, would have afforded a *datum*—small indeed, but not unimportant—on a serious and hitherto undecided question of railroad statistics: whether it is worth while to subject heavy durable goods to any, even the slightest, increase of expense for accelerated transit.*

But while all these local attempts at facilitating the animal draught of heavy loads were thus extending themselves, there was growing up another power, destined, in its maturity, to be *wedded* to the humble and unambitious contrivance we have been describing, and to produce by their conjunction,—as the ancients fabled of that of *Cœlus* and *Terra,*—a *Titanian* progeny. The union, however obvious it now seems, was tardily effected; and still more tardy was the discovery of the extraordinary results obtainable from it. We know not that in all this wonderful history there is anything more wonderful than that two such congenial powers—managed, for the most part, by the same hands, directed by the same minds—should have been for so many years running along, side by side as it were, sometimes almost in contact—and that it should never, till about 1825, have occurred to any one to *combine* them to that common purpose, for which we now see that they are so miraculously adapted.

When Captain Savery, in 1699, obtained a patent for the first steam-engine, applicable, as all the earlier projects for the employment of steam were, to the mere raising of water, he indicated, vaguely indeed, and humbly, that it might also be applied

* We are told that the great railroad company still employ the little one for its original purpose, which is likely, from its greater facility of loading and unloading. If it be true, it is a curious fact; and pregnant, small as it is, with important considerations.

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to maritime* purposes. Jonathan Hulls, as we proved in a former Number (vol. xix. p. 355), was in 1738 the inventor of an actual *steam-boat*, which, however, fell into early disuse and oblivion. Mr. Watt, in some of the specifications of his improvements to the steam-engine, suggested their applicability to *carriages*; but he never, we believe, attempted to construct one. About 1787, Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, published a project for a steam-boat, which was a few years after executed by one Symington, a workman of Miller's—successfully as to locomotion; —but being too large for the canal on which it was built, it was broken up. Symington also exhibited, about the same time, a steam-carriage. It is obvious that the success of either boat or carriage, whichever should first happen, would inevitably produce the other; for the paddles of the boat and the wheels of the carriage are the same thing in principle, and the application is almost identical.

In the meanwhile it was found on the English tramroads that the horse-power which was sufficient to direct a heavy load downwards, and to bring back the empty waggons, was quite inadequate to situations where the weight was to be carried upwards; and the *stationary steam-engine* having been, by this time, brought to a great degree of perfection by the genius of Watt, several were erected at the heads of ascending railways, and employed in drawing up loaded waggons, which were returned to be reloaded by their own gravity. But at last some special locality suggested to somebody that, instead of a stationary engine, it would be more effective to have a movable, or what is technically called a *locomotive* engine; and such began now to be constructed. We know very little about the first employment of these locomotives, beyond one curious negative fact, that although we read, about this period, of projects for employing them to run at high speeds —fifteen miles an hour—along common turnpike roads, no one seems to have thought of trying their powers of velocity along a railroad. It may seem to have struck Dr. Darwin, but it is not distinctly expressed in the following very remarkable suggestion, which, in the true vaticinal spirit of poetry and prophecy, he published as early as 1793:—

> '*Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd Steam! afar*
> *Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;*
> Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
> The flying chariot thro' the fields of air!'—
>
> *Botanic Garden*, Cant. i. 253-289.

* Savery is generally stated to have been a seafaring man; but the hesitation with which he speaks of 'maritime,' or, as the word is printed, '*maritian* affairs,' satisfies us that he was *not*. We presume that former writers have been led astray by his being called *Captain* Savery—not being aware that *Captain* is the title given in Cornwall to a *superintendent of mines*, which Savery seems to have been.

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The vision of 'the flying chariot' does not appear to-day much more extravagant than did, when these lines were published, the prediction of 'rapid' travelling by means of a steam-engine.

In 1802 Messrs. Trevethick and Vivian took out a patent for a steam-carriage to travel on the turnpike road. We do not find that it was ever so employed; but in 1805 it was tried on the Merthyr Tydvil colliery railroad in South Wales, and then it drew waggons loaded with ten tons of iron at the rate of five miles an hour; but having but one cylinder, and therefore two centres to pass at each revolution of the wheels, the action of a fly-wheel was not sufficient to keep the power going, and this otherwise successful experiment was considered as a failure: and the more general adoption of any such machine was prevented by a supposition that the smooth-tired wheels would not adhere sufficiently to the smooth surface of the rail. How this apprehension was created, in the face of Trevethick's experiment, we are not told; but it was so strong as to arrest for many years the progress of locomotion; and engineers—forgetful of Charles II.'s lesson to the Royal Society, as to the weight of fish, alive and dead—threw away a vast deal of pains, money, and time, in trying to surmount a difficulty which, though sensible in steep ascents, was, for the levels or slight acclivities to which a locomotive ought to be applied, quite imaginary. Messrs. Blenkinsop, in 1811, took out a patent for cogged wheels to fit cogged rails; but this system of *cogs* was wholly inconsistent with anything like travelling-speed—which, in fact, never seems to have entered into any one's contemplation—except where it was least possible to attain it—on the common roads. Nobody thought of what must now appear to the readers of these pages so obvious and so easy in principle at least—the combining Anderson's project of a turnpike railroad with Trevethick's travelling engine.*

In 1813 Mr. George Stephenson, by whom the locomotive engine has been so vastly improved, and whose name will be immortalized by his subsequent discovery of combining it with a railway for travelling purposes, made a locomotive engine, and, in 1815, took out a patent for it. He had the good sense to *weigh the fish*—he found the smooth wheels *would* adhere to the rails, and adopted that fulcrum. His engine was immediately em-

* We have not room for the history of the attempts to adapt steam-carriages to common roads, which attracted a good deal of notice between 1820 and 1832, and which might perhaps have had important consequences if the overwhelming success of railway travelling had not absorbed or effaced all minor schemes; but the reader who may be curious on the subject will find a summary of all these attempts in the 'Penny Cyclopædia' (art. *Steam-Carriage*), a work which is not merely the cheapest of its class, but seems to us in many respects the best. As to all modern discoveries, its superiority is obvious.

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ployed in the Killingworth collieries, and soon obtained vogue in the North of England—but still only for *heavy loads at slow rates.*

In 1821 an act was passed for making a railway—the FIRST of the modern or travelling class—between Darlington and Stockton; for an account of which (opened for passengers, 27th September, 1825) we beg leave to refer to our vol. xii. p. 384. It will be there seen, that although this work was under the direction of Mr. Stephenson, and although his own locomotive engines were then, and had previously been for years, employed in the neighbouring colliery-railroads, the *passenger traffic* of this railway was at first moved by horses—one horse drawing with great ease, at the rate of ten miles an hour, twenty-six passengers, and sometimes more. It was not till the following year that Mr. Stephenson was allowed to employ his locomotive engines in this service; nor even then was their operation, though very remarkable, so complete as to satisfy the public of their general applicability. It was but the dawn that harbingered the blaze of day.

In 1825, a year fertile in projects, the success of the Stockton and Darlington Railway attracted the notice of some monied men at Liverpool and Manchester, and it seemed that the connecting these great towns by a railroad of the same kind would be a useful work and a profitable speculation. For this purpose a company was formed, and soon after incorporated and invested with large powers by an Act of Parliament, which received the Royal Assent on the 5th of May, 1826. The company had the good sense and good fortune to employ Mr. Stephenson as the engineer of this work, which was planned and executed with consummate skill, and advanced with great activity. Still, however, the grand result—the greatest mechanical triumph that the world has ever witnessed—was not anticipated, except in the mind of Mr. Stephenson himself: that *he* anticipated it, is proved by his having constructed the bridges of a height sufficient for the chimney of the locomotive.

Still, however, the chief object professed was the transit of heavy merchandise at a moderate rate of speed; and it was not even determined that the power should be locomotive: on the contrary, two very able engineers, who were professionally consulted, Messrs. Walker and Rastrick, reported in favour of *stationary* engines; while Mr. Robert Stephenson—the son the pupil, and, we presume, the partner of *George*, now exclusively employed in the fabrication and improvement of steam-engines—and Mr. Locke—then also a pupil of Stephenson's, and now an eminent engineer—produced calculations and arguments in favour of *locomotion*. In April, 1829, the road itself was so considerably

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siderably advanced as to require the decision of this question; and the directors, wisely preferring experience to any theory, offered a reward of 500*l.* for the best locomotive engine that should satisfy certain conditions: of which the chief were—it was to draw on a plane, at *ten miles* an hour, three times its own weight, which weight was not to exceed six tons; the height of chimney was restricted to fifteen feet; and the pressure on the boiler of 50 lbs. to the square inch. It was to consume its own smoke, and the price was to be 550*l.* Let us remark, as an additional proof of the limited views even of that recent period, that six tons weight, and 550*l.* price, were assigned for what now weighs fourteen or fifteen tons, and costs often as much as 1500*l.*, and never less than 1000*l.* Then, too, the directors would have been satisfied with a *ten-mile* speed; and one of the umpires selected to adjudge the premium was Mr. Nicholas Wood, who, even after the opening of the Stockton and Darlington, had published, *in favour of* locomotive engines, the following opinion:—

'It is far from my wish to promulgate to the world that the ridiculous expectations, or rather *professions*, of the *enthusiastic speculatist* will be realized, and that we shall see engines travelling at the rate of twelve, sixteen, eighteen, twenty miles an hour. Nothing could do more harm towards their general adoption and improvement than the promulgation of such NONSENSE!'

We suspect that the *enthusiast* here alluded to was Mr. George Stephenson. We have been informed, that when he was about to appear as a witness before the committee on the first bill, he was earnestly entreated by the promoters of the measure not to shock the common sense of the members by stating his expectations of speed higher than *ten miles an hour;* and when, under the excitement of a cross-examination, he talked of fifteen or even twenty miles an hour, he was saluted with some by no means complimentary exclamations, and a strong intimation that he was a fit candidate for Bedlam.

At length, on the 8th October, 1829, the trial took place on a portion of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, prepared for the purpose: four engines were produced, but two only answered all the conditions—the Rocket, by *Robert* Stephenson, and the Novelty, by Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericson. What must have been the astonishment of the spectators, but, above all, of the umpire, Mr. Nicholas Wood, when the Novelty was seen to start off with racehorse speed, and to accomplish twenty miles within the hour! But the Novelty was not adequate to heavier weights, and on succeeding trials her machinery failed, and left the Rocket undisputed winner of the prize—as indeed, even

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even if the Novelty had not been disarranged, it must still have been—for, without a load, it ran thirty miles an hour; and, with three times its own weight (13 tons), twenty-four. The double success of the railroad and the locomotive was now, under the united genius of the Stephensons, complete; and *the 8th of October*, 1829, is the *æra*—a new *Hegira*, or *Flight*—from which may be fairly dated the accomplishment of the most important discovery of modern times. The railroad was opened under the melancholy cloud of the death of Mr. Huskisson (who, as member for Liverpool, had been one of its patrons and promoters), on the 15th September, 1830. But even yet the idea which had from the outset prompted all the railroad projects—namely, the conveyance of goods—was still uppermost in men's minds; and it was not till after the railroad had got into habitual operation that the most important fact in railroad statistics was completely established—namely, that, eventually, its greatest value and surest profits would be derived from the acceleration of passenger travelling. 'It is a singular fact,' says Mr. Porter in his *Progress of the Nation*, 1838, 'that of all the railways constructed or contemplated up to the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line, *not one was undertaken with a view to the conveyance of passengers.*'—(vol. ii. p. 64.) But even before this great truth had been fully developed, and while the *Liverpool and Manchester* was still in progress, twenty-four Acts for new lines had been obtained: then followed, between 1830 and 1836, twenty-six—in 1836, twenty-nine—and, in 1837, fifteen. There was then a lull for two or three years; but the spirit has again blazed up: twenty-four railway Acts were passed last year; and in the present session there have been no fewer than *sixty-six* petitions for railroad bills before Parliament, of which it is probable that above *forty* will pass.

We have gone through this detail of facts, many of which must be familiar to our readers, for the purpose of showing how impossible it was to have foreseen the necessity, or even the expediency, of any systematic interference on the part of the Government, or determined at what particular moment, or in what immediate direction it would have been either prudent or possible to have interfered with individual enterprise and property. There was no more apparent reason for jealousy of Mr. Stephenson's projected railroad than there had been of Mr. Brindley's projected canal; or than there is now of Dr. Darwin's 'flying chariot.' Indeed, long before the idea of establishing any *system* of railroads could have occurred to any mind, the system, such as it is, had already created itself, and got by a sudden start beyond the reach of organic legislation: and if it had been attempted at that time

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to subject this nascent spirit to any extensive and *Procrustean* system of conditions, restrictions, and subordinance to some general theory, we are convinced either that what would have been called the absurd apprehensions and despotic meddling of the Government would have been derided and defeated, OR that the springtide of enterprise would have been checked and turned at the outset, and that the magnificent conceptions of Stephenson might have been doomed for another half century to slumber with the embryos of earlier days—the railroads of Anderson and the locomotives of Symington.

We are satisfied, therefore, that our Government and our legislature acted—we can hardly say *wisely*—for we think they had no choice, but—*fortunately* for the great result, in not attempting either to stimulate by public aid, or to limit by restrictive enactments, the spontaneous developments of the wants and wishes of all the various interests which were successively brought into action. The result has been that the free energies and unfettered wealth of the country have done what we are confident no other means could have accomplished, and have produced and gone far towards perfecting the most magnificent, and, in spite of minor errors and defects, the most useful and successful series of public works that the mind of man had ever conceived, or the hands of man ever performed. From the latest returns it appears that

within the year 1843—
70 railroads,
constructed at an outlay of 60,000,000*l.*
have conveyed 25,000,000 passengers,
330,000,000 of miles,
at the average cost of about 1¾*d.* a mile,
and with but *one fatal passenger-accident.*

We now hear a great deal about the superior economy of construction and management of the continental railroads—where the Governments exercise a great present control, and have a reversionary right of absolute possession—and particularly of those of Belgium, which are altogether the work and property of the Government. Under such a system, it is contended, a much more convenient and profitable arrangement might have been made here at a considerably less expense. It seems, however, to us that the practice of the foreign railroads is, in this point, of no authority whatsoever. They had not, as we had, to grope their way in the dark. They were not thought of till our English experiment had proved all the theorems, and solved all the problems, and left them nothing to do but to apply confidently, economically, and profitably the cheap lessons of our dear-bought experience. A preconcerted system was as natural and necessary

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sary for them as it was impossible to us. But there were other reasons, if any were needed, which practically required the direct interference of the continental Governments. They already monopolised the means of travelling: the care of the highways, and the supply of post-horses, were a department of State, and so must naturally be their substitute—the railroad. And, lastly, which perhaps we might as well have put first, they had no capitalists who would, or could undertake such enterprises. France, benefiting, as Belgium did, by our experience, endeavours to subject individual lines to a general system, and though she has hitherto found it expedient to permit private enterprise to originate these works, the Government subscribes largely to the capital—guarantees the interest—reserves a great immediate control, and stipulates for the reversion of the absolute property after a certain number of years; and this, upon the whole, we think the plan best suited to the present state of France, though it never would have been thought of as a rule for our first experiments. But notwithstanding the benefit derived from our experience, and in spite of the controlling authority of the Governments, mistakes have been made both in Belgium and in France as considerable *pro ratâ* as those that are objected to us. We do not believe that so great a blunder has been any where made in England as in some local lines in France, and particularly the double railway on the right and left banks of the Seine, from Paris to Versailles. But even with government aid the Rouen and Orleans lines could not have been executed, but for the assistance of English capital and English hands. And, even while we write, we learn that the whole French system has been deranged; so that the company which had undertaken the great northern line to Calais and Lisle on the government conditions, have thrown up the enterprise, and the government will be obliged to undertake the work altogether on its own resources.

Thus, then, though we admit that if it had been possible to foresee all that has occurred, a general plan of engineering operations might have saved a good deal of money, and might perhaps have been in some instances more convenient, yet we think it has so happened that the general result is nearly as good as any *à priori* system could have produced.

When the Romans extended their civilizing conquests into Britain, they began, and in the course of their occupation perfected, those great lines of road still distinguished by their name*

* It might be inferred that the aboriginal Britons must have had roads, and good roads too, as they had *chariots*; but when we also read that these chariots were driven to and fro at full speed on any accidental field of battle, where of course art could not have removed the natural inequalities of the ground, we know not what to think of it, and are disposed to doubt whether such chariots as could career over the wilds and the woodlands of Caledonia or Anderida, needed good roads.

—which

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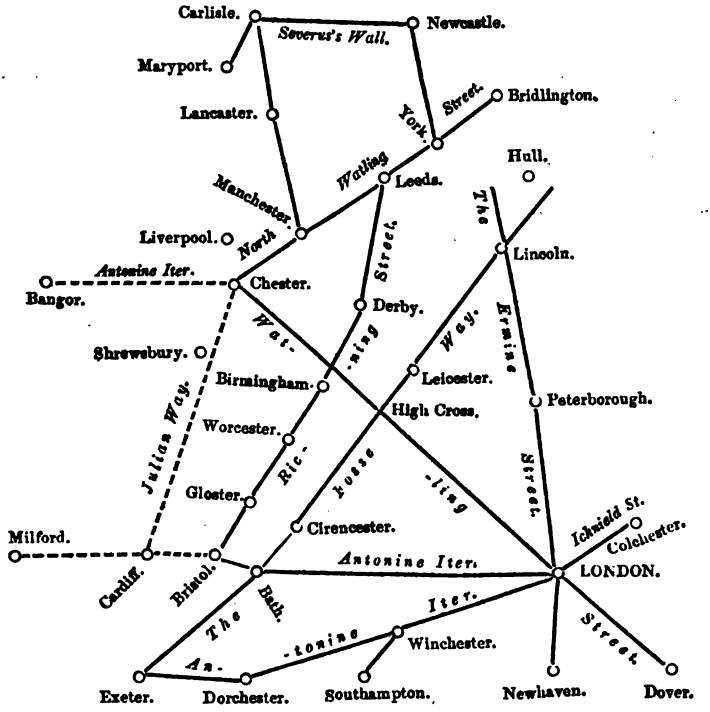
—which have been ever since the main arteries of internal intercourse and the bases of all later *viafication;* and so ably were they laid out that it is in a high degree interesting to observe to how great an extent they anticipated the lines which modern science has adopted for its railways. It is true that the *levels* of the Roman and the Rail roads were chosen on different principles of engineering: the Roman roads looked out for fords, and were not deterred by elevated ridges; whereas the railroad seeks for levels, and therefore prefers running up valleys; but they both contemplated such a general intersection of the country as would produce the most convenient and frequented communication. The following diagram exhibits a general view of the *direction* of the principal Roman roads in England.



The reader will at once perceive that most of these ancient roads pass through the same regions and in the same general directions as the principal lines of railway.

The

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The *South Eastern*, the *London and Birmingham*, the *Grand Junction*, and the *Chester and Crewe*, replace the great *Watling Street* from Dover to Chester.

The *Gloucester and Birmingham*, the *Derby Junction*, and the *North Midland* deviate little from a Roman road which Dr. Stukeley calls the *Ricning Street*.*

The *Bristol and Gloucester*, when it shall be finished, and the *Bath and Exeter*, which replaces the southern branch of the *Foss Way*, will complete the old Roman communication between York and Exeter.

The *Great Western* (with a deviation to the northward between Reading and Chippenham) supplies the place of the Roman iter from London to Bath and Bristol.

The *South Western* is exactly described by Horsley's account of the road by which Vespasian marched to the conquest of the Isle of Wight. 'We have here,' he says, 'a military way passing from London to Winchester, and one branch of it to the [shore opposite the] Isle of Wight.'—*Brit. Rom.*, p. 32.

The *Brighton* and the *Northern and Eastern* would, as originally designed, run through the whole country traversed by the *Ermine Street;* and the *Eastern Counties* follows a Roman way which Horsley designates as the *Icknield Street.*

The *Liverpool and Manchester*, *Manchester and Leeds*, and *Leeds and York*, replace the Northern *Watling Street.*

The railways from York to Newcastle on the east, and from Manchester to Lancaster on the west, are nearly coincident with the eastern and western Roman ways into Scotland.

The *Carlisle and Newcastle* railroad connects the Solway Firth and the mouth of the Tyne just as the wall and military way of *Severus* did; even the little branch to Maryport is found in the *Itinera;* and still further north the *Edinburgh and Glasgow* line runs through the district of the *Antonine* wall and road.

There were also Roman roads through North Wales to Bangor and Caernarvon, and through South Wales to Milford Haven; but they are not so distinctly traceable as the others. The *Taff*

* There is great doubt and difficulty in reconciling some of those old British names with the Roman *Itinera*. The *Watling Street*, from Dover to Chester—the *Foss Way* from Exeter to Lincoln and the North sea—and the *Ermine Street*, from Newhaven near Brighton to the Humber—there is no doubt about; there was also a Roman road, called the *Julian Way*, which appears to have run from the Bristol Channel somewhere near Usk or Cardiff, towards Shrewsbury, and Chester; but the *Ricning Street*, the *Icknield Street*, the *Akeman Street*, &c., are very confused, and the best writers contradict not only each other but even themselves in attempting to distinguish them. We suspect that the difficulty arises from these names having been *generic*, and not *local;* for we read (Higden's Polychronicon, and elsewhere) of a *North Watling Street*, far beyond the great Chester road; and in the south of several *Icknield Streets*, which cannot, by any possibility, be brought into one; and the *Akeman* appears in unconnected places. But, however uncertain the nomenclature may be, there is no doubt at all of the existence and direction of the Roman roads as stated in the text.

Vale

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Vale line runs for thirty miles in one of the supposed directions of the Julian Way from the neighbourhood of Cardiff northward. So that it appears that about three-fourths of the *Julian Way*, and some of the middle and north-eastern parts of the *Foss Way*, are the only portions of the great system of Roman viafication which are not *represented* in the combination of existing or projected railroads.

We do not suppose that the projectors of the various railways thought or, at least, cared about the old Roman roads; but those lines of communication having been originally selected by a wise and provident people, and the population having continued to condense itself along the sides of those channels of intercourse, the modern engineers naturally fell into the same general line of operation; and when we thus find the policy and prudence of the Romans, the experience of succeeding ages, and the shrewd vigilance of local and private interests, all coinciding in the choice of these principal lines, we venture to doubt whether any Commission of Government or any Committee of the House of Commons would have devised anything more *practically* useful; and we therefore arrive at the satisfactory conclusion that—as regards the general convenience—there is not much to regret in what, under a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, has been adopted.

The great burst, however, of railroad speculation in 1836 awakened some degree of legislative attention; and the committees on bills, both in the lords and the commons, began to feel the necessity of enacting clauses protective of the public safety and interests. Early in that session, on the motion of Mr. Poulett Thomson, then President of the Board of Trade, a select committee of the House of Commons was appointed 'to inquire into the standing orders of the House as to railroad bills, and the conditions which it may be advisable to recommend for introduction into such bills with a *view to a future session of parliament*.' The report was not made till August, and, considering how many railroad bills passed that session, it is to be regretted that a general saving clause, similar to one recommended in a Report of 1839, for the future intervention of the legislature, was not then adopted. That Committee indeed does not seem to have thought of entering into such general considerations, but confined itself to the preliminary and very insufficient checks to be afforded by the future improvement of the standing orders. So that the twenty-nine bills of 1836, and those of 1837, 1838, and 1839, were laboriously battled by promoters and opposers through the committees of both Houses of Parliament, without any superintendence of the Government, and in a spirit of litigation,

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tion, extortion, jobbing, bribery, and general extravagance, disgraceful in its details and deplorable in its results.

From the very outset, one of the most prominent effects of the public ignorance of what railroads really were, and were intended to accomplish, was the sincere horror with which almost everybody—except the capitalist and the engineer—regarded the invention; there was a general hostility, wholly unmixed with personal or local interests, against the very idea of a railroad. A rumour that it was proposed to bring such a thing within five miles of a particular neighbourhood was sufficient to elicit an adverse petition to Parliament, and even a subscription to oppose such a fearful nuisance. Oxford and Eton would not permit the *Great Western* bill to pass without special clauses to prohibit a branch to Oxford and a station at Slough—nay, when the directors attempted to infringe the latter prohibition, by only stopping to take up and set down at Slough, they were attacked by proceedings in Chancery, and interdicted from making even a *pause*, where there *now* is the finest and best frequented station in England—honoured by the habitual use of the Sovereign, and not more enjoyed, we believe, by any class of her Majesty's subjects than some of those who had a few years before instigated those hostile proceedings. Oxford, too, has now gladly accepted the branch it formerly repudiated.

Besides these foolish but honest prejudices, which were bad enough, there were soon superadded the more formidable obstructions of cupidity and jobbing. The railroad Companies appear, in almost every instance that we are acquainted with, to have been disposed to treat *individuals*, whose property was required for their works, with a candour and liberality which were too often met in a spirit of unreasonable opposition and unjustifiable extortion; and so strong was the general feeling against anything that looked like a violation of private property, that the Companies submitted to the most unjust demands rather than venture to come into collision with individual interests either before committees or juries. The principle of *buying off opposition*—legitimate to a certain extent—soon assumed a great variety of monstrous shapes. Sums of 5,000*l.*; 6,000*l.*; 10,000*l.*; 30,000*l.*; 35,000*l.*; 120,000*l.* have been given—ostensibly for strips of land, but really to avert opposition. Many of these cases have found publicity in the courts of law; but the mischief done will be best exemplified by the broad fact, that in one narrow neighbourhood it was found expedient to buy off opposition at a price which, under the ordinary calculation of railway profits, would oblige the Company to raise 15,000*l.* per annum of additional tolls—a

sum

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sum equivalent to the fares of above 60,000 third class passengers from London to the neighbourhood in question.*

In extreme cases, when all attempts at amicable compromise had failed, and when the Companies were reluctantly forced to bring the question to judicial decision, the juries were at first found to be full of the same antipathies; and although we believe that they seldom if ever ratified the whole demands of the opposing party, they still awarded very large and sometimes fanciful compensations. If the present Attorney-General had no other claim to public approbation than his success in checking the anti-railroad prejudice, and bringing such cases within the ordinary influences of reason and justice, he would deserve to be considered as a public benefactor. Happening to be engaged on the part of one of the companies, he handled the case in a style not of mere advocacy but of equity and common sense, combining a liberal regard to private rights with an assertion of what was due to public interests, that produced an immediate effect, and led to a fairer and sounder method of dealing with all such cases in future. We remember reading of one trial in which an eminent land-valuer was put into the witness-box to swell the amount of damages, and he expatiated, in the style usual to those gentlemen, on the injury which railroads in general, and particularly the railroad in question, must do by *cutting up* (as it was phrased) the properties they invaded. When this weighty evidence had been given, the counsel for the Company put into the witness's hand a newspaper, and asked whether a certain advertisement had not been written and published by him. The fact could not be denied; and the advertisement being read, was found to contain a strong assertion of the benefit which the approach of a railroad would do to a certain other property then for sale. The jury took the very unusual course of giving faith to the auctioneer's advertisement; and we do not remember to have seen any subsequent attempt made to prove, as a general proposition, that railroads were injurious to the estates they approached. Since those earlier cases, the verdicts of juries have generally been—with a justifiable leaning to private property—not unreasonable: but, on the whole, the result is, that the actual expense of obtaining the land has been in every case at least double the estimate. We have evidence on the *South-Western* that this head of expense, estimated at 90,000*l.*, actually amounted to 250,000*l.*; and we have no reason to believe that this case was singular.

* Amidst so much to censure it is agreeable to have something to applaud. The late Mr. Labouchere had made an agreement with the *Eastern Counties* for a passage through his estate near Chelmsford, at the price of 35,000*l.*; his son and successor, the Right Honourable Henry Labouchere, finding the property not deteriorated to the degree that had been expected, voluntarily returned to the Company 15,000*l.*

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Still more vexatious and relatively more enormous will appear the parliamentary and other *law* expenses to which the railroads were, and are still, with no great mitigation, subjected. Their amount may be stated at an average throughout the empire of not less than 1800*l.* a mile!—of which not more than 100*l.* per mile was required for surveying and engineering. In some cases it is estimated that four-fifths of this expense was a dead loss. And this monstrous sum represents but half the evil; for the account, as we see it, is *unilateral*—whatever it cost the Companies, a sum altogether or nearly equal must have been extracted from the private pocket of their opponents. In a celebrated case in 1839, called the *Stone and Rugby* line, the inquiry lasted sixty-six sitting days, from February to August, and was again renewed the following year, when the bill was finally defeated, at a cost to its promoters of, as we have learned, 146,000*l.*!!! When we toil through the folios of evidence given on these contested cases—when we see the contentious spirit in which they were fought, and when we come at length to a bill of costs at 1800*l.* a mile, it really seems wonderful that, under such a system of litigation and extortion, any men could have had the patience and courage to have prosecuted these great designs to their completion.

The first share of the blame of these abuses was attributable to the committees of the House of Commons, which, as then constituted, were very inadequate, not to say unfit, tribunals for the duties with which they were charged. It is curious and characteristic of the mode in which this business has been done, that the author of '*Railways, their Uses and Management*,' giving a kind of summary review of the merits of the principal engineers of the country, hardly alludes to their professional abilities, but rates them by their skill and temper in the *witness-box*; the question is not which is the best engineer, but which makes the best witness: one is too frank—another too modest; another this—another that; but the chief applause is for those who are 'firm and self-possessed,' and '*determined not to be put down* by cross-examination.'—(p. 61.) Volumes could not better describe the false and injurious principles on which these inquiries were and still are conducted.

The committees have been latterly much improved by a better mode of selection, and by the increased vigilance and influence of the public eye; but we regret to say that the spirit of delay and litigation, though somewhat checked, is still more than a match for the best intentioned committee, particularly in the cases which are now the most frequent and important, of *competing* lines. The first great lines had no opposition from competitors, but now everything is competition. As the prejudices of the public and the

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the extortion of individuals have diminished, a still more formidable system of litigation has arisen amongst the companies themselves, and is daily increasing.

There have been this session some forty or fifty committees employed in endeavouring to arbitrate between existing and embryo railways, or between two embryos struggling for a separate existence, at an enormous expense of time and money; and, from some cases which have attracted public notice, it seems as if the committees are very much in want of some governing principle on which to ground their decisions. It is, indeed, one of the main faults of that jurisdiction, that it is difficult—indeed, under its present constitution, almost impossible—to give it any uniformity of either principle or practice. We shall mention hereafter a proposition that would tend to correct this evil—but at present we must confine our observations to the existing state of things; and we hope we shall not be thought presuming, if we offer some general observations on the important subject of competition—first, competition between a new and an old line—and, secondly, competition between two new lines.

As to the first class, we profess ourselves to be great friends to the old companies, who, *while the results were yet doubtful*, made great sacrifices and incurred still greater risks in executing these wonderful works. It never was imagined that those great trunk lines could be in any danger from competition—if it had been, it is probable that, in the earlier days, the great Companies might have made some provision against it; no such thing, however, was done, and the surprising success which has attended their venture, *and the* 3 *per cents. being at par*, have—not shaken, we hope, but—certainly altered the foundation on which they stand. This very fact is a main reason with us for pressing, as far as our humble voice can go, on the government and the legislature the duty—we say the *duty*—of protecting existing enterprises, not merely as a matter of private justice, but of public policy also. These giants are not invulnerable. Wise by their experience, and rich at their expense, new adventurers are anxious to meet them on their own ground, and to turn against them their own successes. We fully admit that no reasonable objection can be made to distant and *consequential* competition, such as the direct *Ermine Street* line from London to York by Peterborough and Lincoln—or that from Winchester to Exeter by Dorsetshire—would create respectively against the lines from London to York by Manchester and the *Great Western*. They pass through wholly different districts—they have no connexion or rivalry but at their very extremities: and the old ones were not formed under any expectation that the new ones were not as likely as themselves to be

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ultimately created; but it is a very different thing when the new speculation proposes to run through a district already occupied. Some cases have occurred where the embryo proposes to avail itself of ready-made works to reach both its termini, and runs for its whole length within a few miles of established lines; such an undertaking can have no motive whatsoever but a pecuniary speculation—and ought not therefore to be encouraged in opposition to a work already executed under the sanction of the legislature, and whose success and excellent performance of its duty is the only cause of the rivalry with which it is threatened. In short, no parallel lines should be admitted for the mere purpose of drawing off traffic. In common matters of trade and shopkeeping such conduct would not be tolerated, and in some cases not stronger than certain railway competitions that we could mention, Chancery would grant an injunction to prevent it. The legislature—like Chancery—is the guardian of all rights not legally defined, and should be equally zealous to protect, not merely vested, but equitable interests; and this not altogether for the advantage of private parties, but for public benefit; for we take the liberty of repeating that these giants are not invulnerable, and that if they do not receive that degree of protection —we go no further— upon the faith of which they were created— their ruin and a frightful extent of general calamity may be the result, and all because the 3 per cents. are at par, and that certain capitalists do not know what to do with their money.

There is, we admit, a strong impression in the public mind, and it, of course, makes its way into the committees, that competition would counteract what popular language calls the Companies' monopolies. We shall say a word presently on the subject of *monopoly* —a term never more abused than in its invidious application to the railroad Companies;—here we will only observe that the worst form of monopoly that a railroad can take is that which must be produced by the kind of competition which we deprecate. The Companies will do exactly what the old stage-coach proprietors used to do— they ran at each other with low prices till one was beaten and gave in—the victor then ran both coaches and raised the fares to reimburse him for the expense of the struggle. So, as we have seen in the *Manchester and Crewe,* and the *Birmingham and Derby,* where two lines—like a great hole for the great cat, and a little hole for the little cat—were employed to do the work of one, the natural result ensued, and the public now pays a higher price for worse accommodation. In all such struggles there will be for six months violent competition and low prices—but combination, high prices, and inferior accommodation are sure to follow—for if the Legislature will not take due care of the Companies,

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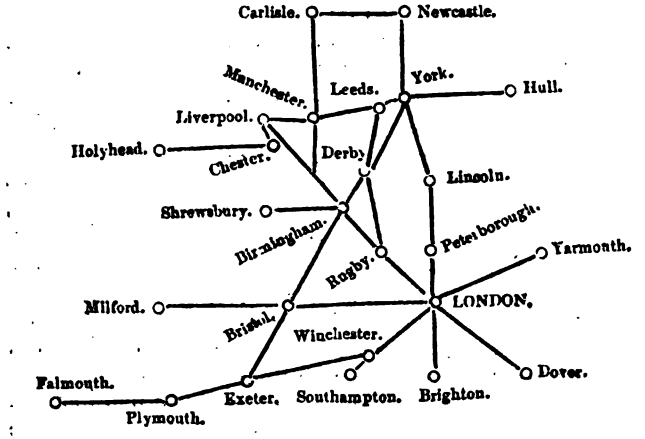
panies, the Companies will be forced to take undue care of themselves, and in either case the public at large will be the greatest sufferers. We really do not think that in England any considerable lines are needed beyond those which we already have, with those four new ones to Holyhead, to Milford, to Plymouth and Cornwall, and to Shrewsbury, which would create no competition; and the completion of those already existing—the South-Western to Dorchester and Exeter, the North-Eastern to Lincoln, and the Eastern Counties to Norwich—the continuation to Yarmouth being already finished. The general scheme of the greater lines would then be this:—



carrying out, as we have already shown in almost every point, the old Roman system, and capable of being extended, as *it* was, by branches and stations: they intersect the country so conveniently, that there is hardly a populous district in England which has hitherto had its Macadamized road and its posting-house, that might not connect itself with one of these trunk lines—by branches seldom exceeding twenty miles in length, which, for short distances and where the traffic was small, might, in the first instance, be worked by horses. Every possible encouragement should be given to the great Companies to supply the lateral branches of their respective neighbourhoods, either on their own account, or, what would be still safer and better, by some kind of partnership or connexion with the local interests. We believe we may say with confidence that wherever a local interest chooses to make a branch, any of the great companies would be ready to rent it at four per cent. on the cost, though such a line as a separate establishment might probably not pay three. For the sake

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sake of the public then, and to steer those great works between the Scylla and Charybdis of bankruptcy, or monopoly, Committees should not—in any case that we can contemplate—sanction a parallel line, of which the true motive is only a *dividend*—the Legislature having already assigned that district and that dividend to another party, which has not by any breach of the original contract forfeited its claims.

Between two new lines the case is somewhat different, but the principle of Legislative guardianship is there also applicable. It may seem very hard that, with the 3 per cents. at par, capitalists should not be allowed, with their eyes open and after due warning, to embark their money in concerns which they believe may be profitable, and which at least must be useful. The same argument, however, might be used in favour of all *bubble* schemes, which the Legislature has always shown a strong disposition to discountenance as far as it could, even when it had no direct power of interference; and, now, when its power is not only direct, but indispensable to the execution of the project, it is surely bound to see that it does not sanction a wanton waste of public as well as private resources—for we need not stop to prove that every failure, or even imperfect execution of such a work is a public loss. And this leads us to observe, that when we see so extravagant a number as 66 petitions for railway bills brought in this session, we cannot but doubt the policy that has been adopted of facilitating thoughtless and adventurous schemes, by the reduction of the deposit from 10*l.* to 5*l.* per cent. on the estimates. If indeed railroad speculation had been on the wane—if there had been an indisposition, either from want of will or of means, to undertake works of acknowledged utility—it might have been right to revive and encourage the spirit of adventure; but just at the moment of so great and extraordinary a burst of speculation as cannot but alarm one for its prudence, the throwing in an additional incentive, which is at the same time a diminution of the public security, is at variance with all our ideas of sound policy.

But this mistake, as we presume to think it, having been made, it only becomes the duty of committees to exercise the greatest possible vigilance in checking visionary and ruinous projects by a careful examination of the estimates of cost and profits, and, above all, in sanctioning nothing for the completion of which they shall not have all reasonable guarantees—of which the best of all is a capital that leaves ample margin for unestimated expenses. They should recollect that on the lines planned by the wisest heads and conducted by the ablest hands, the excess of the actual cost over the original estimates—swelled so enormously, as we have stated, by the unexpected amount of

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of law charges and land purchases—was still more formidably increased by the inadequacy of the calculated prices of work and materials, by the discovering of necessary alterations, and by unforeseen difficulties and accidents. In some cases, no doubt, the estimates were kept intentionally low—to attract subscribers and to conciliate committees; but for much of the excess the engineers of the earlier lines were liable to little blame; with them all was matter of experiment—nay of guess, before they were allowed to make experiments. The data—even when anything entitled to the designation of *datum* occurred—were all uncertain, and some of them turned out to be fallacious, and so of course were the calculations formed upon them. Estimates, for example, were made for moving many millions of cubic yards of earth at 6*d.* the cubic yard, and contracts were actually offered and taken at that rate,—while, in fact, it turned out that 1*s.* was the lowest average at which the work could really be done, and it, on some lines, amounted to 1*s.* 6*d.* Here was something of original miscalculation on the part not merely of the engineers, but—which justifies the engineers—of the contractors; yet, it must be recollected, on behalf of both, that the sudden and extensive demand for this kind of labour tended to increase prices beyond what might have been at first a fair calculation. The same observation applies to materials: the enormous demand raised prices enormously.

The progress of the works too was accompanied, or indeed rather *outrun*, by the exigencies of public expectation. Station-houses were required of a more commodious, and even ornamental character than had been at first thought of. For instance, the London terminus of the Birmingham line was brought at a vast expenditure from Primrose Hill to Euston Square, and there completed with those noble edifices which, though not exceeding what their position and uses justify, were certainly not contemplated in the original estimate.

So, also, difficulties of mere engineering occurred—of which some, no doubt, were the result of inexperience or miscalculation—but the most important were such as no foresight could have *à priori* guarded against—as when in the heart of one of the great tunnels a subterranean river was *tapped*, which had to be led away at a great expense—as when a great embankment was observed gradually to sink without any visible cause or effect, till the adjoining fields were at length seen to rise, the superincumbent mound having penetrated into some less solid stratum below, and by there expanding its base, elevated, without otherwise disturbing, the adjoining surface—as when, after cutting through high perpendicular rocks, a soft stratum was arrived at,

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at, no longer capable of supporting the weight, and an artificial foundation was to be built under these walls of natural rock—as when a viaduct having been planned across a wide and deep valley on a series of lofty arches, in the course of execution it was found that the place of one of the centre pillars happened to come exactly over an ancient coal pit, whose mouth had been filled up and obliterated—here a sufficient foundation was to be created in the honey-combed strata, at a great and *unforeseeable* expense.

These are but specimens of an infinite variety of circumstances which might be produced* to excuse in some degree the extraordinary excess of expenditure over estimate which all the railroads exhibit. It must, we fear, be admitted that every railway exhibits more or less improvidence and mismanagement; but we must add that much of the evil was inevitable, and much more of it excusable, under the novelty and peculiarity of the circumstances.

Let us take, for instance, the Blackwall or Greenwich lines—the most disastrous we believe of all. For each of these there might have been alleged the two active principles of all railway success—business and pleasure. We have seen that in the very dawn of railway projects Dr. Anderson was for trying the first experiment in the direction of Blackwall, even before the docks in that district had acquired anything like their present extension. It might have been also supposed that the Greenwich line would have had a vast passenger traffic—and so it seems that it has; but there was this counterbalance on both these lines, which we know not how any commission could have redressed—that every foot of ground was to be bought at prices that would have purchased some yards of an ordinary way, and the lines had to be raised throughout upon piers and arches—thus the charges of *construction* were enormous, while there was no reason whatsoever that the charges of *conveyance* should be any higher than in other places;—on the contrary, from the classes of persons expected to use those railroads, the projectors ought to have calculated on lower fares. To pay 300,000*l.* a mile for roads that lead only to the muddy purlieus of Blackwall or the narrow neighbourhood of Greenwich, and in both cases liable to the competition of water-carriage, was, we admit, a very hazardous speculation; but we know not that Government, or even the Legislature, could or should have prevented men who had capital to spare making an experiment which *could injure*

* We think an entertaining and useful work might be composed of the curious and unforeseen circumstances, both natural and mechanical, which the execution of railroads has developed.

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no other party, and was not more hopeless than the Duke of Bridgewater's first idea of his canal, nor so much so as the '*nonsense*' of expecting that locomotives were to move at the rate of twelve miles an hour; and, after all, who can say, in the vicissitudes of all such transactions, that these depressed concerns may not experience a turn of fortune? Suppose, for instance, that the Dover railroad had, as it might have done, communicated with Greenwich, Woolwich, Gravesend, Sheerness, Rochester, Chatham, Canterbury, Sandwich, Deal, and Dover—to say nothing of the towns in the Isle of Thanet—the Greenwich line would no doubt have paid; or suppose the Blackwall to become part of a successful project for diminishing the delays and risks of the river navigation, who will say that it may not at last obtain a profitable traffic? Every line pays enormously for its London terminus—but these two lines may be considered as *all terminus*.

But for any pecuniary improvidence or extravagance in the undertaking or execution of these works, which we think we have shown no disposition to treat too lightly, we must beg leave, on the other hand, to suggest some weighty motives of consolation or even of congratulation. If we have paid dearly, we have at least not squandered our money on trivial or temporary objects. We have, in return for our expenditure, the greatest—the most important—the most enduring, and, *if not wantonly disturbed by imprudent legislation*, the most profitable works, taken altogether, that the world possesses. We might, perhaps, have had them a little cheaper; but we have them: and the whole expenditure—if somewhat increased by inexperience or rivalry—has, at least, been amongst ourselves.

There never was, we believe, any public undertaking so entirely domestic in all its advantages. The work came, too, when and where it was most wanted—in the crisis of the Poor Law transition—and it has fructified over the whole face of the country,—visiting every district through the expanse of the empire, and embracing every rank and interest, from the mansion to the manufactory—the palace to the cottage. It came, too, in a crisis of another nature—that of a superabundance of unemployed capital, and when people were running into the wildest, the silliest, and the most ruinous speculations. The British capital invested in railroads—expensive, if you will, but solid, enduring, vivifying works—is about 60,000,000*l*. The capital risked—we fear we might say *lost*—in Foreign Loans is computed at not less than 121,000,000*l*.; to which may be added 6,464,000*l*. of British capital paid up on Foreign Mining speculations, described, in Spackman's statistical tables (p. 151), as 'being, with one or two exceptions, utterly worthless, and an entire loss of the capital embarked

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barked in them;' and also a 4,500,000*l.* paid up capital on British Mining companies, designated, by the same authority, as 'not only complete failures, but memorable proofs of the folly and cupidity of British capitalists, on the one hand, and of the knavery of their projectors, on the other' (*ib.* p. 153)—making a total of capital—nearly unproductive, where not entirely lost—of upwards of 130,000,000*l.* Whereas, the 60,000,000*l.* invested in our railroads are not only represented by solid works and substantial property, but pay, on the average, 5 per cent., that is, 2 per cent. more than the public securities of the state; for, though it is true that some of these undertakings pay at present but little interest, and others less than 3 per cent., yet we believe the *average* is quite as great as we have stated it, and in such a case as this, the average is peculiarly important, because the great capitalists are understood to be mixed up in many of these concerns, and it is satisfactory to believe that a great body of those who might suffer from the depressed shares are, fortunately, holders also in the more beneficial lines. In short, all that can be alleged of extravagance and extortion in the creating these great works is really inconsiderable compared with the follies and frauds of those wild speculations which it has helped to check; and we turn with pleasure and with pride from the mortifying recollection of *Spanish Bonds*, *Mexican Mines*, and *American Banks*, to those splendid and substantial trophies and treasures of domestic industry and native science, which combine individual profit with public convenience and national prosperity.

But it is not because the result has been on the whole so triumphant that we should be indifferent to past or careless of future errors. We should not forget that, gigantic as has been its progress, mechanical locomotion is in but the infancy of its existence, and probably very far from the maturity of its power. We are therefore very glad to see public attention, both in and out of Parliament, so actively directed to this important subject. The profession of civil engineer has received a large development, and such an accession of numbers and talents as constitute an important class of educated society.* There are already, we believe, no

* This is not an occasion to enter fully into, and yet we cannot help noticing the visible, and in general beneficial, influence of railroad travelling upon public manners. The daily exercise of habits of economy and punctuality—the civility and comfort produced by the practice of not seeing the Companies' servants—the bringing various ranks and classes of mankind into more familiar intercourse and better humour with each other—the emancipation of the fair sex, and particularly of the middle and higher classes, from the prohibition from travelling in public carriages, which with the majority was a prohibition from travelling at all—the opportunities, so frequently improved, of making agreeable acquaintances—the circulation, as it were, of

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no less than four newspapers especially dedicated to railway and engineering concerns—all conducted, as far as we have seen, with considerable ability—and with as much candour and impartiality as can be expected on subjects of great novelty and doubt, and so pregnant with pecuniary interests and professional rivalries.

The pamphlets, whose titles we have placed at the head of this article, are some of the many which every day produces, and which are at least evidence of the interest taken by the public on the subject of railroads. That which calls itself *Railway Reform* has attracted some attention, not from either the ability or the candour of the writer, nor even from any considerable knowledge of the subject, but on the old ground that 'he who goeth about to persuade mankind that they are ill governed'—whether by kings, ministers, or boards of directors—'shall seldom fail of willing auditors.' His first practical scheme was a general reduction of railway fares to *one-third* of the present amount:—a rate which he seems to have fixed on from the fact of the expense of working *the London and Birmingham* being about one-third of the gross receipts—which would be, in any case, a very unsatisfactory datum for a general system, but is here a downright misrepresentation, as the expenditure on the *London and Birmingham*, 33 per cent., is much lower, compared with its receipts, than any other in the kingdom—the average of thirty principal railroads being 45 per cent. But even the reduction of two-thirds would not satisfy the growing appetite of this reformer—for to a *third* edition he has prefixed an advertisement, in which he proposes a reduction of fares *à la Rowland Hill*:—

'*Sixpenny* fares to Brighton, and *half-crown* fares to Liverpool—which, though they may seem low, would yield a profit of 200 per cent. on the cost of transmission, including every expense connected with the management—a sum amply sufficient to pay the dividends on the invested capital, provided that the reduction of fares would have the effect in this country that it has done in others, viz. in increasing the number of passengers in nearly the same ratio as the fares are decreased.'

We can place but small reliance on a writer who publishes a bulky pamphlet filled with arithmetical and statistical details, and laboured with the utmost apparent accuracy of calculation to prove the possibility of a general reduction of fares to *one-third*; and then, in two or three lines of a *third edition*, jumps to double the reduction he first thought possible, viz. to *one-sixth*, and in the case of Brighton (for which the lowest present fare is five shillings) and

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of the current coin of the intellect—and the general tone of mutual frankness and civility so observable in railroad travellers, and *so new in the English character*, are producing rapid and important effects—and it seems as if we might say of this new *art*—as of the old—'Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.'

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'some other companies' to *one-tenth!* And in order to soften down some of the gross inconsistency of these propositions, he has had recourse to such silent alterations in the text of his work as the following:—

First and Second Editions.	*Third Edition.*
'In the railway reform which I propose, the reduction is *only one-third*, and the decrease in the receipts from the railways I have estimated at *a million*.'—p. 60.	'In the railway reform which I propose, the reduction is *in the same proportion* [i. e. *one-sixth*], and the decrease in the receipts from the railways I have estimated at *a million and a half*.'—p. 60.

This is a glorious specimen of statistics: from precisely the same data, expressed in the same words and figures, and enforced by the self-same arguments, the author arrives at conclusions so enormously different.

Again, he asks in all the editions,

'The number of passengers during the last year was about nineteen million, which would average, as near as possible, one journey to each individual in the community. Should we be justified in assuming that that number would, after the proposed change, be *quintupled?*'—

and he answers—

First and Second Editions.	*Third Edition.*
'*I think* NOT.	'*I think* WE MIGHT.
'On *some* lines we could NOT EVEN 'calculate on that increase. . . . On a few lines the number '*I believe*, would be *quintupled*.	'On *all* lines we MIGHT FULLY 'might be increased nearly *ten-fold*.
'Taking the whole,	
'I do NOT think	'I think
'we could calculate on a much greater increase than in the ratio of	
'five to TWO;	'five to ONE;
'say, in round numbers,	
'from *nineteen to fifty millions!!*'	'one *hundred millions!!*'

Round numbers with a vengeance! '*From* nineteen *to* fifty millions;' and from these, as a *maximum*, to *one hundred* millions as a *minimum*. We need say nothing of the logic that draws such extravagant inconsistencies from the self-same premises; nor of the candour that, by such slight typographical changes, and without anything to call the reader's attention to the variance, makes alterations so important and so contradictory. But it is not only over his own figures that he exercises this legerdemain. He treats in the same style what he seems to quote as the official returns:—

'The amount received from passengers for the year ending the 30th June, 1842, was—

First and Second Editions.	*Third Edition.*
'2,731,687*l.*, or 2*s.* 10*d.* from each individual.'	'3,359,774*l.* 15*s.* 5*d.* in *Great Britain* alone—each passenger, on an

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an average,' being conveyed 18 miles, and paying 3*s.* 6*d.*'

It is no business of ours to reconcile these variances: we only produce them to justify our total rejection of the author's statistical authority—and to excuse ourselves from entering into any further discussion of the project of raising 200 per cent. profit on all the railroads of the kingdom by a general rate of *less than a half farthing* per mile.

The other works mentioned at the head of our article, and many more which we have not room to mention, though they all, or almost all, advocate, like the author of 'Railway Reform,' a general reduction of fares, and the administration of railroads as a department of the Government, do so in a much better temper and with clearer and soberer views; but still with a great leaning towards exaggerating the advantages to be derived from a change in the system of management, and a tendency to censure, we think unjustly, successive administrations for not having sooner and more decidedly interfered with the management of all railroads. Indeed there are some points in which more was both said and done than was either discreet on public principle, or just to the railroad companies—as we shall have occasion to show.

In 1839 another select committee was appointed on the proposition of the Government, of which the late Lord Sydenham was again chairman, 'to inquire into the state of railroad communications and to report their observations.' They made two reports; one in April, that a clause be inserted in all future railway bills to the following effect:—

'Be it further enacted, that nothing herein contained shall be deemed or construed to exempt the railway by this or the said recited Acts authorized to be made, from the provisions of any general Act relating to railways which may pass during the present or any future session'—

—a clause which, though not, we think, very effectively worded, announced an important principle. Later in the session the Committee presented a second and more general report, which, though it contains a few observations which we believe to be erroneous, and such as a committee with our subsequent experience would not now make, is on the whole very valuable, and particularly as being the foundation of the existing system of railroad legislation. It was on it that was founded the Act of 1840, known as 'Lord Seymour's Act,' and an extension of it, introduced in 1842—which gave to the Committee of the Privy Council (usually called the Board of Trade) certain powers of inspection and superintendence over railways. These are, indeed, very limited, and touch but a few of the most prominent public interests;

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interests; but the Act was an important step, not only because its provisions were practically useful, but because it was an assertion of the right of Parliament to exercise on adequate occasions its supreme authority over the special legislation by which a railroad company had been originally constituted—a right which, indubitable as we think it in the abstract, there were parties who affected to doubt.

The main points are that no new road shall be opened for traffic without the previous examination and sanction of a government inspector; that the Board of Trade shall have a right to call for returns of traffic, &c.; that every case of accident shall be reported within forty-eight hours; that the Board of Trade shall have power to sanction alterations of dangerous crossings—the acquisition of additional land for the purposes of safety—the mode of joining new roads to existing lines—and, finally, to arbitrate and adjudicate on several matters which, under the previously existing acts, belonged to other jurisdictions. In consequence of this Act, the Board of Trade has created within itself a Railway department, consisting of an Inspector General, who has hitherto been an officer of her Majesty's corps of Engineers, and two civil superintendents, Messrs. Porter and Laing, all acting under and reporting to the Board of Trade. Though this department has by law little direct authority, and works chiefly by inquiry and suggestion, we have no doubt that it has produced most beneficial and important results. It not only collects from all the railways a vast quantity of statistical information, but it informs itself, in the minutest detail, of every accident that occurs all over the face of the empire, and brings them into one synoptical view, where their causes and consequences may be exhibited and compared, and afford the surest data for prevention and correction. The railroad Companies have, of course, felt the liveliest interest in guarding against accidents; but they also had a natural desire that those which did occur should make as little noise as possible. This—besides the obvious objections to a system of *hushing-up* in a concern, in all the practical results of which the public have so direct an interest—had this further bad effect, that no one eye could reach and no one ear could hear the variety of accidents, on the collective examination of which only an adequate system of prevention could be framed. *Now* every accident, of whatever character, is registered in distinct classes, and every serious case is personally inquired into on the spot in all its details by the Inspector-General, and once a year a general report is published of all the railroad information that has been acquired by the department. This publicity stimulates the vigilance of the Companies to prevent accidents, and helps the collective body of engineers to a better understanding

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understanding of the prevailing mischiefs and the most efficient remedies. The report for the past year furnishes the following comparison of railroad accidents, attended with danger to the passenger public, since the department has been in operation:—

Years.	Accidents.	Persons killed.	Persons hurt.
1840 {(estimated by doubling the last five months)}	56	44	262
1841	29	24	72
1842	10	5	14
1843	5	3	8

Of the three persons killed in 1843, *one only*, as we before said, was a passenger not being himself to blame.

This satisfactory result has, no doubt, been partly produced by the greater vigilance and the increasing experience and skill of the persons practically employed; but when we see so marked a diminution of accidents in the face of an enormous increase of traffic, we cannot but attribute a large share of the merit to the superintendence of the Board of Trade. The personal inspections, especially, of Sir Frederick Smith, and of his successor Major-General Pasley, have been of obvious and important practical advantage, and will be found of great prospective utility; and the reports themselves contain a mass of information, which—though with some deficiencies, and other minor errors*—will, in time, form a most valuable storehouse of railroad statistics.

One of the powers given by the Bill to the Board of Trade, that of altering dangerous crossings, is worth a little special notice—as an exemplification of the serious difficulties which railroads had, and still have, to contend with in matters of apparently minor importance. In the earlier Railway Acts the superior consideration given to the existing *highways* was strangely shown by directing that wherever the two roads crossed on a level there should be gates erected *across the railroad*, to be opened only when a railroad carriage was about to pass—the public rights of the highway being too inviolable to be interrupted except for the shortest possible moment of time. We need not expatiate on

* For instance, the department justly congratulates itself on the diminution of the number of accidents (as above stated)—a diminution which would, of course, be the more or less remarkable from the increased number of passengers in each year. But the report only says generally, 'the number of passengers travelling by railway, *during each year*, has not been less than 24,000,000,' as if there had been no increase in the *four* years; whereas we find in the 'Report for 1842,' p. vii., the numbers stated at one-fourth less, viz. 18,000,000. This is an important discrepancy in a statistical detail so mainly influencing the matter under consideration.

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the gross absurdity and frightful peril of this regulation, repealed by the Act of 1842, which provided, in accordance with the general Highway Act, that the gates should be placed *across the turnpike-road;* but the enormous danger of the old arrangements had created so strong an impression on the public mind against *crossings on the level,* that Committees have generally prohibited such crossings, and forced the Companies to erect bridges; and so sacred have the old roads been still considered, that everybody sees that, rather than give a bend to the highway where a bend is of no importance at all, the railways have been put to all the additional cost and inconvenience of *skew*-bridges, as they are called: we ourselves know several instances, and we believe there may be many hundreds, in which the Companies have been put to serious expense where a sufficient deviation of the old road might have been made with little outlay and no public inconvenience. The consequence of this system, and of the exigencies of proprietors as to rights of way, has been that, on the average of railways throughout England, it is computed that there are at the very least *nine bridges* every *four miles!* There can be no doubt that crossings on the level should be avoided wherever it can reasonably be done, and in frequented thoroughfares it *must* be done, at whatever cost; but in the majority of country roads, gates, duly locked and *only to be opened by the railroad officer* for the occasional use of the highway traffic, would be as safe as any other portion of the road: and we are glad to have on this point the concurrent opinion of so important and unbiassed a judge as Major-General Pasley, in his report to the Board of Trade, 17th March, 1843. No one but an engineer can perfectly understand to what great, and we may now venture to add unnecessary, expenses, not merely in excavating roads and building bridges, but in altering their general levels, the Companies have been subjected by stipulations of this sort—just, no doubt, in *some* cases—but extended to *all* by prejudice and misconception. One of the most serious instances of the abuse both ways—that is, building and not building bridges—that we recollect, is the entrance of the *South-Western* into Southampton, where the proprietors of a road leading to a bridge which is private property and little used, forced the company, by a chancery suit, to raise a long embankment and carry a very expensive bridge over the railroad; while, half a mile further on, it crosses *on the level* three or four much-frequented streets and roads in the suburbs of the town. The bridge could have been well spared where it has been erected, and would be most beneficially placed over one of the other communications.

These details may seem at first sight too minute for the kind of

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of general view that we profess to take, but it is only by the occasional exposition of such details that we can make the general difficulties of the case intelligible.

In the Report of the committee of 1839 was first advanced a kind of imputation, which has been since exaggerated and swollen into a topic of popular declamation—namely, that the railway companies were negligent of the wants and feelings of the poor:—

'The injurious effect of the railway system upon the poor classes of passengers will be more severely felt, as other means of cheap travelling by stage-coaches, carrier's carts, and waggons are gradually superseded.' —*Report*, 1839, p. 8.

We feel it to be our duty to protest against this paragraph itself, and against the practical inferences which have been drawn from it, as false in fact and erroneous in principle. We are, in the first place, satisfied, that railroads have enlarged the number of poor travellers *five-fold*, and with a considerable increase of *comfort*; and, secondly, we rather fear that 'the injurious effect of the railway system' is likely to be the very reverse of what the committee apprehended—by rendering travelling too cheap and easy—unsettling the habits of the poor, and tempting them to improvident migration. Short trains round great towns can scarcely be too cheap, and we wish them, including pleasure trips, to be as frequent as the necessary *business* of life either requires or will allow. But we are by no means for stimulating by disproportionate facilities the propensity of the poor to leave their families and usual employments to seek their fortune in other districts, where the fortune they find is commonly nothing but misfortune. It is stated by the sensible author of 'Railways, their Uses and Management,' that the prudent Scotch are bad railroad customers, and that, 'as passengers for a railway, any small English town would give more than Glasgow,' the most populous city in Scotland (p. 33). Travelling for rich or poor is an ingredient in the economical statistics of human life. If used for *pleasure* it must be paid for—if for business it *pays itself*—and its price should range about the medium that should not, on the one hand, encourage idle gadding, nor, on the other, impede the circulation of labour, and its tendency to make its way to a natural level. The poor themselves have a proverbial saying that 'three removes are as bad as a fire,' and we, for our own parts, believe that for the poor in general cheap travelling will be found to be the dearest thing in the world. But the truth is, that in this case, as in Mr. Rowland Hill's scheme, the interests of the poor are brought forward to obtain a popularity for changes in which, of all classes, the poor have really the least concern.

As the practical question here is obviously of great importance—

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and that is in truth much greater even than it at first sight appears—we shall be excused for giving some instances of the misrepresentations, *ad captandum vulgus*, which have been made on this subject. The first allegation is that the railroad companies did not originally condescend to make provision for poor travellers, and only did so '*when they found their monopoly would be incomplete without it.*' (*Railway Reform*, p. 8.) Now this is a gross perversion of the facts. When the railroad companies began to think of passenger traffic, they looked to what was already in existence—they found nothing but *posting* and *stage-coaching*—and thought only of supplying the place of the vehicles they meant to banish, and hence they had only first and second class carriages—the first answering to post-chaises and stage-coach insides, the other to the outsides: and the highest fares were generally less, and never, that we know of, more than those of the *stage-coaches*. As to the allegation that Companies in general—and by name the *London and Birmingham*—added third-class carriages to secure their monopoly by driving all the coaches off the road—we need only say, that the lowering *first* and *second* class fares might drive rival coaches off the road, but does the writer expect us to believe that any coach could have remained on the road with no patronage but that of *third-class* passengers, who are in fact the waggon or canal-boat class who never went by coach? This charge is reproduced in a still more offensive shape against the *Liverpool and Manchester*, and in a way which proves either that some strange animosity has blinded the writer, or that he really knows nothing of what he is writing about:—

'Such is the system [of high fares] carried out on the *Liverpool and Manchester* and other *aristocratical companies* that are *unaware* officially that *there exist any poorer classes at all*, or at least *refuse to recognise them as belonging to the community*. There is in reality a law on these railways which forbids *any poor man* travelling, more binding than an act of parliament: there are many ways of evading an act of parliament, but none that I am aware of in evading the grip of a policeman *in attempting to pass the barrier without the requisite ticket*, and thus the "Liverpool and Manchester" works and wins its way.'—*Railway Reform*, p. 37.

This concluding sentence seems to imply that one of the hardships inflicted on the poor by this '*aristocratical company*' is that a person who endeavours to pass without a ticket—that is, to rob them—is liable to be stopped. This by way of a grievance is as new and as wonderful as locomotion itself; but we pass that to arrive at the fact that this '*aristocratical company refuses to recognise the poor as a part of the community.*' Why or how? We cannot guess, unless it be that—and for the reasons we

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we have before stated—they have no *third-class* carriages; but charge for their *second-class* about 1½*d.* per mile, while other railways charge for their second and third about 2*d.* and 1½*d.* respectively.*

But there is a further and greater misrepresentation on this point—the writer says:—

'The fares by railway travelling throughout the kingdom are on an average as high, and in many cases higher than *formerly* by the *coaches*. From London to Birmingham the *usual fares were* 25*s.* inside, and 15*s.* out—and now to the same place the night-mail fare is 32*s.* 6*d.* by the first class, and 25*s.* by the second—in the day-time it is 5*s.* less.'—*Railway Reform*, p. 12.

On which we have only to say that the facts are utterly false—the mail fares to Birmingham '*formerly*'—that is, before railroads—were 50*s.* inside and 35*s.* outside, and by the ordinary coaches 45*s.* inside and 30*s.* outside, exactly double what for his purposes this writer chooses to represent them—exclusive of fees to coachmen and guards averaging from 5*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* So that in the old mail-coach you paid, with coachmen and guards, at least 57*s.* for travelling through the whole night, and reaching Birmingham to a late breakfast next morning—you now pay 32*s.* 6*d.* for being able to go to bed at Birmingham at five minutes past twelve—leaving London in both cases at the same time. And this is a subject of complaint!

But under this pretended anxiety about the poor is veiled one of the most serious questions that the railroad directors have to contend with. It is admitted on all hands that the third-class fares must inevitably be the measure of all the rest. The railroad companies have always, as far as we know, shown a sincere desire to convey the *poor* cheaply and commodiously, but when the *third* class is made as commodious as the *second*, and as rapid as the *first*—these classes immediately feel the influence of the competition—the upper rates of fares dwindle, and the third class is thronged by persons for whom it was not intended. We cannot participate the indignation which the Railway Reformer lavishes on the secretary of one of the companies for complaining that 'well-dressed persons' frequented the third-class carriages, and on another secretary for complaining that certain magistrates of Glasgow contented themselves with the same humble stations to save some farthings on the upper class fares, which were already exceedingly moderate. We have our-

* Everybody knows that there is excellent and very cheap canal travelling in that quarter. We have no doubt, however, that the Liverpool and Manchester will soon follow the example of the other railways, and have third-class carriages *eo nomine*, —and they may reduce them to 1*d.* a mile; but they must make some proportionable deduction either from speed or comfort, or their second-class will find no custom.

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selves seen a member of parliament habitually use the third class in going backwards and forwards between the town he represented and the House of Commons; and some of the companies having lately improved their third-class carriages, they were occupied the very first day of their appearance by gentlemen who had hitherto been in the habit of travelling in the first and second. *Inter scribendum* we have looked at the practical working of this part of the system, and will relate one case which we witnessed:—One day last week the morning train for Brighton left town with two *first class* carriages in which there was *not one* passenger; two *second* class carriages, in which were only seven persons; and four third class carriages entirely full, containing at least 120 persons, of whom we could distinguish but *one* who had the appearance of even a working man: all the women had veils and parasols, and as many of the men as we could observe were of the class who wear watches. The day was very fine, and, having made trial of all, we thought the third class much the most agreeable. It is clear, however, that this is a practice which if carried out to its full extent must seriously deteriorate railway property:—we might almost venture to call it an *abuse*, for such it surely is, as much as if any other article being charitably provided at a cheaper rate for the *poor*, those in better circumstances should avail themselves of it. But where is the remedy? How can a freeborn Briton, though he be a member of parliament or Glasgow baillie, or even a Quarterly reviewer, be prevented from riding, as it is called, in a third class carriage?

We are not advocates for high fares, and still less for the imputed practice of making many uncomfortable for the purpose of counteracting the sordid practices of a few. But the proof of the falsehood of these imputations is that gentlefolks are found crowding the carriages intended for the poor; and we believe that the practice will be best checked by adopting generally the least offensive, and indeed most rational, distinction that can be made between superior and inferior classes, namely, a difference in fares proportionable to the difference of the rapidity of the several trains. This has been adopted on some lines: in the *South-Western*, for instance, one may travel from London to Southampton, 77 miles—

By a fast class train		in 3 hours for . .	21*s.*
By mixed trains . . .	1st class	in 3½ hours for . .	20*s.*
	2nd class		14*s.*
	3rd class		10*s.*
By a slow 3rd class train . . .		in 5¼ hours for . .	7*s.*

The same principle is carried out in more detail, and, we think, much better effect, on the *London and Birmingham*. One train, entirely consisting of third-class carriages, covered in, with side

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side doors, and seats (like the second class on the *South Western*), starts from London every morning at 7 A.M., and arrives at Liverpool, Manchester or Leeds *the same evening*, travelling at an *average* speed of about fifteen miles an hour, *including stoppages*, but when in motion at twenty-five, to avoid the danger of being overrun by other trains. On its arrival at Roade, sixty miles from London, it is detained an *hour and a half* to allow the mail and three other quick trains to pass it, and for the purpose of warming and refreshing the passengers—a large and commodious room having been built for the purpose, where a good plentiful dinner can be had, with *ale*, for 1*s.*—but the sale of *spirits* is prohibited; another half-hour is allowed at Birmingham and Derby: at all which places the travellers appear to enjoy themselves very much, and make no complaint of the stoppages. There is no doubt that the main (though not declared) object of these stoppages is to prevent the use of the train by parties for whom it was not intended; in which it has not only been completely successful, but the pause is also a source of great comfort and enjoyment to the poor passengers themselves—more especially in winter, when excellent fires are kept up; and the person to whom this large refreshment-room is let is restricted by the Company in all his charges, his rent being fixed at a mere five per cent. on the cost of the building. It need hardly be added that a similar return-train leaves Birmingham at 2 o'clock P.M., and arrives in London about 9.

But this, as it seems to us, reasonable principle is objected to not only by the violent railroad reformers, but even by more considerable authorities.

In the very recent report of Mr. Laing to the Board of Trade on the statistics of British and foreign railways, which contains a great and well-digested mass of useful information, there are, amidst many valuable observations, a few that we think questionable, and which seem to us to savour, first, of a little too much appetite for popularity at the expense of other people; and, secondly, of not a little of that very natural propensity of official men to believe that the enlargement of the sphere and the extension of the power of their own departments would be of advantage to the public service—a proposition which in this case, and considering the discreet and able management of the Board of Trade, as far as it has gone, we have no desire to controvert, but which occasionally leads to conclusions in which we cannot concur. In this Report the following principle is laid down, that—

'The *third class* system can only be considered as fully adopted where accommodation for a *poorer* class of passengers at a rate not exceeding 1*d.* per mile, is provided by a *majority of trains* travelling at the *ordinary rate* [stated as about twenty-four miles an hour].'—*Report*, p. 9.

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Such an arrangement of things would, we willingly admit, be very desirable—if it were the result of the natural balance of cost and return; but thus stated as a kind of fundamental *principle* it seems to us somewhat arbitrary and not a little unsound. In the first place we take leave to inquire on what statistical principle any price can be assumed *à priori*?—why abstractedly should any one human being have a *right* to be conveyed twenty-four miles an hour for 1*d.* a mile, while other human beings are to pay for the same benefit 3*d.*? But, granting that these propositions—so new in political economy—were to be excused on account of some peculiarity in the special case of railways; we must further ask why 1*d.* per mile should be thus taken as the fundamental unit—why not 1½*d.*, which is about the general average of present prices, and about *one-half* of any former mode of travelling—or why not a *halfpenny*, as some—or a *farthing*, or even a *half farthing*, as others—suggest? The 'Railway Reformer,' we see from the same, or nearly the same data that Mr. Laing builds on, has arrived at the *half farthing*. Does Mr. Laing hope that his *ipse dixit* will reconcile a poor passenger to pay 4*s.* 2*d.* instead of the *sixpenny trip to Brighton*, promised by a bolder Reformer? The author of the '*Letter to Mr. Gladstone*,' though a reformer himself, is a moderate one, and states this part of the case very justly:—

'Railway companies promised to carry passengers for 3½*d.* a-mile, and they carry them, on an average, for much less; the public think only that they might be carried for 1*d.* a-mile, and ask the legislature to compel this. If this were granted to-morrow, the demand for a charge of half a farthing a mile would be made; it has already been spoken of, and would be as just and as useful a topic for popular oratory as the present one. Travellers are carried quicker than ever, and the cry is, make the railway companies run their trains faster. Passengers are conveyed more comfortably than ever, and people say, make the cheap carriage as comfortable as the dear one. The poor man was formerly exposed for sixteen hours without a covering between London and Birmingham; and now that he is exposed for eight hours and a-half [*seven*] the country rings with the cry of cruelty.'—*Letter to Mr. Gladstone*, p. 32.

But though we are not satisfied with Mr. Laing's premises, nor with all his conclusions, we do not complain of the measure which—after all the preceding part of this article had been written—we learn from the third Report of the Railway Committee of this session, that Government have adopted, of obliging all *new companies* to carry third-class passengers once a day, in inclosed carriages with glazed windows, at a maximum of 1*d.* a mile. We have little doubt that the old companies will voluntarily adopt these regulations; and probably, if they be not grossly abused, without loss—perhaps with a gain: but not, most assuredly, if bound to the additional condition which Mr. Laing lays down—

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down—that these comfortable third-class carriages are to accompany a *majority of the trains* dispatched every day, and at the *ordinary rates of twenty-four miles an hour.* If ever such a system as that shall come into work, we must be prepared to see—not one stingy individual, but—the vast majority of travellers using, as we witnessed the other day in the Brighton case, the cheapest class: and then what will be the dividends on the most prosperous lines, and how will the weaker lines be maintained? And how, above all, with such diminished means, can the Companies continue to provide sufficiently for the public safety? It is notorious that, on one line, economy suggested by inadequate dividends, produced immediately serious disasters. We confess that we see no other means of overcoming these difficulties but that, as we think, just and equitable one which Mr. Laing so decidedly rejects, the *slow* trains—that is, a relation between fares and velocity—between the *value* received and the *price* paid. This is not only just and equitable in the abstract, but it is in accordance with all our experience and our habits. A small fare was paid on canals or by waggons; it was increased for a slow coach; for a fast one, more than doubled; the mail was still higher. If one wanted to travel eight or nine miles an hour, you put a pair of post-horses to your carriage, at 2*s.* a mile; if you wanted a twelve-mile speed, you had to take four horses, at 4*s.*; for a guinea or two to the post-boys, a candidate for wedlock or a borough could attain fourteen. Time was everywhere the main ingredient in measuring the price of locomotion; why should it not be so still? We cannot, therefore, conceive on what principle Mr. Laing so absolutely requires that the *cheapest* travelling shall be, contrary to all the habit, practice, and reason of mankind, as frequent, as rapid and convenient as the most expensive. We are glad, however, to find that he has not been able to persuade his department into this opinion; for Mr. Gladstone, while proposing what he means to be comfortable third-class carriages at 1*d.* a mile, requires but one train a day each way, and no more than half speed. This, we think, is going as far as possible—farther perhaps than can be justified on general principles or may be by practical results; but it is a fair experiment, for which, in comparison to the *half-farthing* scheme, or even to Mr. Laing's *equal speed,* the railroad interest may feel thankful. Nay, we are not quite sure that the Board of Trade has not *inadvertently* given the Companies a greater check against the abuse of the third class carriages than any they themselves durst have ventured upon. A Mr. Crawshay is said to have proposed to the *Great Western* proprietors to hire *sweeps* to travel in their third class carriages to scare intruders. This was, no doubt, a *mauvaise plaisanterie,* but we confess that we had much rather *ride*—winter or summer

—in

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—in an open carriage with a sweep than be shut up in an inclosed box with glazed windows, with sixteen of a class whose clothes and persons will be redolent of every kind of bad odours, reeking alike with the damps of winter and the heats of summer, and to whose own feelings and habits such a confinement will be as contrary and intolerable as the association would be to ours. Even in the first-class carriages there is a frequent difference amongst the passengers about the windows up or down; nay, we read in Madame D'Arblay that such difficulties occur even in royal coaches. We therefore very much doubt whether the legislation of the Board of Trade on this point may not have an effect very different from what it intended.

In another respect, also, we think the proposed scheme is positively defective. Mr. Gladstone's resolution relieves the railroads which shall adopt this system from *half the duty* on their third-class passengers. Surely, on any conceivable principle, when the Government thus arbitrarily interferes to lower fares for *the sake of the poor*, their first step should be to remove the *whole* of the *tax*: by resigning half they acknowledge a principle which equally disentitles them to the other half. When they come to take other people's earnings on the plea of charity—they ought at least not to put half the contribution into their own pockets.

Akin to this question, yet very distinct from it, is that of the general scale of fares, against which it is the fashion to declaim as much too high: but this is a matter in the fair consideration of which there are many more ingredients than seem to have occurred to some of those who have given the most decided opinions on the subject. The *primâ facie* case made out against the *English scale* (we may so call it, for though there are small variations on different lines, there is a pretty general similarity), and which has carried so much of public opinion in that direction, is the greater cheapness of the foreign, and particularly the Belgian, fares. The following table will afford a comparison of the average of British and foreign fares:—

Average Fare of each *Railway* Passenger, and of a Ton of Merchandise per Mile in the following Countries:—

Class.	Belgium.	France—Rouen.	Germany.	England.
	d.	*d.*	*d.*	*d.*
First	1·2	2	1·6	2·7
Second	0·9	1·5	1·2	1·7
Third	0·56	1.2	0·8	1·1
Merchandise — Average per Ton	2½	3	(no return)	3

Report, p. 27.

Now

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Now here is certainly a great *apparent* excess of passenger-fares in England. But, before we give way to the impression it has excited, let us consider whether the following statement of the comparative fares of travelling before railways came into operation does not totally destroy its authority.

Average Fare per English Mile of each Passenger in the following Carriages and Countries :—

Classes.	Belgium.	France.	Germany.	England.
	d.	*d.*	*d.*	*d.*
Mails & Malles-Postes	none.	$2\frac{3}{4}$	2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$	Inside 5 Outside 3
Stage-Coach and Diligence—				
First Seats . . .	$2\frac{1}{2}$ or $2\frac{1}{2}$	about $2\frac{1}{4}$	Only mails belonging to Government.	Inside $4\frac{1}{2}$ Outside $2\frac{1}{2}$
Second Seats . .	2	$1\frac{3}{4}$		
Third Seats . . .	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$		
Posting—				
Two horses . . .	$10\frac{3}{4}$	nearly 9	$7\frac{3}{4}$ Austria $9\frac{1}{4}$ Prussia	22 to 24 Including the usual fees to drivers.

Here we see that travelling by any of the ordinary modes was in England twice dearer than on the continent; and the price by the inside of the French mail—the most comfortable public conveyance in Europe—was less than the outside place of an English mail—one of the least so.

This difference of fares was the result of a variety of social and financial circumstances in the respective countries, and there was no reason to suppose that railroads could much disturb those proportions—and they do not; the variation, such as it is, makes railway travelling in England somewhat cheaper than the former proportion of highway travelling. This seems to us a conclusive answer to the complaints of the alleged disproportion between English and continental railroad fares; but, if it be not enough, let us look at the expense of making the respective lines, as stated in Mr. Laing's Report:—

Railways.	Total Cost of construction, per Mile.
Average of the 71 Railroads of England . . .	34,360
Average of Belgium	17,120

Will any one pretend that a thing which costs 40,000*l.* ought to be furnished in detail to the public as cheap as if it had cost only 17,000*l.*? But is it not curious to find that the average expense of

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of the Belgian lines turns out to be so exactly the one-half of the average of the British lines, as were, we have seen, the fares for highway travelling, and as are the fares of the railways? Is it possible, in the face of these facts, to contend that the British fares are unreasonable as compared with the Belgian? Is it not plain that there are deeper causes for the disparity than the mere caprice of railroad management? But the case is still stronger in favour of the British Companies. In Belgium much of the police and other duties is performed by soldiers paid by the Government; the carriages of all but the first class are inferior to ours; the speed, the chief ingredient, is only two-thirds, which alone would justify a like proportion of higher fares in England; the crossings over highways are not guarded, *as required* in England, nor is there any *duty* on passengers. The Belgian lines were made by an advance of public money, on which the government *affects* to content itself with only 2½ per cent. while 5 per cent. is the common interest; and the Belgian people are thus made to pay in general taxation for their cheap individual travelling; while the British lines were made by private capital at private *risk*, and the first object, therefore, is to obtain a remunerating return for the capital so risked. Those who have made more minute inquiries, doubt whether the Belgian line does pay the 2½ per cent.—it is even questioned whether the receipt covers the expense: but however low the Belgian fares are brought, nobody loses; the public gains in one way what it loses in the other; but if an English line fails, it is ruin, and when it falls off it is distress to numberless individuals and their families whose properties were invested in the work. If, then, Belgian fares are not sufficient to pay more than *half* the interest on the capital (their 5 per cents. being about par), and if British fares pay only on the average 5 per cent., we think any general complaint against the British fares is, as *a matter of business*, clearly unreasonable.

But it may be said that the *Liverpool and Manchester*, and *London and Birmingham*, and one or two other companies who are making 10 per cent. profit, ought to lower their fares. We, with the rest of the public, shall be glad of any lowering of fares that the Companies can afford; but we have no desire to see them dictated to on that subject as long as their dividend does not exceed 10*l.* per cent.; for we must observe, in the first place, that when the proprietors risked their money in those ventures, the risk was not more than compensated by the chance of a future 10 per cent.; and 10 per cent. was the limit which the legislature itself, in the first instance (that of the *Liverpool and Manchester*), assigned to

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to the dividend. But how has it turned out? *Four** out of seventy pay 10 per cent.—*one* pays 7—*two* pay 6½, *four* 5—and all the other fifty-nine pay from 4 down to *nothing*. There was a moment, we are told by the intelligent author of the *Letter to Mr. Gladstone* (p. 8), when 'even the great *London and Birmingham* reeled under the pressure,' and saved itself from bankruptcy and thousands from ruin, only by the bold and hazardous energy of the able men who then directed that important concern. Are we now to grudge them the fair return for their labour and their risks? And are we to paralyse the sixty railways that are now paying all less than 4 per cent., and some nothing, with an interdict against the future profit, the prospect of which alone keeps the majority of them alive?

There is another and still more serious consideration. Railway reformers talk of this *ten per cent.* as if it were a *fee farm rent* guaranteed *for ever* to the proprietors by their present fares, without further care or trouble. We heartily wish it were so; but who that observes with common sagacity what is passing round us, can feel any such confidence in railroad property? There are at this moment three projects afloat—two which we have already alluded to—that would make a vital change in the prospects of the greatest and most prosperous of these companies. What if the direct line from Manchester, by Stone and Tamworth, be enacted?—What if the great *Ermine Street* line to York, by Peterborough and Lincoln, be finished? What if Lord Francis Egerton were to dry the Bridgewater canal, and establish a rival railway between Liverpool and Manchester? Here, then, are three events, all talked of, all possible, wanting only the fiat of a committee of the House of Commons (and the two former really, we believe, in agitation), which would have—we hope not a ruinous, but assuredly—a most serious influence on the dividends of *every one* of the four great railroads that are now paying 10 per cent.—the *North Midland*, the *Liverpool and Manchester*, the *Grand Junction*, and the *London and Birmingham*. What colour of justice is there, what pretence of public policy can there be, for questioning and endeavouring to lower the not inordinate profits of a property so lately created, and so precarious, as it appears, in its existence?

We think we have thus shown that any direct intervention, on the *part of the public*, for the compulsory reduction of fares on the established lines, is uncalled for, unjust, and indeed, we confidently believe, as unthought of, as impossible. But there are some

* There is, in fact, a *fifth* (the *Stockton and Darlington*), which pays 15 per cent., the largest interest yet heard of; but as it is not in the same circumstances as the greater lines we are dealing with, we omit it from our general consideration.

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considerations on this subject which may be worthy the attention of the *Companies themselves.* First, there is the great question so strenuously affirmed by all railway reformers, whether low fares may not make up by numbers what they want in money; and there is much conflicting evidence on that head. Some, as we have seen, are sanguine enough to suppose that a *half farthing* per mile would afford 200 per cent. profit throughout the empire. That appears to us absurd in a great many ways; and in general we have little faith in calculations that proceed on the hypothesis that low prices will *triple, quadruple, quintuple* consumption. In cases of mere indulgence, they have no doubt a great effect, but we cannot believe that any lowness of fares that would pay cost and interest, would *quintuple travelling;* and if it did, we think, as we have said, it would do a great mischief. Many instances are quoted in which low fares have succeeded, and, to a certain degree, they will always succeed; but, on *the whole,* the more general experience and the sounder opinions seem to concur the other way—namely, that higher, but not immoderate, fares are the most profitable. We believe that the different results of the low-fare experiment, in different places, is easily explained. On long lines, where the general motive is *business,* the higher fares will be paid, because they must be paid; and they will be paid with some degree of cheerfulness—first, because business always repays itself; and, next, because all business-travellers are sensible of the vast saving of time, trouble, and money, which the railroads, even at the highest fares, confer. But on short lines, or wherever recreation or small business is the main motive, lowness of fare is a great incentive. *Greenwich—Blackwall—Kingston and Dublin—Newcastle and North Shields—Sheffield and Rotherham—Glasgow and Greenock,* and such like, will therefore have the best chance of thriving under very low fares, and are justified by their particular interest and by general policy in encouraging a third class; but on the great lines, such as from Exeter and Liverpool to London, of which business (by business we mean any real necessity for travelling) is the staple, a higher rate of fares—in every case much lower than the old stage-coach prices—may, we think, as far as the mere question of profit goes, be safely adhered to.

Mr. Laing employs two or three pages in endeavouring to prove statistically the propriety of 'carrying out the third-class system,' and gives three tabular views—first, of the lines that 'carry out fully the third-class system'—secondly, of those 'who carry it out imperfectly'—and thirdly, of the others, 'who totally reject it:' but he does not seem to have hit on the real cause of the difference of practice—indeed he proves he has not; for in these tables he omits the most important ingredient in the case—the *length of the lines.*

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lines. We have taken the trouble of collecting from another part of his book that information, by which it appears that of the twelve lines reported as '*fully* adopting the third-class system' the average length is *twenty-five* miles—of the thirteen 'that have *partially* adopted the third-class system' the average length is *forty-six* miles; and of the seven who *reject it altogether* the average length is *seventy-four* miles;—results which prove that the difference of policy in the three classes is not accidental or arbitrary, but founded, as we before stated, on substantial causes. And we will add another remarkable fact well worthy Mr. Laing's notice—that the lines which 'wholly or partially *carry out* the third-class system' are paying an average interest of from 3 to 3½ per cent., while those who reject it altogether are paying an average of at least 8 per cent.

But though the distinction we thus make be generally true, there can be no doubt that, even on the lines of business-travelling, low fares will produce a sensible increase of numbers; and to the exact point where that increase of numbers will compensate, or nearly compensate, the diminution of amount, it will be always wise to come down.

There is another matter which has lately attracted some notice, and which should awaken the attention of all concerned to the precariousness of railroad property. We mean the competition not merely between existing and projected lines, but that which new and unforeseen circumstances may create between old lines where, when first formed, it seemed impossible to imagine that there could arise any conflict of interest. We have already alluded to some small cases of this kind, but we have now greater ones to produce. The *Grand Junction* and *London and Birmingham*—for instance—which had enjoyed the great and very profitable traffic between Liverpool (including Dublin) and London in the respective proportions of 88 and 112 miles, have recently been thrown into conflict by the projected road to Ireland, and the dispute, with the details of which we must not detain our readers, has blazed up into downright hostility: the point important to our present purpose is this—that, the parties having abandoned the negotiation in a good deal of heat and bad temper, the chairman of the *London and Birmingham*—Mr. G. Carr Glyn—has addressed a letter (published in all the papers) to the other Company to remonstrate on the danger to both of a continuance of the dispute, and to offer terms of amicable compromise—a letter which, besides being very conciliatory, is also very candid, and is indeed little more than an amplification of Mr. Peachum's amicable overture to his angry partner—'Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong—we shall both be losers by the dispute; for

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for you know we have it in our power to hang each other.' Mr. Glyn fairly admits that the two companies have it in their power to *ruin each other*—'*seriously damage*' is Mr. Glyn's measured expression—'*totally ruin*' says the *Liverpool Times*—and he urges for the common safety of both the adoption of a kind of partnership—to maintain their separate boards, lines, and liabilities, but to make a common stock-purse of the profits. We know not how this overture may be received, but Mr. Glyn's letter opens some very important considerations:—First, here are *two* of the only *four* lines that pay 10 per cent. confessing that they can ruin each other, and that they will be so ruined if this accidental breach be not speedily closed. On what a narrow basis, then, does so great a prosperity seem to rest! Must it not open the eyes of Companies in general to the growing probabilities of sudden and unexpected collisions and competitions?—and if, as we expect, this difference shall be settled by combination, or amalgamation, as the phrase now is, what will the public have gained by this attempt at competition?

We shall not, we confess, regret to see the principle of amalgamation extending itself along the principal lines, so as to absorb all the minor branches, and give to the connected system something of that unity of interest and of administration which the foreign railroads present, and which would certainly produce many beneficial effects in ours. The great danger to be apprehended from the system of amalgamation is that it looks very like combination between the companies against the public, and may lead to realize what is at present but a bugbear—a vast monopoly; but we own that, under all the bearings of this peculiar case, we are not much afraid of a monopoly. In the first place, we agree with the Report of the Select Committee that it is a monopoly created only by superior comfort and cheapness; and in the next place, we can hardly class under the title of '*monopoly*' interests so wide and general, of which there will always be so many shares in the market, and in which therefore every man with 50*l.* or 100*l.* may become a participant. We think also, that under the circumstances, public opinion will bear with perhaps more than sufficient authority on the Companies: and, on the whole, we confess a strong suspicion that the railroads have more to fear from the invasion of the public than the public from the monopoly of the railroads. And, finally, no one even now contests the general right of the Legislature to interfere in such matters—not only in virtue of the sovereign authority of Parliament to take care *ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat*, but—because railroads are the *creatures of Parliament*, and established—*as the preamble of every one of these acts records* —for

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—for the *benefit of the public.* So that Parliament has a direct, and, we may almost say, stipulated right of interference if ever the power thus created for the public benefit should fail in its public duty and be abused to the public detriment. We have therefore no very serious apprehensions of an undue monopoly, and we think the absorption by every great stream of *its natural tributaries* is likely to conduce to convenience and economy, and to be profitable both to the Companies and the public.

But this topic of partial amalgamation leads us to the last and most important question of this whole discussion—one indeed that would supersede all the rest—the total amalgamation of all the railways of the empire in the hands of the government. If that were immediately feasible, all the greater difficulties and most embarrassing questions—such as rates of fares, competitions, rivalries—would vanish, and everything would be regulated on the simple and uniform principle of *public* advantage. Let us then examine this question first in its principle, then in its details —then as to its opportunity.

In the first place, we confess that we feel a strong disinclination, in this party-governed country, to mix up, wherever it can be avoided, the general Government in the details of life. If the railways were to become a public department, every accident or squabble would be liable to be made a party question; even as the case now stands, we see in the evidence produced before the committees of the House of Commons what captious and frivolous complaints are made and how trifles are swollen into grievances which the supreme power of Parliament is invoked to redress—the House of Commons being now a kind of national *proboscis*, as ready to pick up a pin as to root out an oak. What would it be if all the accidents and squabbles of railroad traffic were to be charged on the responsibility of the Secretary of State for the Home Department? This difficulty would be found in practice serious to the Government, and detrimental to the railway system itself, and never could, we fear, be wholly remedied:—being, in some degree, inherent in the constitution of our political society:—but it might be much alleviated. For instance, we need not make the Railways a political department. They might be managed like the Customs, Excise, or Stamps, by a Board of persons not removable on ministerial changes. If the occasion for constituting such a Board were to occur to-morrow—we think the most judicious selection for it would be some gentleman of official and political experience as chairman, one military and one or two civil engineers, and some three or four of the gentlemen who have distinguished themselves in the direction of the great railway Companies, and who might be inclined to accept a 'Commissionship

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sionship of Railways.' A Board, judiciously composed on some such principle, would be, we are satisfied, the best form of administration, and would probably be able to conduct its business with as little disturbance from party and political causes as the revenue boards now do.

The next step offers a more formidable, and, in the present state of affairs, an insuperable obstacle. By what right and by what means could the government possess itself of all these enterprises? Parliament has deliberately, after the most minute inquiry, and the most prolonged discussions in every individual case, given to these companies—not merely a property—but, what is still more sacred, authority to create a property at their own cost and risk, and for their own private and indefeasible profit. To that profit the Parliament thought fit in one—and that the earliest—instance (the *Liverpool and Manchester*), to fix a limit of 10*l.* per cent.: but it repented of that step, and deliberately refused to impose it in all following enterprises; substituting instead a limit to the rate of fares of 3½*d.* per mile, without distinction of classes. Parliament, in its prospective wisdom, might have made three classes, with a prohibitive maximum of 3*d.*, 2*d.*, and 1*d.*—It did not think proper to do so. Parliament, in its prospective wisdom, might have limited the duration of the companies' interest.—It did not think proper to do so:—and therefore no right of resumption, or even interference with the profits of the Companies can accrue to Parliament as long as the Companies shall punctually fulfil their part of the stipulations. We think, then, we may venture to conclude, as a general rule, that if the public should ever wish to possess itself of the property of the Companies, it must be *à l'amiable*—by compromise and compensation.

But what is the prospect of such an arrangement being necessary or even expedient? That is a more difficult question. We have already expressed, and we hope gone far to substantiate, an opinion that the Companies have, as far as depends on themselves, done their duty admirably, in defiance of all the prejudices, extortion, and opposition with which they have had to contend. Nothing can be better than their general arrangements:—the watchful decency and propriety of their internal police*—the civility of their servants, and their liberal attention to public convenience—exceed anything that we would hope from Government management. There is but one point in which we think the public could gain by a change in the management—the lowness of fares;—of course, in the hands of the Government, fares might be brought as low as just to turn the scale of the expendi-

* There are many silent precautions taken, on points of delicacy, that do not meet the public eye.

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ture and interest on the capital. We hope, however, never to see fares brought quite so low as that; though, when you have purchased out the Companies and capitalised the purchase-money, that will not be very low; and we trust that in any arrangement a moderate sinking fund may be created for the redemption of the capital.

But satisfied as we think any reasonable man must be with the general working of the present system, it is impossible not to see that it is developing itself to such an extent—penetrating all districts—superseding all other communications—affecting every species of public and private interests, and acting as the life-blood arteries of the empire—as to render it probable almost to certainty that the time must come when this great public trust can no longer be left to the management of private companies scattered over the face of the country.

The Companies have themselves borne testimony to this necessity by the partial adoption of the system of amalgamation. In truth, it seems only a question of time: the railways must be made subject to some unity of management, and, through whatever intermediate process it may pass, that management must finally be vested in the Government of the country.

But while we admit that the whole system must *eventually* be brought under the proprietary control of the Government, we have no desire to accelerate that event, for it will be attended with many foreseen and many unforeseen disadvantages. Above all, we shall not wish to see it universally adopted till we have had a longer and more extensive experience in the management of railways. A Government administration is never adventurous nor inventive; it is always content to *hold its own*. While the *Liverpool and Manchester* stood alone, it was thought perfection; and, if we mistake not, its able and intelligent secretary, Mr. Booth, published a pamphlet, asserting that their expenses (then 61 per cent. on their receipts) could not be further reduced, nor their machinery much improved. We believe that since that publication their machinery, as well as all their other details, are considerably improved; and it appears that their expenditure has been reduced to about 40 per cent. If the Government had at that time taken to itself the proprietorship of that and all subsequent railroads, we very much doubt whether it would not have been perfectly satisfied to have maintained itself at the point assumed by Mr. Booth as so satisfactory.

The present Government, very wisely as we think, shows no anxiety to acquire this new power and responsibility, but it thinks it advisable to prepare, as far as it now can, for a transition which every day brings nearer, and which, the more it is thought of,

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must be thought of with increasing anxiety. It was, no doubt, with these views that the Government reappointed, at the beginning of this session, a Committee of the House of Commons on Railways, presided by Mr. Gladstone, which has produced five Reports, the third and most important of which gives a lucid exposition of the present condition and future prospects of railways, and of the reasons which seem to render the intervention of the Government as trustees for the public indispensable, as far as it can be carried without infringing on existing rights; and this Report is followed by a series of resolutions explaining the degree to which, and the mode by which, the Committee and the Government recommend to the House to exercise their interposition. The Report itself is full of important reasoning; but the chief practical result of the resolutions is, that the Government reserves, in all new railways, a right to purchase them at the end of fifteen years, at twenty-seven years' purchase on a dividend of 10*l.* per cent., or to oblige the company to apply the excess over 10*l.* per cent. in reducing fares, &c. The 11th resolution regulates the third-class trains on the conditions already mentioned, and the 14th and 15th provide for the transport of troops on similar terms, and give facilities at moderate prices for the conveyance of the mails.

This very able Report did not reach us till after the greater part of the foregoing pages had been written, but we are glad to find that it adopts and explains most of the views and principles that had presented themselves to us, though with infinitely more ability, as well as authority, than we could pretend to. We venture particularly to express our concurrence in the just and conciliatory tone in which the existing Companies are spoken of, and the respect shown both to their characters and their interests; and they will, we are satisfied, acknowledge the combined prudence and liberality of the proposed resolutions, which, though only *authoritative* on new lines, will indubitably operate immediately and influentially upon all.

So far, then, we have not ourselves to make, nor have we heard made in other quarters, any objection either to the reasoning of the Report, or its practical application in the Resolutions; and we think they afford an additional proof of that to which we have already borne willing testimony—the enlightened views and conciliatory spirit with which the successive Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the Board of Trade have all along exercised their superintendence of railroad interests.

The Fifth Report—of which the Appendix is not yet delivered—proposes to place a preliminary check on parliamentary litigation; a very difficult matter, for it must seem in some degree

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degree to limit the authority of Parliament. The Report proposes that all railway bills should be submitted to and sanctioned by the Board of Trade, before they are produced to Parliament; but it seems to apprehend some difficulty in obtaining this initiative authority. We do not think there should be any such difficulty, for it is, as it seems to us, in full accordance with an acknowledged parliamentary principle—which is, we think, strictly applicable to the case—we mean, that all petitions for railroad bills should be technically considered as what eventually they really must be—*grants of public money;* and that no such bill should be introduced without the previous consent of the Crown, signified by the minister, which consent would only be given after due examination before the Board of Trade, or some other competent authority constituted *ad hoc*. This regulation would have, we think, a great and most beneficial effect. Wild, idle, or mischievous schemes would be set aside at once on the responsibility of the minister: while those to which he should feel himself authorized to grant the royal sanction would come with a less risk of vexatious litigation. It would be virtually transferring the question on the '*preamble*' from the litigious, expensive, and very unsatisfactory wrangling of the 'committees above stairs,' to the sober and comparatively unexpensive tribunal of the Board of Trade. The House of Commons and its committees would still preserve their power of judgment over both the principle and details of every proposition wholly unimpaired; but—as in all other cases of money grants—that power would not be called into action without the previous consent of the Crown: and when to these general considerations we add, that every railroad bill involves direct and immediate taxation, and infers (under the new resolutions) an ultimate payment of money from the public Exchequer, it cannot, we think, be denied that the requiring the previous consent of the Crown to all railroad bills would be highly useful and strictly constitutional.

We think it also important that the question of the *gauge* should be authoritatively settled. This becomes of peculiar, and, indeed, paramount necessity, from the moment that the bringing all railroads under one system is contemplated. The gauge of 4.8½ was, we believe, accidentally borrowed from the gauge of the ordinary coal-waggons in the north, but having been found to answer, was adopted by Mr. Stephenson, after, we must presume, full deliberation, on the *Stockton and Darlington*, and on the *Liverpool and Manchester*, and has been followed by most other railways in England, by all America, and by most of those on the continent of Europe. This width was even prescribed by the earlier standing orders; but that restriction was revoked on

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the representation, we believe, of Mr. Brunel, who preferred for his *Great Western* a wider gauge of seven feet; while Mr. Braithwaite, on the *Eastern Counties*, chose to adopt five feet: some small Scottish lines have taken six feet; and the Irish Railway Commissioners recommended 6.2, which the Ulster company, that has completed some 25 miles of the way from Belfast to Dublin, have adopted; while the Drogheda company, which has set out from the Dublin to meet them, and has also advanced about 25 miles on the road to Belfast, has, with true Irish felicity, adopted a gauge of 5.2; and when this discrepancy was complained of by the Belfast line, they were answered by an Irish Board of Works that to be sure this looked a little awkward, but that, in fact, the two ends being completed, there is little chance that the intervening part ever will be finished, and that therefore there is no harm done; and that should they ever come together there will probably be, by that time, new principles* introduced which will supersede both.—(*Rep. of R. Dep.* 1843.) This dispute having been referred to Major-General Pasley, he consulted all the leading engineers and engine-makers, and has finally adopted, as the national gauge of Ireland, the mean of all their opinions—5.3, which differs from all the three gauges now in actual operation in Ireland! Would this be credible of any other country on the face of the globe? But is it not an important corroboration of all our doubts about Government Commissions, to find the gauge recommended by the Irish Railway Commission so universally scouted as '*injudicious*,' '*unfortunate*,' and '*inaccurate*,'—such are the terms used,—that 25 miles of rail laid under its sanction are to be taken up and relaid, without the Commission or any one else saying a word in its defence? If it had not been for the fortunate obstinacy of the Drogheda company and their engineer, all Ireland would have been condemned to the enormous and unnecessary expense which a gauge of 6.2 would have created. Except as to the increased expense of the wider gauge, it is of little consequence which should be adopted for the Irish lines, provided they can be persuaded to adhere to one; but it cannot, we think, be doubted that for all new works in England the 4.8½ should be invariably adopted.

It appears *primâ facie*, and the time-table of the *Great Western* seems to prove practically, that the wider gauge admits of more rapid motion. It performs 77 miles to Swindon in 2 h. 35 m., while the *South Western* takes 3 h. to reach Southampton—the

* Alluding, we presume, to the *atmospheric*, of which we can only say, that eminently successful as it is for a short line and in particular local circumstances, the very able reports of Mr. Robert Stephenson and Sir John Macneil have convinced us that it will be found too expensive, and, above all, too *unmanageable* for general use.

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same distance. Keynsham and Birmingham are each 113 miles from town—the *Great Western* reaches the former in 4.15, and the *London and Birmingham* the latter in 5 h.; and when we travel on the *Great Western*, it seems as if the motion were more even, as well as more rapid. Yet all the great authorities deny that the wider gauge is necessary for the increased velocity, and the mass of testimony collected by General Pasley on the Irish case is unanimously against anything wider than 5.6; and it seems that the greater weight of authority was satisfied with 4.8½, though 5 or 5.3 seemed to have most voices; and it must be recollected that the wider gauge entails a great increase of every kind of expense. Of course nothing should be done to impede the free extension of the *Great Western* gauge on its own *branches*, properly so called; but new and independent works, like lines to Plymouth or through South Wales, should be—unless the evidence collected by General Pasley can be sufficiently answered—made on the general gauge. The *Great Western* may, perhaps, be unwilling to see its gauge thus limited to its own branches; but those who affect singularity must take its consequences; and if any disadvantage is to be inflicted anywhere, it is fair that it should fall on those who have voluntarily deviated from the general practice. But we do not expect any real inconvenience to occur anywhere: whenever the *Great Western* shall come into communication with other lines, there can be no serious difficulty or delay in shifting their passengers into carriages constructed for the general gauge.

There is but one point on which we seriously differ from any of these Reports, and that is as to the authority of the Companies over their own station-yards, which the Committee recommend should be abridged, and that stage-coaches and hackney-carriages, with their attendants, should be admitted against the will of the directors. This proposition is, no doubt, meant to meet some local complaints made by rival stage-coaches of favouritism on the part of some of the Companies; but the *few and trivial* cases that seem to have occurred do not, we think, warrant any such general measure, and we earnestly hope, for the public comfort and security, that this most objectionable regulation may not be enacted. One of the greatest comforts to all railway passengers is the protection which the Companies provide against the frauds, the annoyances, and losses occasioned by the squabbles and knavery of porters, *touters*, cads, cab-drivers, and *hoc genus omne*; and if the Companies are to be obliged to open their gates to crowds of those persons, in whom they have no confidence and over whom they have no control, it will be a most serious injury to them and to the public. The Companies now keep a careful account of all public carriages that ply in their yards, and every fare taken up can

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can be traced; all lost luggage is easily found, and all complaints speedily redressed. Be it remembered, also, that in this matter the Companies can have no interest separate from the public at large; and that if they are not to be masters in their own yards they must cease to be responsible for either the persons or properties of passengers. The proposition of the Committee seems to us, in every way, objectionable.

One of these Reports discusses the important subject of *parish rating*, but does not arrive at any practical conclusion, and refers the subject to the future consideration of the question of rating in general. We cannot but think the matter requires special and earlier attention. The principle now, as it seems, settled, is this, that not merely the value of the land and buildings, but the whole *profits* of the companies, often estimated immoderately high, are taken as the grounds of the rate; and, in the impossibility of distinguishing how much of the profits can be assigned to any one portion of the line, the practice is, we understand, to divide the whole profits by the total number of miles, and award a proportion to each parish, according to the number of miles of railroad that pass through it.

We are well aware of the difficulties of arriving at equitable ratings, even in ordinary cases, but we believe the principle thus applied to railroads has not been generally applied to other species of property, and it seems to us peculiarly inapplicable to railroads. Let us ask where else mere *profits* are rated? Are the houses of great bankers, or great brewers, or the great insurance offices rated on any calculation of the *profits* made on their premises? Certainly not: such an inquisition has never been thought of. Premises are valued for what they would let for, irrespectively of the industry or ability exercised by the person who may happen to occupy them. Railroad land should, we think, be rated in some proportion to the adjoining land—as was the case in all the old canals,—or to the liabilities it may impose on the parish, and not surely on so variable and incorporeal an element as its share towards producing a certain annual profit. But even if that were a just mode of rating, the mode of distribution seems almost absurd. Many of our great railways pass for miles through the heaths and wastes of thinly peopled parishes, sometimes not within sight of a house; sometimes the line passes through a parish, or the greater part of one, in a *tunnel*, without at all disturbing the surface; but its stations, its warehouses, and its termini generally occupy a very small space of populous parishes, to the charges of which it adds by collecting new colonies of labourers. Yet upon the existing system, the parish, where there really is valuable property, and where a burden is really created, is benefited at a much

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much inferior rate to the parish through whose wilds or *under whose surface* the railroad happens to take a longer way. The law by which the ruling cases were decided was never made nor meant for such new and extraordinary circumstances as the railroads offer, but the courts felt themselves obliged to act on the inapplicable law because they had no other rule: we therefore think—*for new cases new measures*—that an act should be passed to regulate the rating of railroads on some equitable principle of value, and to distribute the amount amongst the claimant parishes with some reference to the amount of the property within, and to the liability imposed upon the parish.

We have but one further suggestion to offer. The principle of a future acquisition of railways by the Government being now formally recognised, we should like to see the important experiment—so necessary to any satisfactory judgment of the results of the proposed change—of the actual *administration* of a railroad by the Government. In a matter of such vast, such incalculable importance, the public ought not to be satisfied with expectations and analogies when the easy test of experience is within our reach.

We humbly submit to her Majesty's Government, that the time stated by the Third Report to be so opportune for laying down the principles embodied in the Resolutions is not less so for bringing these principles to a practical experiment. Why should not the Government *immediately* take into its own hands the *administration* of one railway and the *formation* of another? In neither case would it be necessary or proper for them to enter into competition with any existing Company, or to interfere in any rival way with any interests or property whatsoever. There are several railways, we are sorry to say, whose dividends are so low that the Government might lease or purchase them at a very moderate rate. Why should not the Government, adopting the principles and anticipating the period suggested by the Report, acquire—*now* on probably better terms than fifteen years hence—one of these, and there try to the full extent the practical result of *Government management:* and why not, to test the merit of *Government construction*, proceed to complete, by Government officers, some unexecuted lines—of which there are several that might be undertaken by the Government, without infringing on the profits or prospects of any existing company—indeed, to the great and certain advantage of those that they approached?

Former Governments created the Plymouth Breakwater—Howth Harbour—the Holyhead Road—the Menai Bridge—the Caledonian Canal—of all of which the value was merely intrinsical, extending no further than the utility of the individual objects, and

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and four out of the five objects have turned out to be, under present circumstances, almost useless. The worst of the railroads we have alluded to would not only possess an intrinsic and probably permanent value, but have the, perhaps, more important merit of creating a *practical school* of railway administration and construction, where not only such questions as the relative advantages of public and private management might be elucidated, but all experiments, material, financial, and administrative might be fairly tried—a corps of officers educated or at least trained to this new world of duties—and the Government itself furnished with additional information and means for the effective exercise of the superintendence with which it is already charged, and which every day will seriously increase, till in fifteen years they may become invested with the entire responsibility of all works made after this time, and probably of many of the others. We hear of the great benefit that the Experimental Ship, *the Excellent*, in Portsmouth harbour, has conferred on the navy; why should we not have an Experimental Railway, which would have this advantage over the *Excellent*, that besides being a *school*, it would be a work as practically useful as any other railroad—at certainly no greater cost, and probably at less?

We have no desire to see the general management of the railways transferred to the hands of the Government, but we are anxious that, whenever that event may be forced upon them, the Government shall not be wholly unprepared with means and men of its own for executing the duty. And in the meanwhile, the Government-experiments could not fail to operate beneficially on the private Companies, by the influence of its example, and the indirect, but irresistible, control of a moral competition.

Erratum—in part of our impression—p. 24, l. 4, for *keep* read *help*.

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *Ancient Laws and Institutes of England; comprising Laws enacted under the Anglo-Saxon Kings from Ethelbert to Canut, the Laws called Edward the Confessor's, &c., with an English translation of the same.* Edited and translated by Benjamin Thorpe, Esq., F.S.A., &c. (Printed under the direction of Lord Langdale, by command of Her Majesty.) 1840.

2. *Patres Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ — Aldhelmus, Beda, Bonifacius, Alcuinus, et reliqui. — Venerabilis Bedæ Opera quæ supersunt omnia nunc primùm in Angliâ, ope Codicum Manuscriptorum Editionumque optimarum, Edidit* J. A. Giles, LL.D., Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Presbyter, &c. Tom. V. Homiliæ. Lond. 1843. *The Complete Works of Venerable Bede in the original Latin, collated with the Manuscripts and various printed Editions; accompanied with a new English Translation.* By the Rev. J. A. Giles, &c. Vol. V. Homilies.

3. *The Homilies of the Anglo-Saxon Church: — The Homilies of Ælfric, with an English Translation.* By Benjamin Thorpe, Esq., F.S.A., &c. (Printed for the Ælfric Society.) London. 1843.

4. *Magni Rotuli Scaccarii Normanniæ sub Regibus Angliæ.* Operâ Thomæ Stapleton. 2 vols. (Published by the Society of Antiquaries.) London. 1840—1844.

THE several important works now named, testify the increasing diffusion of Anglo-Saxon literature. Perhaps no single publication has given a more useful and a more lasting impulse to this truly national study, than Dr. Ingram's edition of the 'Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.' By presenting to the public, in our own mother-tongue, the earliest of our consecutive annals, until then only accessible—if they can be said to have been accessible—in the ugly quarto and crabbed Latin of Gibson, he created a new class of readers. Long may the President of Trinity rejoice in the disciples taught by his labours, and who are emulating him in the same career.

Mr. Thorpe's edition of the 'Ancient Laws and Institutes of England,' renders the Anglo-Saxon code for the first time intelligible. Lambarde and Wilkins, his predecessors, had indus-

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triously collated the Anglo-Saxon texts; yet, as interpreters, they were singularly deficient. Lambarde attempted to render the Dooms of Alfred and Ina into the phraseology of the Twelve Tables. Wilkins betrays the most whimsical somnolence and want of familiarity with the Anglo-Saxon language. He mistakes a *hare* for a *herring*, and quietly proceeds to speak of the *herring's* gall! An ecclesiastical canon imposes a penance upon the woman who *swinges* or flogs her female slave to death out of wicked spite. This canon occurs twice. In the first instance, Wilkins supposes the crime consists in the lady's *swinging* or hanging her maid-servant; and in the second instance, in *swinging* or hanging her husband. King Ethelred directs that no *ox* or *sheep* shall be killed except in the presence of two credible witnesses, and that the hide and the head shall be kept for three days—a regulation, intended, like those in our modern horse-slaughtering Acts, to prevent the making away with stolen cattle. Wilkins directs that no *man shall be slain* unless with such authentication. '*Et nemo occidatur* nisi adsit duorum fidelium hominum testimonium'—thus converting a market-regulation into an American duel. Mr. Thorpe's version is sound and critical, his knowledge of the Gothic and Teutonic dialects very extensive. He shares with Mr. Kemble the honour of standing at the very head of Northern philologists. His learning is not rendered unpractical by any fanciful or overstrained theory. Very valuable glossarial indexes are added by him. This collection contains the whole body of the civil and ecclesiastical laws before the Conquest. Merely as a matter of legislation, it is remarkable to observe how few are the canons or enactments relating to the payment of tithes or dues to the clergy, represented by Hume as their sole object, and which, considering their vast and preponderating influence in the Anglo-Saxon commonwealth, the clergy had so much authority to enforce.

Ælfric's Homilies, brought to light by the exertions of Mr. Thorpe, under the patronage of the Ælfric Society, are equally valuable to the philologer and the theologian. They are written in that English dialect which, having been adopted as the language of literature, was intelligible and familiar throughout the realm, and contain the doctrines enforced upon the common people. '*The book of Catholic Sermons, in English, to be recited in church during the year*'—for this is the title prefixed by the Anglo-Saxon author—comprises a complete course of expositions of Scripture and Scripture history, and will remove the doubts of those who still continue sceptical as to the diffusion of biblical knowledge during some at least of the 'dark ages.' Our assertions upon this subject (Article upon Hume, vol. lxiii. p. 569) have

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have been contradicted, somewhat peremptorily, in a speech of three hours' dimensions. We therefore request our respected assailant, who differs from us much less than he supposes, to make himself master of Ælfric, and to read to his own family one *entire* Homily, *e.g.* that for Christmas-day, before he next appears upon the platform.

The 'Great Rolls of the Norman Exchequer,' edited by Mr. Stapleton for the Society of Antiquaries from the originals in the Chapter-House and the late Pell-Office (all now in the custody of the Master of the Rolls), afford a remarkable instance of zeal and learning. The text supplies a complete development of the Anglo-Norman territorial administration in Normandy, showing its identity, except in some minor particulars, with that of England. An excellent treatise upon the ancient geography of Normandy adds to the general utility of the work.

It is little to the credit of England, that, whilst the literary remains of Greece and Rome have been multiplied by us in every shape, and illustrated with all the devotion of intellect and learning, the productions of *Venerable Bede*, the great Father of our own ancient Church, should, except in one portion, namely, his historical works, have been hitherto entirely neglected. The unaided diligence of Dr. Giles has accomplished an undertaking from which opulent foundations and flourishing societies have shrunk, when proposed to them, as involving too great a pecuniary responsibility. Upwards of two hundred homilies are ascribed to Bede in the earlier editions, all of which are continental; but whilst they represent the general doctrine of the period, their great inequality, both in manner and matter, long since suggested doubts whether the whole were his composition. Mabillon discovered in the Colbertine library two manuscripts of great antiquity, one containing forty-eight, and the other thirty-eight homilies, but which, by comparison, gave only the sum total of forty-nine. From internal evidence, the Benedictine critic conjectured that these were Bede's undoubted productions. Martene followed up the investigation; but the data, furnished by these excellent men, were not sufficiently decisive to enable Dr. Giles to see his way with adequate clearness in preparing his new edition. Therefore, after examining several of our own public libraries without success, he determined to explore the continental collections. Singularly enough, he found the best materials close at hand. Immediately opposite to our own shores, in the public library of Boulogne-sur-Mer, he discovered the earliest copy known of the Homilies of Venerable Bede, formerly belonging to the monastery of St. Bertin, at St. Omer. This monastery was very closely connected by intimacy with the sister-foundations in

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England. St. Bertin was the usual *hospice* to which our monks and prelates first resorted, when, landing at *Whitsant*, a small port now nearly blocked up, they visited the firm land of Europe. The Boulogne manuscript forms the basis of the new edition, which contains fifty-nine homilies—eight, however, of which are taken from an early edition: the notes and various readings are to follow in another volume. We trust that Dr. Giles will be encouraged to continue his exertions, in thus diffusing a sound knowledge of mediæval divinity and ecclesiastical history, and that his success may excite others to do the like, and particularly by means of translations.*

We alluded in our last, to M. Thierry's '*Histoire de la Conquête d'Angleterre.*' This work, by which he acquired his constantly increasing celebrity, has been so long before the public, now, we believe, more than twenty years, that no review of so popular a production can be needed. Thierry is an author of rare merit. His productions have acquired an European reputation, and, in the phrase of the day, have exercised a powerful influence upon the 'science of history.' He displays singular genius; genius fed and sustained by sedulous industry. Flame needs fuel: unless continually supplied, either by observation or by reading, the blaze of idle, unlaborious talent soon burns out and expires. The pupil of Châteaubriand in historical literature, though not participating in Châteaubriand's political and religious sentiments: nay, being entirely—shall we say fortunately or unfortunately?—averse to them; he rivals the poetic fancy, and shares in the narrative powers of the author acknowledged by him as his

* For the publication of *texts*, a Society is now forming under the presidentship of the Bishops of *Lincoln*, *Salisbury*, *Exeter*, *Norwich*, *Bangor*, and *Saint David's*:—*Dr. Jelf*, President of King's College, London, being the Chairman of the Editorial Committee, which includes *Mr. Brewer*, *Mr. Maurice*, &c. The prospectus, which has been privately circulated, states that the Society contemplates the publication of—1. The complete works of *Giraldus Cambrensis*, the most important writer upon the history of the Welch Church.—2. The Letters of *Eadmer*, the friend and confidant of Archbishop Anselm, from the only existing manuscript.—3. The Theological Dictionary of *Dr. Gascoigne*, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, ob. 1457, a Wickliffite, and the only ecclesiastical historian of his period. This work, which exists in a single manuscript, probably holograph, in the library of Lincoln College, has never been used since the time of Bale, who made some extracts from it which are now in the British Museum. Gascoigne, besides affording a popular view of the canon law as *then expounded*, abounds in curious anecdotes.—4. The Life, Letters, and Rule of *Saint Columbanus*, ob. 615. The author of the earliest monastic rule in this country.—5. The Letters of *Alcuin*, the friend and *protégé* of Charlemagne, with additional letters hitherto unpublished.—6. The Life, Letters, and Rule of *Archbishop Lanfranc*.—7. A collection of chronicles and documents illustrative of the history of the *See of Canterbury*, arranged in chronological order according to the plan already laid down by Wharton in his 'Anglia Sacra.' This extensive plan will require extensive support, which it is hoped will be found, amongst all who are desirous of promoting more useful studies than the ephemeral literature, by which time, money, and opportunity are wasted and devoured.

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guide. To these intellectual gifts, Thierry joins, by a rare combination, the steady diligence of the archæologist. Hardly could a Benedictine monk have delved more diligently in the deep mines of mediæval antiquity. Animated, and yet steadily laborious, his invention is constantly stimulated by the monotonous chronicle and the mouldering charter.

But those who wish to appreciate Thierry's powers must judge him, not by the '*Conquête*,' but by his recent '*Récits des Temps Mérovingiens*,' in which we have a narrative uniting Walter Scott's liveliness of detail and dramatic effect with the observance of historical truth. In the *Considérations sur l'Histoire de France*, an essay prefixed to the *Récits*, he furnishes the best general groundwork of French constitutional history which has yet appeared. This last-mentioned essay, which every historical student should consult, is a history of historians as well as a history of history. Whilst delineating the literary and political character of the French writers, he, at the same time, marks out the progress of opinion, the phases of policy, and the revolutions of the State. The character and worth of this book have been acknowledged in a singular manner. A few years since, the Baron Gobat left large funds to the French Institute, the annual proceeds whereof are to be applied, as a reward, to the author whom the Institute shall have declared to be the best writer upon French history, and the Laureate is to receive the income until some superior work is produced. The champion wears the garland until tilted out of the saddle in the tournament of literature, by a more gallant adventurer. Thierry, the first person who was honoured by the prize, still continues to retain his pre-eminence, no work having yet appeared possessing higher claims.

An examination of these last-mentioned compositions, important as they may be in mediæval history, would carry us too far away from our present object; and the task, so far as relates to the *Considérations*, has been already performed (*Edinburgh Review*, No. 147, Art. 5); but it is needful to say thus much, lest we should be blamed, and justly, for neglecting to pay the tribute due to the talents, the acquirements, and, let us also add, the amiable disposition and virtues of the author, heavily oppressed with bodily infirmity. But we must now be permitted to speak with equal freedom of the imperfections incident to the '*Histoire de la Conquête*.' We cannot abstain from this discussion: so able and influential a writer must not be allowed to mislead us. Details we will not cavil at. We might charge M. Thierry with a deficiency in the due appreciation of the comparative value of the historical sources which he has employed. Many grave errors may be pointed out—many passages in which he has not seized either the sense or the spirit of his

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his originals; but the important, the misleading faults, lie deeper. Taking the work as a whole, we should say that, although Thierry furnishes lively and graphic descriptions of particular incidents, and that some of the historical deductions are both novel and accurate, still whoever follows Thierry's guidance, will never understand the true course of our English policy. Thierry does not give you English history, but the opinions which he chooses to engraft upon English history; always glancing, with more or less obliquity, upon the political feelings of the then *mouvement* party. It is this perverseness, of which he himself complains as the besetting sin of French constitutional writers, which gives to his work the character of a political romance; for although much is told by him with truth and accuracy, so far as the skeleton of facts is concerned, yet the whole impression, which remains in the reader's mind, is as far away from the real *doctrine* of the age as 'Brambletye House' is from Clarendon. Thierry gains the mastery over the general reader by his vigour, and by the absence of the conventionality which has usually deadened historical literature. Partly from his researches, but far more from the spirit in which he employs those researches, the tale, an hundred times told, presents itself with the freshness of an unexpected discovery. This is a great merit, because the history of the Conquest is at once trite and obscure. There is hardly any other historical subject in which it is so difficult to determine what to say and what to leave unsaid. The theme is so familiarly known that at first it appears superfluous to multiply details, and yet whoever now attempts to investigate the period, so as to realize events and institutions, men and motives and things, will find himself often under the necessity of abridging what others have considered as the leading features of the history, and at the same time of investing, with apparently disproportionate importance, many subjects which his predecessors have neglected.

Some portions of Thierry's book are certainly executed with remarkable ability. Often as the history of the Conquest has been discussed amongst us, our most celebrated writers had failed to discern the process by which the immediate subjugation of England was effected; still less had our historians sufficiently adverted to the existence of the antagonism of races, united under one government, professing one religion, but severed by sentiments and interests. May it not even be asserted, that, from Thierry, we have learnt to appreciate the importance of investigating the internal stratification of society? We had, previously, been contented to walk upon the surface of history, unconscious of the successive formations of the moral world. Great acuteness also appears in his early chapters of Anglo-Norman history. He seizes the true

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true import of the battle of Hastings. The conflict is not the catastrophe upon which the curtain drops, and closes the Anglo-Saxon tragedy, but the first scene in a new act of the continuous drama. Other writers had some perception that the Conquest was not perfected by the death of Harold: still they did not, as Thierry has done, trace the Conqueror's progress, step by step, from the Channel to the furthest verge of the Northumbrian realms. Thierry gives us the geographical chronology of the Norman settlement. He metes and measures the expansion of Norman power—Anglo-Saxon England diminishing as the flood of conquest rises higher and higher, till the last summit disappears.

Thus far, well—but in spite of these conceptions of truth, Thierry's history is not true: truth escapes him.—He places himself in a position by which the Englishman ought to be gratified. He speaks as if he wished to identify himself with the Anglo-Saxon nation. Of the conquered race, he presents himself, not merely as the historian, but the earnest defender. In his impassioned narrative, he represents his sympathies as being entirely with the Anglo-Saxons. Their merits are exalted, their sufferings deplored, the loss of their national independence lamented with anguish. He puts on the garb of a Varangian, weeping his exile from the downs of Kent, amidst the porphyry columns and gilded mosaics of the Byzantine palace. In this assumed character of an Englishman, Thierry wages an implacable guerilla against the Norman enemy. Hence the merits, the charm, the defects of the work. Thierry acquires poetical unity at the expense of historical verity. He aims at interesting the feelings, rather than satisfying the critical inquirer. Grievous indeed are the miseries resulting from national subjugation; but he so overcharges the oppressions sustained by the English, that we fail to discern the compensations mercifully provided for such evils. His Anglo-Saxonism constantly tempts him to pass an unfair judgment upon individual characters amongst the conquerors. In his page they all assume the same grim aspect. Bad enough were many of the invaders, yet we cannot agree with him in denying them any possibility of possessing humanity or sincerity. This exaggeration, constantly inclining the balance, destroys that due equilibrium between fact and theory, upon which the merits of historical composition depend. Without theory, you may have an accurate historical chronicle of facts, which nobody can recollect; with a small proportion of fact, you may have a clever philosophical romance, containing nothing worth recollecting: but you must have both, wisely compounded, to produce philosophical history.

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If there be such a thing as 'historical science,' it mainly subsists in this equilibrium.

Neither does Thierry's philosophical romance produce conviction: a suspicion always arises in your mind that he espouses the *Anglo-Saxon party* for some purpose of his own—possibly a good purpose, or an honourable one, but not what it professes to be. Powerfully as he depicts the sufferings of the conquered races, however picturesque his delineations of their struggles and conflicts, he fails, hard as he tries, to excite any real concern on their behalf.—And why?—The *si vis me flere* is wholly wanting. —He is not congenial to the Anglo-Saxons; he pleads their cause, but he does not think with them. An advocate for the Anglo-Saxons, he is not an Anglo-Saxon advocate; their griefs are not his griefs. What they most valued, is by him despised. Somehow or another, you do not mind him. He produces no more conviction than an American orator, patting his blood-hound, whilst he laments the extinction of his 'red brethren.' He is essentially a Parisian *savant* of the nineteenth century, and places the entire happiness of nations in the 'civilization' of modern society. We shall abstain from entering into any comparison between the different conditions to which human kind is subjected, either in mercy or in judgment; yet thus much must be observed, that Thierry's French 'civilization' is not compatible with any heartfelt support of nationality.

All the elements which are really beneficial in nationality are directly at variance with the French idea of civilization. Can we appeal to any higher authority than Guizot? What do we collect from his terse and philosophical development of this most important subject, beyond the proposition, that Paris, whether in policy or in intellect, in *physique* or *morale*, one and indivisible, is the acme of European civilization? It is through France only that the world is to become civilized:—'Les idées, les institutions civilisantes, si je puis ainsi parler, qui ont pris naissance dans d'autres territoires, quand elles ont voulu se transplanter, devenir fécondes, et générales, agir au profit commun de la civilisation Européenne, on les a vues, en quelque sorte, obligées de subir en France une nouvelle préparation; et c'est de la France, comme d'une seconde patrie, plus féconde, plus riche, qu'elles se sont élancées à la conquête de l'Europe. *Il n'est presque aucune grande idée, aucun grand principe de civilisation, qui, pour se répandre partout, n'ait passé d'abord par la France.*' French civilization cannot amalgamate with Dr. Arnold's great distinguishing elements of nationality—national language, national institutions, national religion. All these are abominated by French

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French civilization.*—French civilization is fiercely hostile against national language. Had French dominion continued a quarter of a century longer in Italy, the 'bel parlar gentile' of Dante would have been completely supplanted by the nasals of Voltaire.—French civilization totally suppresses all national institutions. Burgomaster and Podestà must disappear, and give way to a Préfet at Amsterdam, and a Préfet at Pistoia. The German is to be governed by the five codes: the waters of the Seine are to flow into the Elbe and the Tiber.—Above all, French civilization hates religion: a grudging acknowledgment of the statistical fact that a given religion is professed by the majority of the people is all it can obtain. National faith may be tolerated out of policy, or spared out of contempt; but active faith, in every shape, is discouraged as a nuisance—a stain, to be obliterated, as the badge of intellectual degradation and barbarity.

Thierry is constantly at strife with himself. Can the historian of the Conquest be otherwise than in opposition to the Member of the Parisian Institute?—Does not the philanthropist, who sorrows so eloquently for the solitary *Razzia* of Northumbria, exult in the monthly repetition of the *Raid* in Algeria? Can he glory in the achievements of the Maréchal, exterminating the swarthy Kabyles, and really lament the subjugation of the fair-haired Anglo-Saxon by the Conqueror? Are the tears which overflow for the contemporaries of Gurth and Harold compatible with the sympathiser's cry of implacable vengeance against the Hagarenes who dare to defend the chastity of their wives, the freedom of their children, the sanctity of their homes, the graves of their ancestors? Therefore you feel that M. Thierry does not wish to make any practical application of his doctrines, and there is no reason why they should be urged. That they should make any impression upon his public, is the last thing he wishes. His lessons of humanity and justice adorn the story. If the book were a professed work of fiction, the sentiments might impress us as real. Because it is a professed history, we reject them as the unreal fictions of a declaimer; they never were intended to reach the reader's heart. We look upon the history with suspicion from beginning to end.

Another defect in Thierry arises from the constant endeavour

* Our questions respecting the meaning of the word 'civilization' (Quart. Rev. vol. lxxii. p. 353), have received an able philological answer from Mr. G. C. Lewis ('Classical Journal,' No. 3, Art. 30); but his examination of the moral import of the term is slight and perfunctory, and the main points which we had attempted to raise, remain open to discussion. So far, indeed, as concerns a large, perhaps the largest, portion of the human race, our second question—'What are the benefits secured to the people, and particularly the "masses," by civilization?'—receives a reply from Mr. Monckton Milnes, who tells us, that in the East, European civilization has produced nothing but unmixed evil.

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to produce effect by bold and startling force of sentiment and expression. He endeavours to bring out the moral sentiment of the middle ages with bravura energy. Every action is converted into something new and strange; and the fable, for thus we must term the narrative, is sustained by a constant feverish excitement. Unquestionably, M. Thierry has been signally instructive in enabling his contemporaries to disengage themselves from the conventional common-places and established formulæ of history. For, with not many exceptions, history has been written upon a plan bearing a tolerably close analogy to the systematic classifications of the French drama, in which every father of a certain grade *is a père noble*, with a *jeune ingenue* for his daughter. In such books every baron *is chivalrous*, every priest, *crafty*; and, above all, every action judged according to the standard of our own times. From this thraldom, Thierry is free. But although he has avoided the unreality of such theoretical abstractions as are found in Voltaire or Montesquieu, and has thoroughly put out of fashion the modern lacquer and varnish of Velly and Villaret, yet, dwelling too fondly upon peculiar characteristics of Anglo-Norman individuality, he denaturalizes them by partial fidelity; and the more so, because he gains credit for accuracy among those who can in some degree judge of this partial fidelity, thus acquiring such a character as to lead them to trust him for the rest.

'What could have induced you,' said a friend to Wilkie, when he was painting his well-known picture of old John Knox 'dinging the pulpit to blads,' 'to deck your bishops with such a profusion of sacred finery? Your bishops here merely sit as a part of the congregation, submitting to the infliction of the preacher; but bishops were never clad in copes and mitres, except when officiating pontifically in the choir, or at the altar; and such metallic mitres as you have placed upon their heads never existed at all, except upon the panel of a carriage.'—'Weel, weel, that may be vera true,' said Wilkie, 'but I wanted to carry out the effect into *that* corner;' and by the temptation of *carrying out the Anglo-Norman effect*, Thierry has been far too often assailed.

Lastly, Thierry is constantly swerved out of his right course by over-confidence in his theory, when estimating the effects produced by the permanent influence of race. Thierry is one of those who, as we lately observed, in our article upon Sismondi (*Q. R.* No. 244, p. 337), are precursors of an impending revolution in mediæval history. He has broken some of our mental shackles, and helped to remove impediments in the way of historical free thinking and free inquiry. But we also had Thierry particularly in view, when we spoke of the great peril attending the consciousness of being able to exert

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exert the mighty power, resulting from the possession of a truth hitherto forgotten or concealed. He drives his principle over much. He persuades himself that it is an Alcahest, by which all difficulties are to be solved. He falls into the delusion arising from considering his theory as universal. He discerns it equally in the most minute or doubtful incidents, and in the greatest results. Thierry's system reduces the dynamics of history to the two mechanical forces of oppression and resistance. He concentrates all social duties in the virtue of opposition to civil and ecclesiastical authority.

His theory of races, over-worked, conceals the real effect and operation of the Norman Conquest. The influences introduced by the sword, upon the accession of the Norman dynasty, are comparatively of far less import than those which result from the events which received their impulse from the Conquest. The Normans settled here, at an era, when the preceding state of society in the whole Christian commonwealth was about to sustain a mighty change, and the subjugation of the country by the new race only accelerated the process in England.

It appears to be the natural course of things, that William the Conqueror should have bestowed his paternal institutions upon the vanquished; but, if *le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*, the apophthegm must often be controlled by another, which we will coin for the nonce (provided no body has done so before)—*Le vraisemblable n'est pas toujours vrai.* However probable the supposition that William the Conqueror introduced Norman jurisprudence, Norman forms of government, and Norman tenures into this country, yet—we borrowed far less than we gave; and we are compelled to believe that the laws imposed by the Norman dynasty upon the English were reflected back to the victors. England was the more powerful and the more opulent territory. Institutions which arose from the combination of the English law, with the measures needful for the government of a newly-subjugated country, imparted new vigour to the sovereign authority; the Duke practised in Normandy the stern and orderly jurisprudence of the English king. The Grand Coutumier of Normandy *professes* to be Anglo-Saxon. The Normans were willing to believe that their 'wise usages' were grounded upon the laws of the Confessor. Even Magna Charta was claimed by them, after they had become the immediate subjects of the Capetians, as the foundation of their franchises, and their safeguard against arbitrary power.

The remarkable fact in English history is the practical union of interests. After the great Charter was granted, we find hostile ranks and orders, yet but one people in England. Nobody thought

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thought of the genealogy of Simon de Montfort. London citizens loved Simon as much as if he and all his ancestors had been born, like Thomas à Becket, in the ward of Cheap, within the sound of Bow-bell. It was in Norman rhyme that the lament was raised, when Montfort died in defence of England's freedom:

'Or est occis la fleur de pris, que tant savoit de guerre,
Le Conte Montfort, sa dure mort, moult en plorra la terre.'

The continuity of English national life never was broken by the Normans: hence the vigorous and uninterrupted progress of national power.

William and his army, when they spread themselves over this fertile and much-coveted realm, beheld a country whose aspect differed strangely from the prospects which hill and stream and plain offer at the present day. What did England possess? riches —yet not such as ours. Theirs was not the age of great cities: none of those centres of civilization and corruption, then existed in portentous magnitude; huge agglomerations, ramifying into the meads and pastures, where the green grass, and the sweet cowslip, and the bright ox-eyed daisy, shrink away from hard pavement and smoky sky. The landscape was not adorned and varied, as now, by the villa, the workhouse, the manufactory, the gaol: nor were there existing then any of the signs and wonders produced by modern science and art, the viaducts, the railroads, the canals, at once the causes and the effects of our activity and opulence. But were the differences confined to the works of man? Not so. They extended to the features and characters, affecting the whole climate and region of the land. It was no natural law, no cyclical revolution, but the wrath of the Almighty, which brought the overwhelming deluge upon the whole earth; and the bow placed in the cloud is the token that the waters will never again destroy all flesh, and that, until the final consummation of this lower world, winter and summer, seed time and harvest, will continue their appointed course. All this we know by the revealed word of Him from whose continued sustaining power these blessings proceed. Nevertheless we have remarkable evidence that, within such limits as are consistent with the fulfilment of the covenant made by the Creator, the face of the globe, in so far as it depends upon the distribution of moist and dry, heat and cold, nay, even hill and dale, and land and sea, has sustained extensive, and, in many cases, inexplicable change—inexplicable, except upon the assumption that the laws imposed by the will of the Almighty upon His works, so delusively called the 'laws of nature,' acted with far more rapidity, intensity and vigour, in the first creative and nascent stages of organic

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organic life and of inorganic existence, than in the present advanced era of the world. And this is agreeable to the analogies which all nature still affords.

'A great work'—says Dr. Arnold—'might be written on the connection between the revolutions of nature and those of mankind: how they act each upon the other; how man is affected by climate, and how climate is again altered by the labours of man; how diseases are generated; how different states of society are exposed to different disorders and require different sorts of diet; how, as all earthly things are exhaustible, the increased command over external nature given by increased knowledge, seems to have a tendency to shorten the period of the existing creation, by calling at once into action those resources of the earth which else might have supplied the wants of centuries to come: how, in short, nature, no less than human society, contains tokens that it had a beginning, and will as surely have its end. But, unfortunately, the physical history of ancient times is even more imperfect than the political history; and in the place of those exact and uninterrupted records of natural phenomena from which alone any safe conclusions can be drawn, we have only a few scattered notices; nor can we be sure that even these have recorded what was most worthy of our knowledge.'

Arnold, in this noble passage, which, beautiful as it is, evidently contains only a partial and reverential development of his secret thoughts, has forcibly indicated the interest as well as the difficulties attending the inquiry. Consider how many elements must combine in harmony for the preservation of such branches of knowledge. So far as human observation and human power are permitted to extend, the record or transmission of the past requires a fourfold contingency.—The opportunity afforded to an observer—an observer able to describe the facts—willing to describe them—and whose writings shall escape the chances of destruction, and thus descend to posterity. No preparation, no forethought, no foresight, no contrivance, can provide these requisites or bring them together. How rarely do they coincide or coexist!

Quenched, perhaps, before the soil of Italy had been trod by the sons of Japhet, the fires of Vesuvius again burst forth, and a Pliny is present to bear his testimony to the wondrous renewal of the dormant energy. Gifted with fine talent, correct in taste, accurate and yet picturesque, possessing the faculty of seizing the details needed for truth, and of grouping them without confusion, he narrates the facts, in the epistle which subsists amidst the general wreck of ancient literature. It seems as if the writer laboured to improve the opportunity for the purpose of satisfying our curiosity: but when Pliny has all but completed

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completed the task, the style stops on the tablet. He can go no further. He tells every particular which can interest us except one, and that the most important. There is one incident which he has not the will to describe. He contemplates the awful spectacle, and denies us even the slightest allusion to its most significant, most terrific catastrophe. Concerning the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, Pliny says nothing; an omission so singular that, as Mr. Lyell truly says, it baffles all explanation. Nor is the void of Pliny's information, otherwise than most scantily supplied by the sources which might have been expected to afford us aid. Amongst the whole body of Greek and Roman writers, three only notice the entombment of these polluted communities. Our knowledge of a visitation, such as no human being had beheld since the destruction of the cities of the plain, is derived merely from the casual allusion of the epigrammatist,—the confused hint of Tacitus, 'Haustæ *aut* obrutæ urbes fecundissimâ Campaniæ orâ'—and the tradition reported by Dion Cassius. Had Herculaneum and Pompeii never been discovered, the accounts transmitted to us of their tragical end, would, therefore, have been discredited by the majority of critical inquirers, so vague and general are the narratives, or so long subsequent to the event. Mr. Lyell thereupon wisely observes, 'this case may often serve as a caution to the geologist, who has frequent occasion to weigh in like manner negative evidence derived from the silence of eminent writers, against the obscure but positive testimony of popular tradition.'

Perhaps even more remarkable than the record of the first outbreak, within the historical period, of volcanic activity in the Italian peninsula, are the circumstances attending the memorials of the last known occurrence of such phenomena in central France. During three years (458—460), Auvergne and Dauphiné were convulsed by violent and continued volcanic eruptions—streams of lava, bursting forth from the summits of the mountains, broke down the cones which ejected continuous ignited showers, attended by earthquakes shaking, as it were, the foundations of the earth. Thunders rolled through the subterraneous caverns; so awful were the concussions, the sounds, the fires, that the beasts of the forest, driven from their haunts, sought refuge in the abodes of mankind. Strange as it may seem, these phenomena are commemorated by the usages of the Church, and inscribed in the pages of our Liturgy.

An impending invasion of the Goths added to the terror of the threatenings of nature. Instructed and profiting by the example of the Ninevites, Mamertus, Bishop of Vienne, assembled his people in prayer and humiliation. To avert the evil, he instituted

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instituted the solemn Litanies or *Rogations* on the three days immediately preceding the feast of the Ascension, and which three days acquired distinctively the appellation of *Rogation days*, because they were the only days of the year then annually set apart for the purpose of such solemn supplications. These forms of prayer, rendered more impressive by the awful character of the calamities and portents which had suggested them, corresponding so nearly with the signs and judgments of Scripture, were speedily adopted throughout Gaul and England. Here, they were continued by usage and tradition, until finally established as a portion of the national ritual, in the council held at Cleofeshoe (A.D. 749), which appointed that these three days should be kept holy, after the manner of former times; and it is hardly needful to observe that the Rogation days retain their station in the rubric of the Church of England at the present day.

A remarkable epistle of Sidonius Apollinaris, Bishop of Clermont (consecrated A.D. 471), who resided on the borders of the Lake Aidat, which owed its existence to the damming up of a river by a lava current, addressed to Mamertus himself, within fourteen, or at most sixteen, years after the events (Mamertus died A.D. 474), preserves a full notice of the earthquakes and the volcanic eruptions, the crumbling of the cones, and the heaping of the showers of ashes and scoria cast forth amidst their fires. Alcimus Avitus, the successor of Mamertus, carries on the chain of testimony. This prelate, who was promoted to the see of Vienne about thirty years after the eruptions (A.D. 490), composed an ample series of Rogation Homilies; and, in addressing his people, he recalls to their memory the events which a great portion of them must have witnessed, and exhorts them to gratitude for the deliverance they had received. These homilies appear to have been numerous, but, with the exception of some fragments, all have been lost except two; and amongst the strange examples of the oblivion attending written evidence, not merely when lurking in archives or concealed in manuscripts, but when amply diffused by means of the printing-press, we may remark that this is perhaps the first time that Avitus has been quoted as elucidating either Sidonius, or Gregory of Tours, the latter of whom also notices the events, though with more brevity.

An eminent geologist, forgetting Mr. Lyell's sensible prohibition against entertaining arguments deduced from the silence of historical authorities, and zealously anxious to assert the wholesome doctrine of the indefinite antiquity of the Auvergne volcanoes, apparently contradicted by the freshness of their aspect, exhorts us to reject the evidence of our senses, in order to support a theory sustained only by negative proof. He desires us to remark that Julius

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Julius Cæsar, when encamped in their vicinity, could scarcely have failed to notice them. Yet, has not the writer's enthusiasm caused him to forget that the *Mont d'Or* may have been, like Vesuvius, in a state of temporary quiescence: and, in the case of a military commander, whose main object was the narrative of his operations, should not the inquirer peculiarly avail himself of Mr. Lyell's caution against drawing inferences from silence? Again, the geologist appeals to the absence of any mention of these volcanoes in the great work of the Roman naturalist;—yet here again is not the deduction overstrained? In one short chapter of fifteen lines, the elder Pliny enumerates the cities of Aquitaine, and does nothing more. Had he possessed a full record of the eruptions, would his omission of facts known to him only by report, have been more remarkable than the neglect of the younger Pliny to notice the fiery burial of the cities which took place in his immediate presence? And if the last Gaulish eruptions, occurring during the most calamitous and distracted era of the declining empire, when, in Gaul, we have literally no historians or chroniclers at all, had been utterly uncommemorated in the written page, we could not have been surprised at the absence of the information required.

Yet the testimony has been given to us. In this dark and obscure era two witnesses rise from the tomb, not men of obscure station or humble authority, but individuals of the highest rank, concerning whose character and respectability, if such a term can be employed, we are as fully convinced as if they were living at the present day. Sidonius, the poet, the prefect, the patrician, the senator, the bishop; Alcimus Avitus, equally high in the church, nephew of an emperor, counsellor and friend of Clovis the founder of the Frankish monarchy. These, not recording the events in the studied chronicle, or in the technical description of the naturalist, or the exaggeration of the poet, but in the language of friendship and devotion. Briefly and emphatically they advert to transient calamities as the reason for lasting gratitude and repentance; speaking not to strangers who would need any elaborate explanations of localities, nor preserving details to satisfy the curiosity of posterity; but seeking the comfort and edification of the friends and contemporaries whom they addressed, men who had seen the incandescent streams and showers, heard the subterranean thunder, felt the earth shake beneath their feet, knelt before the same altar, uttered the same prayers—the people to whom every word and every expression of the preacher brought up in their minds the whole spectacle of the desolation which had mercifully passed away.* With

* The observations in our text respecting the claim to 'indefinite antiquity' possessed by the Auvergne volcanoes, as evidenced by the silence of Cæsar and Pliny, are those of Dr. Daubeny (Daubeny on Volcanoes, p. 14, quoted by Mr. Lyell, Elements

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With respect to Britain, our information, though less striking, is not less important. We are warranted in asserting, from

ments of Geology, ii., 305); but Dr. Daubeny mistakingly ascribes the same silence to Sidonius Apollinaris: whilst, singularly enough, the very witness upon whose omissions the geologist lays most stress, is the one who is the most explicit. We add as large extracts from the epistle of Sidonius, and the homily of Avitus, as we can find room for. But those who are interested in the subject, will do well to consult the originals. In considering the words of these *speakers*, rather than writers, it must be recollected that though their notices of the phenomena are merely incidental, and not purposely descriptive or historical, *yet that they are far more ample, intelligible, precise, and correct, than Tacitus, who omits all notice of Vesuvius or the eruption, in his account of the destruction of the Campanian cities.*

Sidonius, Domino Papæ Mamerto Salutem :—'Rumor est Gothos in Romanum solum castra movisse. Huic semper irruptioni nos miseri Arverni janua sumus. Namque odiis inimicorum hinc peculiaria fomenta subministramus, quia quod necdum terminos suos ab oceano in Rhodanum Ligeris alveo limitaverunt, solam sub ope Christi moram de nostra tantum obice patiuntur. Circumjactarum vero spatia tractumque regionum jam pridem regni minacis importuna devoravit impressio. Sed animositati nostræ tam temerariæ, tamque periculosæ, non nos aut ambustam murorum faciem, aut putrem sudium cratem, aut propugnacula vigilum trita pectoribus confidimus opitulatura: solo tamen invectarum te autore Rogationum palpamur auxilio: quibus inchoandis, instituendisque populus Arvernus, et si non effectu pari, affectu certe non impari cœpit imitari, et ob hoc circumfusis necdum dat terga terroribus. Non enim latet nostram sciscitationem, primis temporibus harumce supplicationum institutarum, civitas cælitus tibi credita *per cujusmodi prodigiorum terriculamenta vacuabatur. Nam modo, scenæ mœnium publicorum crebris terræ motibus concutiebantur; nunc, ignes sæpe flammati caducas culminum cristas superjecto favillarum monte tumulabant;* nunc stupenda foro cubilia collocabat audacium pavenda mansuetudo cervorum: cum tu inter ista, discessu primorum popularium statu urbis exinanito, ad nova celer veterum Ninivitarum exempla decurristi, ne divinæ admonitioni tua quoque desperatio convitiaretur.'—*Sid. Apollinaris, Ep.* vii. i. *Ed. Sirmond.* i. 586.

The title of *Pope* is given to Mamertus by the early writers, and perhaps the style of *Pope* was assumed by or given to the see of Vienne, so venerable for its antiquity. We must now take Avitus:—

'Currit quidem tramite vitali, non per Gallias tantummodo, sed pene per orbem totum Rogationalis observantiæ flumen irriguum, et infectam vitiis terram uberi fluxu annuæ satisfactionis expurgat. Peculiarior tamen nobis in hac ipsâ institutione servitii et gaudii causa est; quia quod hinc modo ad cunctorum utilitatem defluit, ex nostro primitus fonte manavit: et forte nunc pertineat ad cujuscumque privilegii ornatum sumptæ primitus institutionis exordium.

'Ceterum cum ad hujusmodi humilitatem ineffabilis necessitas rigida Viennensium corda perdomuit, sentiens ecclesia nostra causam segritudinis suæ, non sibi quasi maxime præ omnibus, sed quasi soli ex omnibus, existimans opus esse instituendâ observatione præsenti, solicitius captavit remedium, quam primatum.

'Et quidem terrorum temporis illius causas multos nostrûm recolere scio. Siquidem *incendia crebra, terræ motus assidui, nocturni sonitus, cuidam totius orbis funeri prodigiosam quoddam bustuale minitabantur.* Nam populosis hominum concursibus domestica silvestrium ferarum species obversabatur, Deus viderit an ludificans oculis, an adducta portentis. Quicquid tamen ex iis duobus foret, perinde monstruosum intelligebatur, seu sic veraciter immania bestiarum corda mansuefieri, seu tam horribiliter conspectibus territorum falsæ visionis phantasmata posse confingi. Inter hæc diversa vulgi sententia, dispariumque ordinum variæ opiniones. Alii quod sentiebant dissimulando, quæ fletui nolebant dare, casui dabant; alii spiritu salubriore, abominabilia nova quoque congruis malorum proprietatis significationibus interpretabantur. *Quis enim in crebris ignibus, imbres sodomiticos non timeret? Quis tremantibus elementis, aut decidua culminum, aut diruptæ terrarum imminere non crederet?* Quis videns, certe videre se putans, pavidos naturaliter cervos per angusta portarum usque ad fori lata penetrantes, non imminentem solitudinis sententiam formidaret?'—*Alcimi Aviti Homilia de Rogationibus.—Ed. Sirmond.* ii. 90.

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various incidental notices, too minute to be suspected of inaccuracy, too simple to be the result of exaggeration, that, even as late as the twelfth century, the general temperature of the midland and southern parts of the island was not very unlike that of Canada at the present day.—Enter the vineyards flourishing at Glastonbury, whose fruit produces a sweet and grateful wine; ascend the mountains of Craig-Eyriri, covered with unmelting snows, which then might have been called perpetual, from whence they derive their English or Saxon name; and you thus may mark the extremes of temperature prevailing within a comparatively narrow zone.

Probably one-third of the face of the island was covered with wood; another third, uncultivated heath and moor. Marshlands were very extensive. Towards the German Ocean, East Anglia was almost separated from the Mercian shires by the fen country, extending more than an hundred miles in length, a waste of waters interspersed with sedgy shelves and islands, spreading its bleakness far around. On the same coast, the driftings of sand and accumulations of earth have since converted many an æstuary into fertile fields, and filled up many a channel, by which the *broads*, as they are aptly called, communicated with the salt sea waves. The iron rings have shown how the vessels were moored against the walls of the Roman Caister near Norwich; whilst, much further inland, the flint arrow-heads lying beneath the strata imbedding organic remains, may perplex, or perhaps confute, all calculations as to the age of the deposit in which they are contained.

In other places within the limits of the *Northfolk* and the *Southfolk*, the recession of the waters—which seems to have taken place much about the time that the ocean, bursting over the Belgian lowlands, formed the Zuyder Zee—though less extensive, is very remarkable. In the quiet village of Reedham, on the banks of the sluggish Yare, we could hardly recognise the coast where, in the tenth century, Bruern Brocard, the Scandinavian, was cast ashore by the tempest. Did we not possess the united testimony of charters and parliamentary proceedings, and of historians, we might doubt that, in the reign of Richard II., Lake Lothing was the Kirkley road—the haven in which the navies of England assembled in days of yore; and the ineffectual attempt which has been made to re-open the navigation from the Lowestoffe mouth to the capital of the county, is a remarkable proof of the continued existence of the agency which occasioned the change. More or less, the same oscillations of land and water have characterized the whole of this eastern side of the island.

Thanet,

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Thanet, which, when occupied by Hengist and Horsa, was separated from the mainland of Kent by a wide channel, is now entirely joined to the continent; but Ravensburgh, the landing-place of Henry IV., is submerged in the waves.

Considering the globe as a whole, it cannot be doubted but that the great, though limited, powers which man possesses, do produce correspondent effects, both in organic and inorganic nature. Many plants indigenous to Britain have disappeared: some within the last quarter of a century. You find them in Gerard's Herbal, but not in the fields. Amongst animals there has been a more evident and more remarkable process of destruction. Like the Dodos in the Mauritius, whole races have become extinct within a recent historical period. The beaver built his house on the banks of the stream beneath that summit where the eagle reared her young; and the British names of stream and of rock still remain, the witnesses of the former existence of the inhabitants which have passed away: whilst the egret and the crane, the bittern and the bustard have been lost within living memory. The bear and the wild boar ranged the forests at the era of the Conquest, the latter in the immediate vicinity of London. The wolf continued to infest the fold long after the supposed extirpation of the foe by the tribute which the Basileus of Britain imposed upon his British vassals; but in the loose nomenclature of popular speech, it is very probable that the hyæna of Yorkshire may also have been included among the animals to which the name of 'wolf' was assigned, thus bringing the ossuary of the Kirkdale cave within the period even of the last population of the wolds.

In connexion with this subject, it is not unimportant to remark that other notices may be found of the existence, within our historical period, in Britain in particular, and in Europe in general, of other species either banished from our regions, or wholly lost, as far as we can ascertain, to animated nature. The elk reared his tall antlers in Ireland, and probably in Scotland, until after the invasion of the island by our Anglo-Normans. In the thick and damp forests of Gaul, the urus or buffalo ranged. We learn this fact by the relation of the cruel revenge with which Gunthrum punished the wretch, suspected as the slaughterer of the royal beast of chace. This was not far distant from the period, when, according to the testimony of Alcimus Avitus and Sidonius Apollinaris, the volcanoes of Central France were yet in activity. The *sarris*, a fierce, gigantic, and now wholly extinct species of chamois, was commonly found in the forests of the Pyrenees as late as the fifteenth century, being minutely described by Gaston de Foix. And, since the tiger is even now in full vigour amidst the forests of Siberia, we may con-

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sider this fact as affording support to the narrative of the lion-hunts in the Niebelungen lay.*

More perplexing are the numerous legends of huge dragons, inhabiting rivers and lakes. Fabulous as they may appear in some instances, and strange in all, they yet raise a suspicion that there might exist some few surviving gigantic reptiles of the Saurian class, such as those whose bones are now found imbedded in the strata, individuals, the last, in each locality, of their species, like the boa by which the army of Regulus was assailed. Unquestionably, such relations were deeply tinged with credulity. The human mind was open to every kind of evidence, without examining the different degrees of confidence which each ought to receive. Making, however, every degree of allowance for the absence of correct observation, as well as for involuntary inaccuracies, and the tendency to seek pleasure by the marvellous, yet there will always remain a residuum, which, if we honestly endeavour to ascertain the truth, cannot be rejected consistently with right reason. Scepticism is as great a foe to profitable knowledge as credulity; if investigation is troublesome or disagreeable, or goes against our received opinions, we then are very apt to take refuge in a flat denial, and thus to discharge ourselves from the responsibility of inquiry, and the still greater trouble of having our preconceived opinions disturbed.

To no portion of the 'marvellous legends' related by our ancient chroniclers are such observations more applicable than to those relating to the aspect of the heavens. It is scarcely sixty years since, when tales of stones falling from the clouds, were ranked with the ghost story: and the tourist (we quote from memory, but believe it was Arthur Young) who, in the church of Ensisheim, beheld the metallic mass recorded to have dropped from the sphere above, anticipated with delight, as he described it in his note-book, the universal applause which would be excited by deriding the dreams of monkish superstition.—'A stone has fallen from the clouds at Luce, in Maine,' is the intelligence received (1768) by the Academy of Sciences at Paris. Can any one believe such a fable? No, say the Academicians, it *must* not be believed. So they dispatch a committee—M. Lavoisier, M. Fougeroux, and M. Cadet—to dispel the delusion. The three savans proceed to the spot. There is the stone. What is the testimony of the witnesses? A loud noise has been heard in the air: they look up, and behold an opaque body descending in a curve, which falls on the soft turf, the *lisière*, dividing the field in which they are at work reaping

* In this celebrated chace, Sigfried encounters the following animals:—The *halpfwâl*, or *half-wolf*; perhaps a species of hyæna—the *leu*, or lion—the *wisent*, the urus, or buffalo—the *elch*, or elk—and the *schelch*, or chamois.—*Niebelungen*, 3755-3762.

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the harvest, from the road. They hasten to the spot, and find the stone half buried in the earth, but so hot that it could not be touched. Away they flee; but returning, when their panic was diminished, they find the mass where they had left it, and cool. Now, what was the verdict of the three savans, M. Lavoisier, M. Fougeroux, and M. Cadet? Why, simply, that inasmuch as facts oppose theory, therefore theory must prevail over facts; and the Academy decrees that this stone, having been merely uncovered by the electric flash, had been pre-existent in the ground. Matters thus continued in the creed of science. No one was called to assent to the existence of an aërolithe until the 13th December, 1795, when the one meteoric stone which fell in Yorkshire, within 'three fields' distance' of Major Topham's mansion, at once compelled belief. Now, the aërolithe excites no more surprise than the hail-storm; and the meteoric iron deposited in the Museum demands nothing beyond the passing glance.

The period beginning with the partition * of the Western Empire amongst the Barbaric kingdoms and powers, and ending about the twelfth century, exhibited peculiar meteoric and atmospheric activity. The glaring parhelion, the pallid sun doubly reflected in the snow-fraught cloud, now a phenomenon of rare occurrence, so that perhaps few persons here living have seen it, was repeatedly beheld in portentous aspect. Flaming lances and fiery squadrons—the flickering streams of the aurora, which, so long intermitted, appeared as a novelty to Newton and to Halley—beamed across the welkin, blazing in blood-red gleams. Astral showers covered the heavens, as if the stars were driven like chaff before a furious wind; being evidently the same stream of wandering fires, now again intersecting our sphere, and watched or sought from the observatory: but then indicating, as it was deemed, the changes and the going forth of nations—the immediate harbingers of the Crusades. But no appearance excited so much awe in England as the Great Comet of 1066, such as never had been seen before. Pilgrim and merchant, monk and layman, had brought the frequent and dread report that Duke William of Normandy, Edward's cousin and appointed heir, was mustering his forces to gain and divide the land. Night after night did the appalled multitude gaze at the messenger of evil, the 'long-haired star,' darting its awful splendour from horizon to zenith; crowds, young and old, watched the token far beyond the midnight hour; and when they retired to their broken rest, its bright image, floating before the eye, disturbed their slumbers. Even if this were but an idle opinion, yet it was an opinion which became

* We use this term, because the Roman Empire in the West did not *fall* by the extinction of the imperial authority in the person of Augustulus:—it was *placed in commission* under the Barbarians until Charlemagne arose.

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a reality as the moral world was then constituted. The conviction that the phenomena of nature and the destiny of mankind were bound up in mystic unity, gave more boldness to the fortunate, increased the anxieties of the desponding. And the English, throughout the whole of the Anglo-Norman period, acknowledged their subjugation to be a national punishment.

Had William never held his great council at Lillebonne, never been encouraged by the eager boldness and rapacity of his Norman barons, never been favoured by the wind, never landed in safety, never been assisted by the cowardice or treachery of the northern Thanes, never overthrown the whole force of England in the one decisive battle, still it is fully evident to us *now*, that the appointed time had arrived for the extinction of the Anglo-Saxon monarchy. In our age—the old age of the world—we are privileged to discern, more clearly than those who lived in its youth, the evidence how each successive incident is induced and led on by that incomprehensible union of free will on the part of man, and the foreknowledge of the Almighty, which equally guides the actions of each individual, and the collective fortunes of mankind. The more the successive facts accumulate upon us, the more clearly we obtain a knowledge, imperfect and limited though it may be, of the certain tokens which precede the decline and fall of empires. In this sunset of the life of the world, we more than ever distinctly observe how coming events cast their shadows before. When the corpse is borne to the grave, we then know the secret progress of death in life, the inward extinction of the vital fire, the wasting of the organs, the irretrievable decays, the causes of the slight ailments, the transient pains, the momentary depression, the languor, unaccountable at the time, but now proving to us that the term never could have been prolonged. The gust blows down the tree: you examine the fallen trunk, and then discover that its roots were so rotted in the soil, that though the winds might have been hushed, the weight of its own boughs would have laid it low.

The English clergy were grievously corrupted. The reforms so zealously and honestly attempted by Popes and Councils in other portions of the Catholic Church in the west had not reached them. Very many of the bishops and abbots had obtained their dignities by simony. Sinful as this bartering of holy things is under any circumstances, we hardly feel its full import in the middle ages, nor understand why the church, collectively, was so exceedingly earnest in labouring to repress the evil, as existing in individual members. We are accustomed to view simony merely as a spiritual offence—and as a violation of the sacred functions of the priesthood; but, in the middle ages it was also a grievous offence against the civil relations of

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of society. It was introducing base motives into all the various functions which were attached to the prelatic character. What people buy, they sell: the bishop who *bought* his bishopric would *sell* any ecclesiastical preferment within his gift. He was a trustee for the poor; but he had *bought* his trusteeship, and therefore he would *sell* their rights for his own advantage. The bishop was a member of parliament, and he had *bought* his seat in the legislature from the king, and therefore he would *sell* his vote to the king, his *patron* in every sense of the term. Ecclesiastical historians have obscured the real bearing of the conflicts between crown and clergy, and exceedingly damaged their own cause, by using language which obliterates the most important truth, that the contest for the liberty of the Church was in the main a contest for the liberties of the people. The open and shameless barter and sale of ecclesiastical dignities, throughout this period, is scarcely conceivable to us, amongst whom this abuse at least has ceased. '*Give* you a nomination to a prebend!' exclaimed Philip I. to an applicant, 'I have *sold* them all already.' The bishop was a judge, bound to attend to the reformation of manners, but he had *bought* his office, and therefore would *sell* impunity to the opulent transgressor; hence the universal relaxation of all discipline, and the prevalence, throughout England, of the lowest immorality. In all these transactions the clergy were the most guilty. Every simoniacal promotion they obtained was accompanied by perjury; the higher the standard of morality which the priesthood were bound to assert, the greater was their guilt, the more deleterious their example upon the rest of the community. Never does any neglect of duty in one class fail to extend its evil influence to the other orders of society. The foul marsh beneath the palace walls will diffuse its contagion to the presence-chamber. Vices fostered or tolerated by ruling powers in the subject classes, work out their retribution by including governors and governed in the avenging punishment. Lust, luxury, and sloth defiled and enervated the aristocracy. The lower orders were heavily oppressed. Slavery was exceedingly extended. Hard as the situation of the *Theowe* had been in earlier periods, it had now become infinitely worse. The provision, merciful to a certain extent, which prohibited the sale of the slave out of his native country, was entirely violated; and it was the common practice to sell these miserable creatures to the pagan Danes in Ireland; so that Bristol was the regular slave-market; and the English connected their slave-dealings with the same disgusting profligacy which is now exhibited amongst their descendants, so proud of claiming their connexion with the Anglo-

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Anglo-Saxon race, on the opposite shores of the Atlantic.* There were, of course, many to whom these censures did not apply: many holy men amongst the clergy, many servants of God amongst the laity, but not sufficient to avert the destiny of the people,—and in one common ruin they were involved.

Although the empire of Britain appeared to subsist under Edward the Confessor, it was really on the verge of dissolution. As an ancient building is kept together by the roughnesses of the surface, and the ivy which has eaten out the mortar, and yet binds the stones by its frail tendrils, and the iron clamps giving a temporary support to the walls which they have split and rifted, till the blow comes which beats them down:—so are ancient States sustained by dull habit, by usages which have lost their original principle, by institutions which have ceased to command respect, and by the convulsive energies of rash innovation, affording a temporary vigour, though they exhaust vitality, till the appointed season of destruction. In the case of Britain, some additional duration had perhaps been imparted by the personal character of the Confessor, his virtues, and even his failings. Yet let it be recollected that many of his failings resulted from his great love of peace. His passive and tranquil disposition, which prevented his exerting his authority against those who were usurping his rights, also rendered these usurpers less inclined to disturb an authority which they scarcely felt, and which they knew must, at no distant period, expire.

The Danish invasions had entirely dislocated the kingdom. Force and violence, as employed by those barbarian invaders, had occasioned much evil; but even more harm ensued from the moral deterioration occasioned by their conquests. In their own country, and amongst their own people, they appear to have been deficient even in what are usually considered as the virtues of the savage. The *Danelagh* was filled with a new population, who had dispossessed a great portion of the original inhabitants. The names of places, as is well known, afford the most cogent proofs how the population had been changed; and full as harshly as was subsequently effected by the Romanized Danes whom we call Normans. We do not know, for example, the Englishman expelled from the Norfolk village now called Ormsby, by the *Serpent*, for such is the meaning of *orm*, or worm; but we cannot doubt that he went out full as unwillingly as if he had been chased away by a Norman Trussebot, or a Breton Botevilain, in the sub-

* Illud erat a natura abhorrens, quod multi ancillas suas ex se gravidas, ubi libidini satisfecissent, aut ad publicum prostibulum aut ad externum obsequium venditabant. W. Malm. ii. 418 (*Ed. Hardy*).

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sequent age. We shall shortly have occasion to mention a very remarkable fact, proving the subsisting and secret influence of the Danish kings. Under the Danish influence also—for though the system had been perfected under Canute, it had begun at an earlier period—the old English policy had been altered by the parcelling of the empire into Earldoms. Mr. Hallam has well observed that these Earldoms had much similarity to the Duchies and Counties of the Carlovingian Empire: and important considerations arise from this fact, which his great sagacity first discovered.

These governments were portioned out with some relation to the boundaries of the ancient kingdoms: most closely so in Northumbria. The *Earldom* had not absolutely settled into a definite hereditary right, but the claims of blood and lineage in the same family seem generally to have been respected. Towards the conclusion of the Confessor's reign, the fortunes of the house of Godwin prevailed. If, as it was said, he was really the son of a cow-herd, such an ancestry would have had as good traditionary repute as that ascribed to the first of the Capets—'*figliol fui d' un beccaio di Parigi.*' Harold, with his earldoms, extending from the Land's End to the German Sea—West Wales and Wessex, Sussex, Kent, and his portions of the Danelagh, and Mercia along the Thames, and beyond; Essex and Hertford, Middlesex, Oxford and Berks—was more of a king in reality than Edward himself; and, upon the peaceful death of the Confessor, Earl Harold became the King of the English, just as the Duke of Paris became King of the French, though with most unequal fortune: for whilst the dominion of Harold past away like a shadow, the power of Hugh Capet has been transmitted from man to man, by a special providence unparalleled in the annals of mankind.

Besides the Earldoms, the greater burghs formed a very important portion of the Anglo-Saxon Empire, communities standing as it were midway between dependent and independent authority; and it should seem that many were *enclavures*, surrounded by the Earldoms, yet, nominally at least, dependent only upon the sovereign. Such a state of things was not uncommon upon the continent. Take one example out of many. Tournai, in the midst of Flanders, owed no obedience to the Count. Baldwin could make no *joyeuse entrée* within the walls. Saving its own rights and privileges, it acknowledged only the king of the Franks; but that *saving* was a very large one; his sovereignty did not amount to much more, than that they acknowledged him when his protection was desired.

Winchester was the proper constitutional capital of the Empire.

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pire. Far more extensive was the city than at the present day; being one of the few localities which not only have escaped the general plethora, but have even fallen away. *Caer-Guent*, for the Saxons fully recollected its British name, retained the insignia of government. There was the royal treasury; and many a tradition was attached to the ancient castle in which Arthur had held his court—traditions fully living in mind and memory, before they became the subjects of written romance or history. We are not unwilling to believe that the round table suspended in the hall—until recently mistaken for the chapel—of the castle, may have existed before Geoffry of Monmouth gave that form to the British legends which diffused them amongst so many distant nations and tongues. A learned friend, who has discovered some very curious accounts, which we trust he will publish, of the 'Rota fortunæ' on the gable of the Winchester hall in the reign of Henry III., supposes that the round table is the ancient wheel of fortune, repainted with the grim worthies we now behold upon it, in the sixteenth century. But we would rather suppose that the 'wheel of fortune' was depicted upon the gable of the wall itself. The symbol seems to have been very common. San Zeno at Verona,* Saint Martin at Basle, and St. Stephen at Beauvais, all of the Romanesque period, exhibit the wheel as the origin of the Rose or Marygold windows. It is equally found in the marble intarsiated pavement of the Duomo of Sienna, and among the half-obliterated frescoes of Catfield in Norfolk, giving a remarkable example of the conformity possessed in different countries by the æsthetic symbolism of the middle ages.

Winchester was the capital, but, under Edward the Confessor, the palace of Westminster had become the *residence*. The walls, which at this very moment are falling beneath the mallet of the workman, constituted the favoured abode of the last of the legitimate Anglo-Saxon Kings. Vessels are dispatched with diplomatic importance to remove friezes and tombs from the shores of the Mediterranean, but not the slightest exertion has been made to preserve the scanty relics of the structure, perhaps, of all others, most intimately connected with our constitutional history.

London possessed the character of a free city. Its constitution had, however, sustained some alteration in the days of Canute. It should seem that the Danes had engrafted a colony of their own upon the English community. So large a number of the *Lithsmen*, or Danish soldiers, established themselves there, that one of the municipal courts acquired the Danish name of the *Husting;* a

* See an excellent view of this remarkable building, in the second volume which has just appeared of Mr. Gally Knight's magnificent work.

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term, which in the devious course of language has been so entirely diverted from its primitive signification as to mean, not the court, but any scaffold or *dais* where elections are held. Of the interior government of London city, we can only say that the distinctions between the *rectores* or aldermen, and the commonalty, are distinctly marked. Proud and warlike, and defended by the Roman wall, of which the last fragment has just been saved from destruction, the citizens rejoiced in their privileges, rendering them a species of independent, though subordinate, community. Amongst other rights, London acted apart from Wessex or Mercia in electing or recognising the king. Of this right an exceedingly curious vestige remains in force to the present day, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen being always required to concur, as essential parties, in the act of recognising and proclaiming the accession of the new monarch.

Exeter enjoyed privileges nearly equal to London; it appears that others of the cities were scarcely inferior, and that no taxation could be levied upon them, unless they jointly assented to the grant. Perhaps the burghs of Wessex and others formed a league. In the north, there was certainly a powerful association, called the *five* or the *seven* burghs—Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby, Leicester, and Stamford—to which York and Chester were afterwards added. It seems, as before noticed, that this federation originally consisted of five; but when two others were conjoined, they were generally called by their nominal number of *Five-Boroughs*, and sometimes *Seven-Boroughs*, according to their real one. The *cinque* ports afford a familiar example of the retention of an appellation derived from number, after it has ceased to be strictly appropriate. Lincoln, the chief of the five burghs, was governed by twelve hereditary *Lawmen*. This is a Danish term, and shows a Danish local government, which subsisted throughout the whole of the reign of the Conqueror. It is more remarkable, that, notwithstanding the political cessation of the Danish authority, and in spite of the Conquest, the inhabitants of Lincoln continued in alliance with the Danish kings, so much so that a treasure belonging to the Scandinavian monarch was permanently deposited there—either concealed from the Norman, or so well guarded that the Norman dared not attack the hoard.

Let us now endeavour to gain some idea of the events by which, after the battle of Hastings, William became settled in the possession of the English crown. Beyond the fact that Sussex was fearfully ravaged, we know little from books or chronicles; the map will perhaps tell us more. If the reader will take the map before him,—and what student should read history otherwise?—he will observe in Sussex a territorial division whose aspect differs altogether from that which prevails in other portions of

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of England. Look, for example, at the eastern counties, Norfolk and Suffolk. Here you will observe the Hundreds are compact divisions, generally marked by the natural boundaries of the streams and *broads*—the expanses of marsh and shallow water—which wind along and intersect the level land. In Kent, the Hundreds are much smaller in proportion than in East Anglia, but they are bound up, as it were, into the larger divisions of Lathes or Lastes, with a reference to natural boundaries, though less distinctly marked; and in the west of England, for instance Somerset or Dorset, the Hundreds will be seen small, irregular, and often strangely broken up in different parts of the shire. We may be tolerably certain that the Hundred and the Lathe arose from two main causes—the first, the natural dispersion of the tribes and races over the country; the other, the consolidation of various tracts or townships under one authority or lord; but nowhere is any trace of system, apparent to the eye, except in Sussex, where we find a territorial division bearing a name peculiar to the county, and showing an evident *scheme* of partition.

The Normans were a hard people: whenever they conquered, and did conquer outright, they went to work like plunderers, dividing the country by measurement—by the *Rope*, as it was termed—measuring out the land amongst themselves; a process which singularly marks the original violence of their character, for in such allotments they neglected all the natural relations which might previously exist amongst the people whom they conquered. Now this is the process they carried into effect in Sussex, which, as the reader will observe, is divided into six portions, extending right down from the northern border of the county, and each having a frontage towards the sea, with an accessible harbour affording a ready communication with Normandy, and forming as it were six *high roads* to Normandy; each of these Rapes, or *hreppar*, as they are termed in Icelandic, have also within its bounds some one castle or other important station for defence and protection. In Domesday, each Rape appears under a military commander. All the original Anglo-Saxon divisions are noticed in the Anglo-Saxon laws, and possessed an Anglo-Saxon tribunal. The Rape is not noticed in any Anglo-Saxon law, and does not possess any Anglo-Saxon tribunal. We therefore have good reason to conjecture that this district more particularly occupied the attention of the wise and wary general, and that Sussex alone was dealt with entirely as a conquered territory.*

Kent, according to traditions which have more poetry than truth,

* We owe this suggestion of the maritime division of Sussex to our late and much-regretted friend Mr. Rickman, one who was constantly applying his practical experience to those branches of literature which he could cultivate in his few moments of leisure, and whose greatest satisfaction consisted in imparting the knowledge which he thus acquired.

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is reported to have awed the conqueror into an unwilling pacification: the stratagem of Birnam wood is said to have been repeated. Advancing under cover of the moving shade, the men of Kent opposed such a front to William as compelled or persuaded him to confirm to their land the territorial privileges or immunities which in some measure it still enjoys. It is very certain that the people, 'forgetful of all Anglo-Saxon patriotism,' as Mr. Turner says, proffered him their fealty and gave hostages for their good faith; but, for any peculiar concession made to them by which the gavelkind tenure was preserved, we can find no foundation except in the romance of history. There are two principal peculiarities in this Kentish custom: the immunity which protects the land from forfeiture, or according to the old rhyme, 'the father to the bough, the son to the plough;' the other is the equal division among the male issue. The first of these privileges appears always to have been peculiar to Kent; but the latter prevailed to a very large extent in other parts of England, in different customary tenures. The custom of partition, according to the Kentish tenure, exists in the immediate vicinity of London, giving its name to the manor or township of *Kentish town*. The history of gavelkind is one of the most vexed questions amongst our legal antiquaries, and we shall therefore let it alone; only remarking that we believe the subsistence of the custom in Kent does not imply any special favour on the part of the Conqueror: but, being a forcible proof of the manner in which the Anglo-Saxon laws and usages remained undisturbed, it is *therefore* a fact possessing great importance in general history.

With respect to the submission of London, some curious information, hitherto absent from our histories, has been obtained from a poem composed by Wido, bishop of Amiens between 1058 and 1076, published for the first time entire by M. Michel, in his 'Chroniques Anglo-Normandes,'—a very valuable work, which we owe to the enlightened patronage of M. Guizot; a patronage continued by M. Villemain, to his great credit, though in some degree to our own shame. That such a poem had existed, was known in consequence of the praise bestowed upon it by Ordericus Vitalis; but no copy could be found. How the 'Carmen Widonis' was discovered, or recovered, is a question which, we doubt not, will be fiercely investigated by future collectors of antiquarian curiosities; and they will have to solve the difficulties why there exist at this moment three complete exemplars of this curious manuscript, only one of which has been published. As far, however, as our information extends, we believe that the discovery of the nature and value of the MS. was entirely due to the late Mr. Petrie: this gentleman had made long and extensive search

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search for the poem, but had never been able to find a copy, until M. Pertz, the learned editor of the German Historians, informed him that he believed it existed in the library at Brussels, but that it was not noticed in the catalogue. He could give him no other *renseignemens*, except that it was in a small red-backed quarto, which included other matter. Upon this very slight indication Mr. Petrie went to work, by taking down all the small red-backed quartos one by one, and turning them over leaf by leaf, until the long-lost poem appeared. It is addressed to Archbishop Lanfranc; at least, so the first couplet must be filled up and construed:—

'Quem probitas celebrat, sapientia munit et ornat,
Erigit et decorat, L. W. salutat.'

Wido was very successful in his own time. Ordericus wonders at his talent and poetical power: he was another Virgil in the opinion of his contemporaries. If the bishop had given us the narrative in plain prose, we should have been under greater obligations to his memory; it is often difficult to extract a definite meaning from his grandiloquent verse: yet, as a literary monument, and as showing the current and course of opinion, it is very interesting and instructive. Rome was the real source of romance and chivalry—Rome was contemplated as the great model of wisdom and military prowess; and it was in the example of her sovereigns and heroes, that the instructor sought to form the character of the Norman warrior and to exalt his praise.

Amidst the general dissensions and disturbances which arose amongst the English, our attention is in the first instance directed to the Earls Edwin and Morkar. The details of their conduct are involved in perplexity; the accounts are contradictory; but there is no obscurity respecting their sentiments and intentions. It seems that they had fled from Harold, and reached London even before the battle of Hastings; for, according to Malmesbury, as soon as the intelligence of Harold's death arrived, they, being present in the City, urged and canvassed the citizens to raise either of them to the throne. Claims to the royal authority, as held by the line of Cerdic, these Mercian earls had none. No: they, like Harold, would have been usurpers, and yet usurpers from necessity; but Edwin and Morkar were wise and valiant, fair to behold, and pleasant in speech, possessing the strong arm and the liberal hand, with some of the good, and many of the specious, qualities which reap the immediate harvest of popularity.

They tried their chance, but failed. Edgar Atheling was safe within the City. What the age of the child was, we have no exact account. We can ascertain, however, from authentic records, that

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that Edgar, still distinguished and recognised by the Normans as *the Atheling*, was *alive*, and able to render his accounts in the Exchequer, in the *fifth year of Henry II.*, *ninety-three years* after the date of the Conquest. The extreme old age which he attained is noticed by William of Malmesbury, who, let it be here remarked, was wholly unable to appreciate his pure and simple character. We can hardly suppose that, at this period, he could be more than ten years of age. This infant was proclaimed King of the English by the electors, whom Wido terms the *rectores* and *potentes* of the city—an obscure hint, indicating, when compared with other conflicting accounts, the great difference of opinion which subsisted. The Proceres, properly so called, in whose rank Edwin and Morkar were included, would have supported the Atheling's claims, had not the bishops dissented from the choice. In after life, Edgar exhibited a singular combination of courage and humility, boldness and submission; but now, what was he other than, as Wido terms him, an effigy, a shadow of a king? His name, however, afforded the means of embodying the sentiments of hope and expectation. The fragment of the old ballad calls him England's darling. 'He will assuredly win the land' was the common outcry. And why should one conflict decide the cause of England? Trust and truth might, after the great battle, have, humanly speaking, averted the subjugation of the English; but they had begun by abandoning their own cause, and now, with equal rashness, they strove to oppose the foe, so unwisely, so foolishly, that even the black monks of Peterborough, the great stronghold of old English feeling, have recorded with sorrow, that the spirit of opposition against William was a visitation for their sins. Every effort they made to extricate themselves from the meshes of the net, only entangled them the more.

William continued advancing, spreading his forces as well on the south of the river, as in the shires round about the stubborn city. From the walls of London, the burghers might see the circling horizon glowing with red flame. The Norman forthwith occupied the palace of Westminster. Here the last King of the English had been accustomed to wear his crown; William, by placing court and camp in the royal residence, made a species of assertion of his legitimate rights; and the rebels, as the invaders called them, were hard pressed by the Norman army. Instant siege was laid to the perverse city. Roman tactics and ordnance assailed the Roman walls; they shook before the repeated blows of battering-rams. Foundations were undermined; catapult and balista cast their shower. Singleness of counsel might perhaps yet have availed, but the Normans had lurking friends. There was a citizen of note, one Ansgard, who in former battles

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battles had received so many wounds that he was unable to walk, and was borne about the narrow streets in a litter. Now this Ansgard, having received a message from William, conveyed by a trusty messenger, readily lent his aid to the foreign cause; and whilst the Norman was secretly conveyed from the house of Ansgard, the crippled Alderman called together the Rulers of the city, and addressed them, expatiating upon the dangers which threatened them in the siege, and exhorting them to submit to William's authority. They immediately assented to the proposal on their side, and Ansgard repaired to the presence of the Conqueror. With fair words and fairer promises was he received; and he came back, and addressed the full folkmote of aldermen and citizens—*senatus* and *vulgus*, for the two orders are distinctly marked—expatiating upon the magnificence and glory of their expected king, wiser than Solomon, more bountiful than Charlemagne, ready in fight like the great Alexander. The Londoners renounced Edgar as lightly as they had accepted him; throwing open their gates, they proceeded as suppliants to the presence of the Norman, bearing with them the keys of the city, and delivering to him the person of his infant competitor. Courteously did William greet the Atheling: he kissed the child. Harsh as his character may have been, he never deviated from kindness towards the descendant of Cerdic, often as he was provoked, often as Edgar disdained his protection, or rose against his power.

We now arrive at the coronation of William as King of England. It is an uncouth simile which we are about to use, but we should call this transaction the most important *reach* or *bend* in the continuous stream or course of English history. We employ this expression, because the student should constantly keep in mind that from the first creation of man there is no resting-place in the annals of the world. All history depends upon this truth. Unless it be recognized, there is no 'science of history.' No one generation can be severed from the preceding generation. History is all succession: history is time, and time never stands still. There is no such thing as the present: all is either past or future, for while we think the thought, the present has passed away, and is merged in all precedent eternity.

When discussing William's assumption of the royal authority, we have to consider, in this event, the personal character of the sovereign, and the nature of the office which he assumed. It is in the latter point that the chief difficulty lies. To identify William's accession, to understand its true import and bearing, we must guard against the deception, if we may use the term, exercised

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cised by titles of dignity (*Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxiii. p. 557); the symbol continuing the same, the value attached to it has sustained great changes.

Our historians consider in general, that William acted with crafty policy; the English blindly, ignorantly, or influenced by culpable servility:—

'They requested him,' says Hume, 'to mount their throne, which they now considered as vacant, and declared to him, that, as they had always been ruled by regal power, they desired to follow in this particular the example of their ancestors, and knew of no one more worthy than himself to hold the reins of government. Though this was the great object to which the Duke's enterprize tended, he feigned to deliberate on the offer; and being desirous, at first, of preserving the appearance of a legal administration, he wished to obtain a more explicit and formal consent of the English nation. But Aimar of Aquitaine, a man equally respected for valour in the field and for prudence in council, remonstrating with him on the danger of delay in so critical a conjuncture, he laid aside all farther scruples, and accepted of the crown which was tendered him.'

Hume furthermore ascribes the change in popular opinion to undue influence of the ecclesiastics, and, as usual, with a sneer; for, as he says—

'The superior learning of these prelates, many of whom were even then Frenchmen or Normans, placed in their dignities by the Confessor, had raised them above the ignorant Saxons, and had made their opinion be received with implicit faith.'

Thierry follows nearly in the same spirit. We compress, but we have endeavoured to give a faithful version of his sentiments.

'The proposition,' says he, 'of assuming the royal authority was, without doubt, most agreeable to the Duke of Normandy, but, wary and wise, he feigned indifference. The royal dignity was the prize he sought; yet weighty considerations induced him to conceal his desire for a dignity which, by placing him at the head of the conquered, would, at the same time, sever his fortunes from those of his companions in arms. William excused himself, and, with apparent humility; prayed that he might at least be permitted to take time for consideration. It was not for his own interest that he had conquered England, but for that of the whole Norman nation; and if he were destined to become king, the time had not yet arrived, because too many provinces, too many enemies, yet remained to be subdued. These arguments are rebutted by Aimery de Thouars. Such of the Normans, who, after the feigned excuses of William, might have dared to vote as their Duke had proposed, were of a totally different opinion when the Poitevin had spoken, lest they might appear less faithful towards their common chieftain. They therefore unanimously voted that, previously to attempting to extend his military conquests, William should cause himself to be crowned King, by the small number of English whom he had succeeded in corrupting by his gifts, or in terrifying by his power.'

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Are such representations correct? Do they not rather exhibit the prepossessions of the writers, than the facts and feelings of the eleventh century? Surely the influence of the prelates over the people was legitimate: they were almost the only members of the great council—the Parliament, if you so choose to call it—who could be assembled: and, with respect to the general conduct of the English, a closer examination of the principles still existing in our constitution will show, that self-preservation prompted them to take refuge under the Norman sceptre as their only protection against anarchy or tyranny, and in the conviction that by so doing they best served their country's cause.

It was not a mere prejudice or *prestige* which actuated the various ranks and orders to urge that William should be anointed and crowned, but a most cogent feeling of necessity. Unless William assumed this supreme authority, they had no chance, small as that chance might be, of security in hearth or home. We may respect the royal office—we may be pervaded with sentiments of loyalty—we may entertain affection for the person of our Sovereign: but, in our present state of society, and still more under our present form of government, we do not at all appreciate how an Anglo-Saxon was compelled to be constantly thinking of the King, as much as every child thinks of his parent; every servant, of the head of the family. The English knew full well that, lacking a king, the body politic was paralyzed. They required a king *de facto;* an active king—one who could ride in the saddle, sit on the judicial bench, wield the sword. Edgar Atheling, the 'effigy of a king,' was disqualified, not by the 'meanness of his capacity'—an imputation, which, in spite of William of Malmesbury's partial judgment, is contradicted by the whole tenor of his life—but by helpless infancy. This is not the place for a minute exposition of the English constitution: it suffices to observe that, during the Anglo-Saxon period, there was a mutual balance of the powers of subject and sovereign, effected, not so much by the means of any national legislature or assembly, as by the division of authority between the courts of the people—the folk courts—and the prerogative jurisdiction of the King's court—both being essential to the well-being of the community.

An approximation to the general idea of the condition of the Anglo-Saxon commonwealth, wanting a king, may, in some measure, be obtained by considering what would have been the state of England, if, upon the demise of Charles II., his brother had not proceeded to take possession of the throne, and parliament not daring to supply his absence by any power of their own or by any fiction of law, an absolute interregnum had ensued. As the law

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law then stood, what would have been the state of England?* The King is the source of all justice: the Judges are merely his delegates. With the death of the King, all the powers which he has granted by his commissions of every description expire. Borough courts and other municipal courts continue to subsist, and may continue to punish such offences as are within their local cognizance, but none of the offences which come within the jurisdiction of the justices of the peace, or the judges of assize and oyer and terminer and jail delivery can be redressed. No judgment can be given in Westminster Hall. King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer are all defunct. There is no Lord Chancellor to administer Equity. None of the public revenues can be lawfully collected. Yet worse, all the sources of discretionary grace and favour are dried up. The Recorder has passed sentence; but my Lord Mayor cannot pardon. No tenant of crown lands can obtain a renewal of his lease: none of the good 'pieces of preferment' in the gift of the crown can be obtained by gown or cassock. As the Irish member said, between the resignation of the old administration and the appointment of their successors, no gentleman can tell where to go to get his promises. In short, all the main branches of administration and jurisdiction, of which the germs are found in the Anglo-Saxon constitution, and which we now possess, notwithstanding the mutations produced by eight centuries of war and revolution, and thirteen years of reform, would have come to an end.

Had either Edwin or Morkar been raised to the throne, an English government might perhaps have subsisted. But when the first burst of enthusiasm excited by the proclamation of the Atheling had subsided, then the Anglo-Saxons were roused to a full sense of the dangers of impending anarchy. The absence of a King appalled the nation. Rarely delegating his powers to others, no veil of etiquette, no mist of forms and ceremonies concealed the Sovereign from the people. The King sat in his own court, hanged his own traitors, granted his own favours, commanded his own soldiers, made his own bishops, opened his own purse with his own hands. Hence all the active powers of the commonwealth sprang from the very person of the King as the visible centre of unity; the centre round which every sphere revolved.

Moreover, the powers of ruling as the Sovereign of the English

* It is unnecessary to remark that, since that era, the law, or rather the constitution, has been so altered that our summary of the stagnation produced by the absence of the royal authority is no longer correct.

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empire were deemed to be so completely inherent in *the* King —the *sworn King*—the *crowned King*—the *anointed King*—as to render it impossible to supply the royal authority by any other chief magistrate, or by any other form of government. It is well known how strongly the same sentiments prevailed in England during the Commonwealth and Protectorate, and how much they contributed towards the restoration of the monarchy. Men felt that the value, the efficacy, and, we may add, the sanctity of the title of King could not be transferred or annexed to any other name of dignity—had Cromwell boldly acceded to the 'Humble Petition and Advice,' we doubt whether England would ever have seen Charles II. on the throne. The lawyers, Daniel Axtell himself, could never well understand how it was possible to arrest John Doe, unless by the King's writ of *capias*, or to duck the scold, unless the offence was duly laid in the presentment, as a breach of the king's peace and against his crown and dignity.

But the more we consider the subject, and endeavour to cause our thoughts to answer the thoughts of the Anglo-Saxons, the more do the urgent reasons for the restoration of the royal authority open upon us. An English-Saxon king was, as each of his successors still has been, a *responsible functionary*. He holds his dignity upon condition. Concurrent with the inauguration of the Anglo-Saxon king, was his covenant with his subjects. His throne was to be founded upon justice. It was not the Act of Settlement, or the Bill of Rights, nor the Petition of Right, which created the compact between king and people: that doctrine had prevailed long before. He engaged to govern according to law, and sealed the compact before the altar. Unless William consented to wear the crown like the descendants of Cerdic, all these constitutional securities would be lost.

If the English had thus good reasons for seeking to induce the Conqueror to acknowledge himself the legitimate successor of the Confessor, his own followers must have sincerely concurred in the desire. National pride, the honour of the Norman name, may have had some share—self-interest, more. In matters of law and government, the men of that age were as shrewd and sound reasoners as their descendants are at the present day. William had long since promised his barons land and fee in England. If he made his grants to them without any definition of his own authority, without any certain law, they would have had no law to defend them. The Duke of Normandy was already a despot upon a small scale; what would he be, if unrestrained in England?

With respect to William's reluctance, upon which so much stress has been laid, its causes may be ambiguous. Perhaps some witty Jougleur had even then put into jingle the statesman's apophthegm

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l'art de la parole a été donné à l'homme pour couvrir ses pensées. Nineteen naysays make half a grant. William hesitated, like Cromwell and Cæsar; but his hesitation, unlike theirs, was the preliminary to assent. A disclaimer followed by an acceptance claims no great credit for its sincerity: yet, after all, there is more truth in mankind than men give one another credit for. William may himself have seen that his acceptance of the title of King would limit his authority. Moreover, when an object long and anxiously sought is obtained, we accept it with more fear than joy, shrinking instinctively from that which we have coveted, and saddened by the forebodings that the fulfilment of human wishes will never satisfy the desires of the human heart.

William placed his hand upon the Gospel book, and was anointed with the holy oil, and clad in the dalmatica—*ordained*, indeed, as King before the tomb of the Confessor. Varying in language, yet not essentially in spirit, the oath he took is according to the solemn form transmitted by usage and confirmed by statute at the present day. William was sworn within the edifice where we have three times witnessed the same awful ceremony; by his oath he concluded the compact. and gave the promises prescribing the duty of the sovereign. Those who only know the name of Saint Dunstan in connexion with an idle legend, or an exaggerated and perverted history, or a poetical distortion of his character, may perhaps be surprised to learn that this Archbishop was the individual who dictated the pact which defines the extent and limits the abuse of sovereign power. Saint Dunstan penned the Coronation Oath; and the Coronation Oath, developed, became the English Constitution.

London obtained a special covenant:—'William, King, greets William the Bishop and Godfrey the Port Reeve, and all the burgesses within London, French and English, friendly. Ye shall be worthy to enjoy all the laws ye were worth in King Edward's days. Every child shall take to his father's inheritance after his father's days: no man shall do you any wrong.' Few words: the precious document, still in the city archives—still in the treasury of the successors of the old Portreeve—lies within the palm of your hand; but within its brief compass is contained all that the citizens could require. William guarantees to them—not this or that privilege, nor does he set out their boundary, or measure their houses and lands—but he secures them *all*. William the Conqueror secures to them, collectively and individually, the whole of that ancient freedom which, amidst every chance and change, they *alone*, of all the burgher communities in England, have retained to the present day. In each charter granted by successive kings, the grant of William is repeated as the first chapter of their book of civil liberties.

Yet there was one to whom more gratitude was due from London,

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don, than to William the King: it was to William the Bishop, by whose intercession and influence the grant was obtained. His tomb was 'plucked down,' probably during the general devastation of the memorials of ancient piety; yet even as late as the reign of Charles I. the Lord mayor and aldermen, when on the 'scarlet days' they resorted to Saint Paul's Cathedral, turned aside as they advanced up the nave, and walked to the gravestone which covered his remains—as some token, now that the lamps were extinguished, and the obit suppressed, and the dirge no longer sung, of their respect for Bishop William's memory.

It was by these transactions, in which Thierry sees nothing but fraud and violence, that England, about to split into fragments, was knit and bound together, and prepared to become one kingdom, under one high Court of Parliament—King, Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons. The Conquest did not give us our constitution, but prepared the way for the Constitution through many an age of turmoil and trouble. And, in order more fully to appreciate and understand this process, we would wish the historical student to keep in mind the parallel between France under the Capetians, and the Roman or German empire, after the extinction of the Carlovingian dynasty, which we have indicated in a former essay.—(vol. lxxii. p. 340.)

We shall best comprehend our own history by carefully studying the course assumed by the constitutional history of the Carlovingian inheritance. There was a period when the Basileus of Albion, and Charlemagne, were the only sovereigns in Latin Europe who represented the Roman authority; and, differing in details, the institutions of Britain and of the Carlovingian empire were actuated by a kindred spirit, though not exactly invested with the same form.

We consider, therefore, that our history must in some respects be treated as a continuous solution of constitutional problems. Why did not the Earl of Chester, and the Lords Marchers, and the Princes of Wales, and the Earl of Richmond, and the Bishop of Durham, attain the same sovereign independence as the Dukes of Bavaria or Saxony, or the Counts of Mecklenburg, or the Archbishop of Cologne? What prevented the Cinque Ports from hoisting a flag as independent as that of the Hanse Towns? Wherefore did Exeter and London become integral portions of the kingdom, while Augsburg or Frankfort acquired a political independence which defied the head of the empire? On the other hand, why did France see the provincial states of Normandy, and Provence, and Brittany gradually lose all their power; first passing through a stage in which they were very influential, and then waning away without giving rise to any united Diet or Parliament for the French kingdom?

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In the Germanic portion—in the Empire properly so called—the supreme and transcendent authority of the Cæsar over all the subject states, and nations, and principalities, and communities, was always acknowledged in theory, and during a short era, or occasionally, exerted with vigour. To the Reichstag, however its conformation may have varied, belonged constitutional supremacy over each member of the empire. But in the several constituent portions of the empire, which were monarchical, however the monarch may have been styled, Hertzog, Markgraf, or Graf, there arose a new development of authority which gave these subordinate Sovereigns more power as against the Emperor, without any corresponding growth of influence in the main body of the people. The provincial states became in general very insignificant: none ever acquired a definite legislative authority—Wirtemberg and East Friesland, perhaps, excepted. The cities, on the contrary, emancipated themselves into absolute republics, storming against count and prelate, king and kaiser. The Diet became a great political confederation, leaving the sovereigns to govern or misgovern their people as they thought best. The conscience of the Diet, both religious and political, was directed, as it were, to the whole body of the empire, and if it interfered in the relations between subject and sovereign, of which interference, however, we find few examples before the Reformation, it was principally for the purpose of preventing any detriment to the interests of the federation by such internal dissensions. In the meanwhile, the power of the Emperor gradually waned away; nor could he have exercised the few branches of supremacy which remained to him, had not his hereditary or territorial dominions enabled him to enforce the prerogatives thus grudgingly allowed. Taken as a whole, and using the word constitution in its modern sense, no portion of Europe is so little constitutional as Germany.

France saw the great feudatories * rapidly becoming the virtual sovereigns of the realm, excepting in the duchy of Paris, and the portions which gradually became immediately subject to the king. In these Duchies, Counties, and Fiefs, the conformation of the *Etats* assumes a development more or less complete, though on the whole highly influential; but there is no Diet, no Land-tag, no Parliament for the kingdom of the French. There is an entire gap, so to speak, in the legislative hierarchy. In the meanwhile, even when the authority of the crown is at the lowest, its influence is constant, and constantly gaining strength. Influence becomes political power, and this political power of the King steadily in-

* We use the term feudal like that of *Gothic architecture*, as incorrectly and arbitrarily created and applied, yet convenient because it conveys a precise notion.

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creases, until a sovereign arises who determines upon the revolutionary measure of assembling the States-General—revolutionary, because resulting solely from royal will and pleasure. Let the French constitutional antiquaries say what they please, such an assembly as the Etats-Généraux was not grounded upon ancient usages, not taught by ancient traditions, not warranted by prerogative, not sanctioned by law; but the good sense, the vigour, the necessity, if you choose, of the crown stood in the place of usage, and tradition, and prerogative, and law. The ordinance which convoked the first States-General was as much a *coup d'état* as that which cost Charles X. his throne. The constitutional history of France begins with a revolution; and what was the result? The provincial states lost their authority; the States-General became unmanageable and effete, troublesome to the crown, unprofitable to the people, until the whole was swept away, and the new order of things established, which in all its waves and mutations exhibits only one element, a central despotic authority, into which all others are constantly tending to sink and disappear.

If comparative anatomy be useful to the physiologist, not less instructive to the historian is the comparative development of constitutions. Perhaps due attention to the prevailing principle of our government, will enable us to afford something like an explanation of the contrast between England, and France, and Germany; but it is a principle which has never been appreciated by continental writers—except only Hegel—rarely by our own.

The English constitution is not based upon liberty, but upon law; our law secures the liberty of the *subject*,—our law knows nothing of the liberty of the *people*;—yet the subject values his liberty only to obtain the protection of the law. Our parliament is not a political assembly, but a tribunal; and in which, whatever the question may be, the vote of the member is the exercise of his functions as a judge—a judge, if need be, between the subject and the sovereign. Whatever abuse, whatever unconscientiousness may have been exhibited by individuals or parties, this, and no other, is the theory of all our conflicts and revolutions. Ours has not been a rude contest for assertion of individual independence, but an attempt to obtain an adjudication upon our rights. We have never contended for abstract rights or for general principles: our constitution is not a charter of maxims and definitions, divided into chapters and articles, but the result of definite remedies applied to definite grievances: when it ceases to be so, our empire will have completed its fall.

Subjects and questions connected with the Conquest crowd upon us. Was the use of the French or Romance language in England

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England the immediate effect of the Conquest? Did William the Conqueror introduce the 'feudal system?' Was there ever such a thing as the 'feudal system?' Was there ever in England, such a villein as is described in law-books and romances, in Blackstone or Ivanhoe? Was there ever such a 'state of society' as exhibited in Dr. Robertson's 'View,' or in Mrs. Ratcliffe's 'Mysteries of Udolpho?' What was the real "spirit of chivalry"—when did "chivalry" begin—when did it end—did it not end before it began? Was not Matthew Bramble in the right when he said that seeing how his contemporary antiquaries had exaggerated the 'influence of chivalry,' he expected that the use of trunk hose and spiced ale could be deduced therefrom? Where is the best comment to be found upon the pretensions of Pope Hildebrand? Must we not descend to the Peace of Westphalia to understand him? But all these topics we must leave undiscussed, and—hoping and trusting that if any of our readers are unacquainted with Thierry's narrative, they will now turn to it*—hasten to the conclusion of the Conqueror's reign.

Amongst the other troubles and causes of trouble attached, as so many curses, to the inheritance of Rollo, was a claim possessed by William to what was afterwards usually called the Norman Vexin.† This district was a dismemberment of a once much more important territory. In the age of Cæsar and Ptolemy the Pagus Veliocassinus included the city of Rouen. One fine portion, afterwards called the Rouennais, fell to the share of Rollo. A second portion was held by the Kings of France, after the extinction of a line of Counts of obscure origin, who claimed great independence. It should seem that they were patrons of the 'Advowson of St. Denis;' and it was in this capacity that the Kings of France waved the oriflamme, afterwards deemed the distinctive banner of the crown. The third portion of the Vexin was the tract about which the present strife arose. It had been ceded to William's father; but, during his minority, the Kings of France had repossessed themselves of the territory. Whether from policy or from apprehension, William was, on the whole, loath to wage war against his liege lord, Philip; indeed, every battle which the Duke of Normandy fought against the King of the French, was an example of insubordination which recoiled upon the King of the English. At length, extensive depredations committed by the burgesses of Mantes—forays made into

* We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Charles Hamilton for a very well-executed translation of Thierry's History of the Conquest—it is the performance of an accomplished and discriminating scholar.

† Mr. Stapleton's map and geographical comments should be consulted; they are invaluable for all such portions of French and Norman history.

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Normandy, and these attacks, too, upon the lands of such proud barons as William de Breteuil and Roger de Jorcy, roused William to great anger. He was affronted by the insult received from those whom he viewed as his revolted subjects, and he demanded the cession of Mantes and Chaumont, in addition to the whole of the territory which, he alleged, had been withheld. Philip refused; cavilling, it is said, and instigated by the undutiful Robert, then at war with his father, and evading rather than denying the claim. Coarse jests passed between the sovereigns, by which they were mutually embittered; and William, now no longer to be restrained, prepared to assert his rights by the sword.

In the style of the Trouveurs, our chroniclers tell us how the harvest was waving, the grapes swelling on the stem, the fruits reddening on the bough, when William entered the fertile land; as he advanced, the corn was trodden down, the vineyards havocked, the gifts of Providence wastefully destroyed. An imprudent sally of the inhabitants of Mantes enabled William to enter the city. It was fired by the soldiery; churches and dwellings alike sunk in the flames: even the recluses were burned in their cells. William, aged and unwieldy in body, yet impetuous and active in mind, cheered the desolation, and galloped about and about through the burning ruins. His steed stumbled amidst the embers: like the third sovereign who bore the name of William, the rider received a fatal hurt from his fall. A lingering inflammation ensued from the bruise, which the leechcraft of those days could neither heal nor allay. The noise, the disturbance, the atmosphere of the close, narrow, unsavoury streets of Rouen became intolerable to the fevered sufferer, and he was painfully removed to the conventual buildings of St. Gervase on an adjoining hill. The inward combustion spread so rapidly that no hope of recovery remained, and William knew that there was none.

Now ensued that conflict of feelings, never entirely absent from the bed of death, but sometimes so painfully visible; when, as personified in the paintings which bespeak the mind of the ages that produced them, we behold the good angel and the evil demon contending for the mastery of the departing soul—the clinging to earthly things, with an entire consciousness of their worthlessness—self-condemnation and self-deceit;—repentance and obduracy—the scales of the balance trembling between heaven and hell. 'No tongue can tell,' he said, 'the wickednesses which I have perpetrated in my life of toil and care.' He recounted his trials, the base ingratitude he had sustained, and also extolled his own virtues; he confessed himself, praised himself for his conscientious appointments in the church; his alms, and the seventeen monasteries

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teries and six nunneries which under his reign had been founded in Normandy.—But Rufus and Henry are standing by the bed side. Who is to be the Conqueror's heir? How are his domains to be divided? Robert, as firstborn, is to take Normandy. 'Wretched,' declared the King, 'will be the country subjected to his rule; but he hath received the homages of the barons; and the concession once made cannot be withdrawn. Of England I will appoint no one heir: let Him in whose hands are all things provide according to his will.' Bitterly lamenting the crimes, the slaughters, the wide-wasting wretchedness produced by his ambition, he declared he dared not bestow the realm thus won by wrongfulness. But this reserve was a mere delusion, and he evaded the import of his own words by declaring his hope that William, who from youth upwards had been an obedient son, might succeed him. Nor did he rest in the mere wish. He turned him round in his weary bed, and directed that a mandate should be prepared, addressed to Lanfranc, commanding him to place Rufus on the throne: and the dying man, he who had just vowed that he would not take thought concerning the sinful inheritance, affixed his royal signet to the instrument by which, in fact, he bequeathed the unlawful gain. And he forthwith delivered the same to Rufus, kissed him and blessed him, and Rufus hastened away to England, lest he should lose that blood-stained crown. And what was Henry Beauclerk, his father's favourite, to inherit? A treasure of five thousand pounds of white silver, told and weighed. Henry began to lament this unequal gift. 'What will all the treasure profit me,' he exclaimed, 'if I have neither land nor home?' William comforted his youngest son, and that strangely, by the prophetic intimation that, becoming far greater than either brother, Henry should one day possess all his parental honours.

William was now silent. Those who surrounded him, had heard of alms and of repentance, of contrition, and of distribution of the wealth, no longer his own—a little to the poor—all, save that little, to his sons. Of forgiveness nothing had been said by William; nothing of remission to the captives in the dungeon, upon whom the doom of perpetual imprisonment had been passed. Would not the king show mercy if he expected mercy? William assented. Morkar had been unjustly punished; this William confessed, and let him be forthwith freed. Roger de Breteuil had been rightly cast into prison, yet William assented to his enlargement. Wulnoth, the brother of Harold, a child when he fell into the hands of the Conqueror, who had sternly kept him in chains from his infancy, and Siward of the north, both now breathed the fresh air again; and William ended by ordering that all the prison doors in England and Normandy should be opened, except to one alone,

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except to Odo his brother. Much were they saddened at this hardness, many and urgent were the entreaties made. At length William relaxed his severity, without relenting, declaring that he yielded against his will. But this act of grudging, coerced, extorted forgiveness, was his last. A night of somewhat diminished suffering ensued. He sunk into that state, half sleep half stupor, when the troubled expiring body takes a dull, painful, unrestful rest, before its last long earthly repose; but as the cheerful, life-giving rays of the rising sun were just darting above the horizon across the sad apartment, and shedding brightness on its walls, William was awakened from his imperfect slumbers by the measured, mellow, reverberating, lengthened, swelling toll of the great cathedral bell. 'It is the hour of Prime,' replied his attendants, in answer to his inquiry. Then were the priesthood, in full choir, welcoming with voices of gladness the renewed gift of another day, and praying in the words of the hymn* which *once* only in each year is now heard in *one* only congregation of the English Church, that the hours might flow in holiness, till blessed at their close.

'Now that the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

And grant that to Thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favour end.'

But his day of labour and struggle, sin and repentance was passed, and William lifted up his hands in prayer, and expired.

As was very common in those times, the death of the great and rich was the signal for a scene of disgraceful neglect and confusion. Not that we are now more humanized in heart; even in our own days, the degraded chamber of a departed monarch is reported to have witnessed the vilest rapacity; but in earlier periods, the eager greediness, now usually restrained from much outward demonstration by habits of decorum and dread of punishment, was displayed and vented, almost as a matter of course, without hesitation, fear, or shame. The attendants plundered the

* The hymn 'ad primam,' common to all the ancient western liturgies, is sung in the original Latin by the scholars of Winchester College when they separate for the Whitsun vacation:—

'Jam lucis orto sidere
Dum precemur supplices
Nostras ut ipse dirigat,
Lux increata, semitas.

Nil lingua nil peccet manus,
Nil mens inane cogitet;
In ore simplex veritas
In corde reguet caritas.

Incœpta dum fluet dies,
O Christe custos pervigil,
Quas sævus hostis obsidet
Portas tuere sensuum.

Presta diurnus ut tuæ
Subserviat laudi labor;
Auctore quæ te cœpimus
Da te favente prosequi.'

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royal chamber, stripped the body even of its last garments sons, kinsmen, servant, all, without exception, rushing out, left the poor diseased corpse lying naked on the floor. So completely was it abandoned, that the duty of conveying the remains of William to the monastery of St. Stephen, at Caen, which he had founded, was performed by the care and charity of a knight of humble fortune and low degree, grieved at the indignity to which the mortal spoil of his sovereign was exposed. The monks came forth with song and dirge, and receiving the body, they took order for the royal sepulture. The grave was dug deep in the presbytery, between altar and choir. All the bishops and abbots of Normandy assembled. After mass had been sung, Gilbert, Bishop of Evreux, addressed the people; and, when he had magnified the fame of the departed, he asked them all to pray for his soul. And then a loud voice was heard from the crowd:—a poor man stood up before the bier, one Ascelin, who forbade that William's corpse should be received into the ground he had usurped by reckless violence. The land whereon the church of St. Stephen stood—the monastery, whose erection was amongst the good works upon which William relied—had been taken by William from Arthur, the father of Ascelin, and any compensation had been denied. All present, bishops and nobles, all the bystanders, indeed, knew how sadly true was the complaint; and they pacified Ascelin by paying him the price of that narrow little plot of earth, the seven feet of mould, the contested resting place of the Conqueror. Ascelin, further promises being made to him, withdrew his ban, but as the swollen corpse sank into the grave, it burst, filling the sacred edifice with corruption. The obsequies were hurried through; and thus was William the Conqueror gathered to his fathers—with loathing, disgust, and horror.

ART. II.—*The Historical Geography of Arabia; or, the Patriarchal Evidences of Revealed Religion: a Memoir, with illustrative Maps.* By the Rev. Charles Forster, B.D. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1843.

IF there be truth in that celebrated saying, that 'whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings,' then surely the generation in which we live may lay no small claim to intellectual advancement. The Past has of late occupied much attention: men have especially recurred with eagerness to those sublime speculations into the origin of nations, for which ample food

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food has of late been afforded by the discoveries of travellers in various parts of the globe. Egypt and Etruria in the old world, and Mexico and Yucatan in the new, have been compelled to utter from their long-forgotten sepulchres sounds of mysterious import, the prelude, it may be, to detailed and lucid annals, but at all events of sufficient significancy to bespeak the serious consideration of those who have a rightful sympathy for their species. At the same time it must be allowed that the attention excited has been for the most part rather that of an intellectual curiosity than of a moral interest. It is true that phænomena such as these must afford materials for thought even to the most unthinking; yet thought is often but a pastime, and may be degraded to functions little better than animal. By many the antiquities of the primitive world are viewed in the same spirit which attracts our holiday folk to the Indian or Chinese Museum: the vermillion and the alabaster, the grotesque images, the colossal forms of the Memnoniums, the sculptured monsters of the teocallis, the cumbrous ingenuity of the hieroglyphics themselves, become the toys of the mind, which, under the delusion of being usefully occupied, is in fact indulged and enervated: and the unprofitable result is shown by the speedy abandonment of one plaything for another, of Egypt for Etruria, of Etruria for Palenque or Uxmal. We say this, however, without the slightest wish to disparage such objects of attention, when viewed in the true spirit of a manly philosophy. No reflective mind can doubt that some great result is intended by Providence in the simultaneous concurrence of these startling discoveries; and in the progress of the development of these 'veterum primordia rerum,' we may eventually look for the completion of that still infant science, the history of human nature. Still, even the study of an individual nation, if pursued without reference to more comprehensive results, will often prove but unprofitable. The antiquities of Egypt and of Central America exemplify the truth of another saying of our great moralist (which the author of the work before us has made the appropriate motto of a former publication) that 'there are two objects of curiosity, the Christian world and the Mahomedan world; all the rest may be considered as barbarous.' In Egypt, we see indeed the evidences of a widely-spread prosperity, of a state of society minutely organized, but not therefore highly civilized in any just sense of the word: for an artificial state of manners or of policy may indicate barbarity by the very complexity of its system. Now in that extraordinary country we find arts but imperfectly developed, and for centuries remaining stationary; in Egyptian ingenuity there was nothing germinant or expansive; human industry was bestowed, with a stupendous diligence, upon ends comparatively insignificant,

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insignificant, upon useless tombs, upon a childish worship of shapeless monsters, upon the record of dry annals, which hardly repay the labour of decypherment, and which, from the intermixture of impudent forgeries, almost baffle the researches of the most acute. The parallel so often drawn between ancient Egypt and China might be proved more accurate than is commonly supposed, were the history and literature of the former country fully known. In China, as Dr. Wall has amply shown, there has been the same stolid stagnation for centuries of imperfect arts, the same application of a clumsy ideagraphic system to lying annals, and to a literature, the only valuable portions of which are palpable but unacknowledged plagiarisms from classical and European sources, its indigenous productions being vapid and childish in the extreme.* In Mexico, again, those astonishing monuments of human industry, their gigantic temples, which at a distance might be regarded as evidences of an advanced civilization, are found, on a closer view, to be subservient to the horrors of the bloodiest superstition that the world has ever known. And it is to be suspected that were the histories of these barbarous countries fully known, they would afford little matter for interest, except when connected with the annals of Scriptural or classical antiquity: they would present little to engage the nobler sympathies of our nature, but would be the mere records of mean policy and cruel wars. But again, in tracing the origin of the nations of the new continent, the pursuit has hitherto proved ineffectual. There are no interesting traditions, connecting sacred and profane history, of sufficient strength to support the superstructure of any probable theory: one speculation is succeeded by another, equally plausible, so that both are neutralized; or equally contradictory to collateral facts, so that both are to be rejected: the vague and flexible analogies of language, of habits, of traditions, are successively used to support theories the most opposite; now the goal seems to be close at hand, the next moment it disappears from sight; and the pursuit is as delusive, as changeable, and as ineffectual as that of a man in a dream:—

ὡς ἐν ὀνείρῳ οὐ δύναται φεύγοντα διώκειν.

Far different are investigations such as those to which Mr. Forster invites us. In contemplating those ancient nations of the East, whose origin and settlements are matters of revelation, and whose subsequent history is clearly drawn out by classical research,

* We allude to the 'Examination of the Ancient Orthography of the Jews,' by the present Professor of Hebrew in the University of Dublin. Surely, we have much cause to be grateful for the service rendered by that University, within our generation, to the cause of Oriental learning, in the persons of Hales, Magee, M'Caul, and the author of the present work.

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the enquirer enjoys the great advantage of having Truth at the starting-point as the unerring indicator of the direction in which he is to proceed: and, in his further progress, the tendency to diverge into theories, so natural to a discursive intellect, is checked by the appearance of certain landmarks, which, though few and far between, are sufficient to assist the observant eye in discovering the less obvious but still accurately defined boundaries of his path. But besides these advantages in the mode of pursuit, so highly valuable to the lover of truth, to the real philosopher, the object pursued has a deep and intrinsic interest. Thus the history of Arabia is no insulated record: it is indissolubly connected, from the earliest times to the latest, with the birth, the growth, and the maturity of man. Whether as the conservator, for many ages, of a patriarchal faith, as the neighbouring witness and sister of the chosen people, as the nurse of commerce and navigation, as the probable colonizer of illimitable regions, as the rival of Christendom in arms, and her instructor in the liberal arts, or as the propagator of that mysterious heresy which still enthralls half the civilized world, conquered by her children,—in each of these several aspects, Arabia presents an object of attention more than sufficient to occupy faculties the most comprehensive.

From various causes, however, and especially from the exclusive jealousy so characteristic (at least in former times) of the Mahometan religion, the vast territory of this interesting people has hitherto been comparatively unknown to Europeans. And the history of its colonization has been vague, undefined, and contradictory: it would be more accurate to say that it has never been systematically written. This most difficult task Mr. Forster has prosecuted with consummate diligence, and, we feel convinced, with answerable success. He has demonstratively vindicated the truth of her geographical records, both sacred and profane, and placed them beyond the cavils of the sceptic, which in this department of knowledge had been eminently plausible. The service thus rendered to the intellectual world, acceptable at any time, we consider to be of peculiar advantage at the present day, when we seem to be threatened with a revival of scepticism in a new and insidious form: not now, as heretofore, the offspring of ignorance or of irreligion, but the creation of those well-meaning though captious minds, who, justly jealous of the arrogant assumptions of Evidence to be the sole arbiter of moral or religious truth, will hardly allow her to exercise her subordinate, yet just and necessary functions, in the external support of either. In addition to this palpable disinclination to weigh religious evidences on the one hand, we see, on the other, an unhealthy habit of mind engendered by the attractive works of historians

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historians like Niebuhr, which views with suspicion the most consentient traditions of the world; so as almost to assent to Sir Robert Walpole's flippant dogma, that true history has no existence whatever. In what result these misgivings and doubts may issue, it is impossible to say. But we are persuaded that Truth, however intrinsically strong, ought ever to have within call her legitimate allies: that the accumulation of proof can never be a superfluous labour: that Providence, ever economical, has delivered the evidences of religious and moral verities into our hands, if not to be used as the weapons of a present warfare, yet to be stored up against contingent aggression.

It is evidently under the gravest conviction of the importance of these sentiments that Mr. Forster has constructed his work. The method of argument, indeed, both in its general features and in its details, is altogether original: but the writer is not satisfied with producing a brilliant effect: he strengthens the line of reasoning, to use his own expression, by a three-fold, or rather by a manifold cord: in every available instance having recourse to the testimony of Scripture, of classical antiquity, of local tradition, of modern science: to the analogies of language, the resources of etymology, and to other collateral arguments. His reasoning may indeed appear redundant to the superficial: but by the lover of truth, it will be recognised as complete, exhaustive, befitting such a subject. In establishing, by fulness of evidence at once demonstrative and analogical, those widely germinant facts relative to the origin of so influential a portion of the human race —the nations of a continent rather than the tribes of a nation—he has perhaps written the first chapter of the History of the Colonization of the World, its plan affording a model for future labours, which may usefully employ the patient industry of many learned lives.

The very nature of his treatise, consisting as it does of close consecutive reasoning, is such as to admit of but imperfect and inadequate exhibition within the compass of a Review. We must content ourselves, therefore, with a brief view of the colonization of Arabia, and a few observations upon some of the more remarkable portions of the work.

The population of Arabia, as is well known to the merest sciolist in history, is composed, not of one, but of various stocks, which immigrated at five successive periods, or six, according to Arabian tradition. The first immigration took place before the Confusion of tongues, under Cush, the son of Ham, with his two sons and five grandsons. According to uniform tradition, the colonization of this primitive race began at the head of the Persian Gulf.

'Colonization would naturally commence in the neighbourhood of

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Mesopotamia, from which the descendants of Noah originally emigrated, or in the parts of Arabia adjoining the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf; but emigration once commenced, the colonists, in the progress of uninterrupted because unopposed settlement, would not less naturally select, as they advanced into the peninsula, the most fertile districts or the most commodious sites—principles of choice, it may safely be affirmed, common to all new settlers in all countries and ages of the world. This point taken for granted, the physical character of Arabia, which must have always suggested, or rather compelled, an appropriate choice of situation, becomes, with no low degree of probability, our guide in tracing, antecedently to proof, the course of colonization likely to be followed by the sons of Cush, and their own immediate descendants; for all descriptions, whether ancient or modern, of the Arabian peninsula, agree in representing the country as a vast wilderness, encircled by a belt of fruitful mountain districts—its mountain belt, again, being enclosed on three sides by a still vaster circuit of coast, facing, in as many directions, rich, wide, and accessible fields of commerce.'—vol. i. p. 16.

Starting from this point, Cush and his sons formed their settlements, in places where their names may still be traced, along the Arabian Gulf, occupying the district now called the Bahrein; from thence advancing to Oman, and along the north-eastern part of Hadramaut, at the base of the peninsula of Arabia. These territories, as bearing the most frequent and continuous traces of their first possessors, seem to have been the strongholds of the race; although there still remain considerable evidences of their settlement in Yemen, and on the southern borders of the Hedjaz, and some fainter indications of their name as far as the head of the Gulf of Akaba. They appear never to have occupied the central portion of the country.

The next immigration was that of Joktan, the fourth in descent from Shem, the brother of Peleg, in whose days "the whole earth was divided;" that is, the general dispersion took place consequent upon the Confusion of tongues. That there were partial emigrations from the primitive post-diluvian habitation, before the dispersion at Babel, is clear, not only from the instance of Cush, but from the presumptive evidences that are afforded by general history. The settlements of Joktan are found to have been made strictly in localities where *à priori* reasoning would induce us to look for them.

'This distribution of the aboriginal Cushite tribes necessarily determines, antecedently to other proof, the direction, in the first instance at least, of the subsequent settlements of Joktan. The Joktanite families, finding the coasts pre-occupied, would naturally seek abodes and pasture-grounds in the interior. From the great northern deserts (formed, as it were, to be the cradle or primitive refuge of the Bedouin Arab tribes, still in their infant state), we might confidently reckon, *à priori*, on their spreading gradually inland towards the south, whose fruitful hills and fertile

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fertile valleys would be sure, in process of time, to invite the aggressions of their full-grown strength, until, in the eventual issue, the tribes from Joktan had founded colonies and kingdoms by the subjugation or the expulsion of their Cushite predecessors. Such, according to all antecedent probabilities, and according to every known historical analogy, was the course likely to be followed.'—vol. i. p. 96.

The facts of the case fully bear out this assumption. The strongholds of the Joktanites are shown, by the clear traces of the names of Joktan and his sons still existing, to have been situated in the central part of Arabia, in the Nejd; their settlements extending to Hadramaut and Yemen—where the powerful Hamyarites preserved the name of Hamyar, grandson of Joktan—and their northern boundary being Mount Zames, in the 26th parallel of latitude. They pushed their branches also into Oman, where they largely supplanted the Cushite. In this part of his inquiry Mr. Forster has thrown a remarkable light upon the Scriptural definition of their boundaries;* 'Their dwelling was from Mesha, as thou goest unto Sephar, a mount of the East.' The situation of these two mountains, especially of the former, has been a matter of most vague conjecture to geographers. Bochart happily pronounced Sephar to be identical with the mountain range in the south-west corner of Arabia, the Mount Climax of Ptolemy: a decision which is borne out by the testimony of the last-named geographer to the existence of the Sepharitæ in that district, and by the fact that the name Sabbar is now found there. In this very locality dwells one of the tribes of the great family of the Beni Kahtan, whom immemorial tradition identifies with the Joktanites, the initial *I*, or *J*, being omissible, according to the genius of Oriental languages. Mr. Forster fairly assumes that Mount Mesha is naturally to be looked for in a contrary direction to Mount Sephar, that is, in the north-east. Now north-east of Mount Sabbar, or Sephar, and in latitude 26°, is found a hill, which is actually the northernmost boundary of the Beni Kahtan tribes, due south of which occurs a potent division of that race, identical in situation with the Catanitæ of Ptolemy; thus corresponding exactly to the Mount Mesha of Scripture as a boundary of the sons of Joktan. It is remarkable that in the immediate neighbourhood of this range, due north, Ptolemy places the Masæmanes (clearly the Ishmaelitish tribe of Mishma or Masma), from which tribe it would appear that Mesha derived its name; and from Masæmanes its classical name of Zames; a conjecture confirmed by the existence of the tribe of Beni Shaman in this neighbourhood. We must, however, differ from Mr. Forster in considering the classical name in this instance as an anagram of the Scriptural. Although fully convinced of the prevalence of

* Genesis x. 30.

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the anagram in Oriental denomination, we think that the two denominations are merely taken from two parts of the same word; the Scriptural from the former part, the classical from the latter. We can but thus cursorily notice his very ingenious method of settling a disputed point of ancient geography, which he corroborates by abundant evidence to be derived from a comparison of the classical and Arabic names of the surrounding tribes.

The third colonization of Arabia was by Ishmael, the child of prophecy, in whose widely-spread and powerful descendants was fulfilled the divine promise that he should be a great nation: a nation known under the interchangeable designations of Ishmaelites, Hagarenes, and Midianites; his twelve sons being the progenitors of twelve great tribes, whose existence is attested alike by Jewish and classical antiquity, and whose names can yet be traced throughout the peninsula; the two principal being the Nabatheans, or children of Nebaioth, and the Kedarites; the latter the acknowledged progenitors of the Koreish, or family of Mahomet, and of the Arabian Caliphs, who occupied the seat of their forefathers. Taking their rise in the wilderness of Sin, and the peninsula of Sinai, they extended across the neck of Arabia to the Euphrates, invading the Cushite settlements of Havilah in the Bahrein, along the upper and middle coast of the Persian Gulf, and thus literally fulfilling the Scriptural definition, 'They dwelt from Havilah unto Shur that is before Egypt, as thou goest towards Assyria.' They also occupied the western side, on the Arabian Gulf, as far as the boundary of Yemen, and that part of Arabia Deserta north of Mount Zames. But though the northern parts of Arabia were the peculiar settlements of this vast and powerful family, considerable traces of their colonization are to be found south, both in Oman and in the opposite quarter, Arabia Felix.

The author shows convincingly that the name of *Hagarite* was the acknowledged designation of the sons of Ishmael:—

'By his abandonment, although in compliance with a divine command, of Hagar and her son, Abraham had clearly forfeited all natural claims as a father. Hagar, in virtue of this act, became, as it were, the sole parent of Ishmael, and the rightful mother of his future progeny. That the progeny of Ishmael therefore should, among other national appellatives, preserve and perpetuate his mother's name and memory, would seem only a just consequence and natural anticipation.'—vol. i. p. 181.

Accordingly we find that the name of Hagar prevails in every quarter of the Ishmaelitish territories. Mount Sinai, in the time of St. Paul, was called Hagar,* as it still is by the Arabs to the present hour; and both Scriptural, classical, and Arabian testi-

* Gal. iv. 22.

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mony, as Mr. Forster demonstrates by accumulated proofs, identify the children of Hagar, as they are called in the first Book of Chronicles (ch. v.), with the Agræi, Gerræi, and Aragitæ of Ptolemy and Pliny; and one of their principal seats with the town of Hedjram in Arabia Felix, the classical Agarena (the hard *G* of Greek and Hebrew being represented in Arabic by the soft *G* or *Dj*); and the occurrence of these various modifications of the same word takes place invariably in the locality of Ishmaelitish tribes.

Connected with this verification is a discovery of the real origin of the classical designation of Arabia Petræa, the principal seat of the Ishmaelites:—

'The capital and kingdom of the Nabatheans were known to the Greeks and Romans by the familiar names of Petra and Arabia Petræa, and both have been generally supposed, by the learned world, to have derived these appellations from the *stony* character of the country; but however applicable to the site of the Nabathean metropolis, the classical name has little peculiar appropriateness, as extended to the surrounding districts of Nabathene. Reference to the original Arabic suggests a very different explanation, namely, that Petra and Arabia Petræa are simply misnomers, owing to a very natural and intelligible mistake of the Greeks of Syria in attempting, unawares, the translation of a *proper name*. Hagar, with the initial ح, in Arabic, signifies a rock or stone; but Hagar, with an initial ه (the word almost always used by the Arabs as a local denomination), is the name of the mother of the Ishmaelitish tribes. . . . . There seems every reasonable ground and authority for the belief that Petra and Arabia Petræa are classical mistranslations of the proper name Hagar.'—vol. i. p. 237.

The fourth colonization was by a second stock of Abraham, his sons by Keturah. These were intermixed with their brethren the Ishmaelites, their habitations being mainly across the neck of the Peninsula, with partial settlements in Yemen and on the Persian Gulf. Their most remarkable tribe was the Midianites, whose greatness was such indeed that their name was frequently adopted as the common designation of the Ishmaelites also. The names of Shuah and Sheba are connected with the Book of Job, both being tribes in his neighbourhood, on the borders of Chaldæa; the former, that to which Bildad the Shuhite belonged; the latter, the Sabæans, or hordes of Bedouin robbers, whose incursions are mentioned in the first chapter of that most ancient poem. The children of Keturah, as well as those of Hagar and of Sarah (as we shall presently show), bore the name of their mother as a generic designation. Mr. Forster has recovered the name of Keturah in the Katara of Ptolemy, the Kataræi of Pliny, and the Katura of D'Anville, amid the settlements of the Hagarenes on the Persian Gulf.

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The fifth settlement was that of Esau; whose descendants, under the names of Edomites and Saracens, *or children of Sarah,* occupied the territories adjoining the Holy Land, and were the northernmost neighbours of the Hagarenes. Of this powerful nation the most eminent tribe was that of the doomed Amalekites, under which generic designation are included many of the circumjacent tribes of the same parentage. One of these, the children of Omar, fleeing from the divinely ordained war of extermination, made their final settlements in Arabia Felix, where the name of their progenitor was preserved in that of the famous nation of the Homerites.

One of the *vexatæ quæstiones* of Oriental history is the origin of the word Saracen. Its popular derivation from *Sarah* has been condemned by many writers, by the learned Pococke especially, and by Gibbon, and by Assemann, but upon grounds altogether insufficient. The objection of Assemann, that the proper derivative from Sarah is not *Saracen,* but *Sarœan* or *Sarite,* is met, first, by the fact obvious to all Oriental scholars, that the *h* is continually interchangeable with the *ch* or *k* (as Jera*ch* for Jera*h*, *Kh*aulan for *H*aulan); and secondly, by the identification of the *Saraca* of Ptolemy with his *Saritæ.* Gibbon's remark that in the age of Ptolemy the Saracens were an obscure tribe on the borders of Egypt has no foundation. There were three settlements of Saracens, as appears from Ptolemy and Stephanus, one at the head of the Arabian Gulf, the other in Arabian Petræa, a third in Yemen:—

'And thus Mr. Gibbon's "obscure tribe on the borders of Egypt" becomes in Ptolemy a flourishing and wide-spread nation, occupying seats, at one and the same time, in the centre, and in the north-western, and south-western angles of the Arabian peninsula! So much for the vaunted geographical accuracy of the historian of the Roman empire.'—vol. ii. p. 14.

But that the Saracens derived their name from Sarah Mr. Forster proceeds to show at considerable length from the following facts:—1st, that the midland parts of North Arabia, where Ptolemy had placed the Saracens, were familiarly known to the Jews of the first century, under the title of the *Mount of Sarah,* as appears from a passage in the first book of the Maccabees: 2ndly, that Idumea was by the same authority identified with the same name; 3rdly, that the Saracena of Ptolemy is the land of Amalek of Scripture, that is, of the descendants of Esau; 4thly, that their boundaries coincide; 5thly, that the names of the sons of Esau are legibly inscribed on that whole tract of country; 6thly, that the Saracens of the age of Mahomet were known to the Greeks as *Amalekites;* 7thly, that the Saracæ and Saritæ of Ptolemy,

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Ptolemy, the modern names Al Saruat, and Ayel *Sarah* (the people of Sarah), belong all to the same district of Yemen.

Such is the outline of his masterly argument, which will set at rest for ever this question, by demonstrative proof establishing the beautiful analogy that subsists between the three Abrahamic races of Arabia, in their generic designations, each derived from a female ancestor.

It remains to mention briefly a sixth source of colonization, which indeed admits of no Scriptural or classical proof, the race having disappeared in very ancient times. The steady and uniform traditions of the Arabs, however, mention a colony which settled in Oman after the confusion of tongues—the famous tribe of Ad, the son of Aws, or Uz, the son of Aram, the son of Shem; and of this tribe Mr. Forster thinks he has discovered a trace on the coast of Yemen, as we shall mention in its place.

The verification of the above sketch of the Arabian colonization forms the first and most important of the two divisions of the work. The spirit by which he has been guided throughout may be best stated in the author's own words Would that all writers of history, or of anything which has to deal with truth as the primary element, were actuated by the same high principles!—

'Patient investigation, close comparative criticism, implicit faith in the historical details of Scripture, and a strong disposition, grounded on experiment, to place reliance on the general trust-worthiness of the ancient geographers, are the only qualifications which he can pretend to bring to a geographical discussion.'—*Introduction*, p. xix.

His estimate of the use to be made of Oriental tradition is too remarkable to be passed over:—

'Of the Orientals in general, and of the Oriental writers in particular, it may be justly observed that they are commonly as loose and inaccurate in preserving the details of history as they are faithful in transmitting, from age to age, the voice of tradition. Tradition is, in truth, their history—the magazine from which their chief historical materials are drawn. Now it is the ascertained and acknowledged characteristic of all ancient tradition that it preserves the substance, but alters and confounds the circumstances, of historical truth. This character eminently belongs to the traditional history of Arabia, both in its merits and in its defects; and, from actual experience, the present writer can pronounce confidently of the Arab historians, that they are trustworthy, commonly, while they deal in generals, but seldom to be relied on when they descend to details.'—vol. i. p. 22.

Keeping these cautionary remarks in view, we proceed to state the two important canons by which he has guided his investigation:—

'The writer has governed himself by two canons, from which he has himself derived uniform satisfaction, and which, from his own limited experience, he feels assured will prove still more satisfactory when put more

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more largely to the test by future inquiries. These are, first, to account the ancient authorities right till they be clearly proved wrong; secondly, in identifying ancient places and tribes, not to rest satisfied with mere resemblances, or even identity, of ancient and modern names, until confirmed by every available collateral evidence, both as to the positive sites and the relative localities.'—*Introduction*, p. xxxvi.

With respect to the first of these canons, his investigations have succeeded in vindicating the accuracy of Ptolemy, even in those instances where he had been hitherto supposed most open to censure. The apparent mistakes of Ptolemy, in placing certain tribes in an opposite part of Arabia from that which in reality they occupied, is explained by the now discovered fact, that portions of the same tribe are actually found in both localities, viz., the Catabeni or Cottabeni of Oman and Yemen. But by a more curious discovery he has succeeded in vindicating this ancient geographer from more serious error, in his delineation of the southern and eastern portion of Arabia, hitherto involved in apparently inextricable confusion. It has been generally supposed that Ptolemy has blundered in filling up the uninhabited deserts of Al Ahkaf with towns, and by dislocating the sites of the provinces and towns in Hadramaut, Oman, and the Bahrein. Mr. Forster shows that the confusion is attributable, not to Ptolemy, but to Mercator, who professed to project his chart after the description of that geographer. It must be borne in mind, that Ptolemy's method is in the first instance to follow the coast from the head of the Arabian Gulf, round to the head of the Persian, before he describes the interior. Now, in delineating his descriptions, several misapprehensions occurred. In the first place, the two long reaches of strand on the southern coast of Yemen, designated by Ptolemy the 'Great and the Little Strand,' which modern surveys show to be 100 miles in length, were mistaken by Mercator for two towns, close to one another. Again, the Mountains of the Moon, beyond the Syagrian Promontory (which is identified with Cape Fartash), instead of stretching eastward round the coast in a semicircle (whence their name), embracing a coast of 120 miles long, are made by Mercator to run inward. Thus, by these two mistakes alone, there is made a contraction on the southern coast of at least 220 miles. From this and similar blunders, the hypothenuse of the Arabian triangle is diminished, and consequently its sides brought to an approximation which Ptolemy never intended. And from 'the invincible dislike to large blanks in a map,' which actuates modern geographers (to use the words of a writer quoted by Mr. Forster), Mercator was induced to fill up the desert with names whose true position was much more easterly. Hence the confusion which Mr. Forster has completely disentangled.

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tangled. Prolong the coast, and insert the desert of Al Ahkaf, and the names of the Alexandrine geographer all fall into their right places; and the correctness of his description will then appear, not only by a comparison with Pliny, and with the traditions and still existing names of the country, but with the chart lately executed by the surveyors of the whole Arabian coast, under the direction of the Indian Government.

As to Mr. Forster's second canon, he has closely adhered to it in his application of that fascinating, but often delusive science of etymology. When used as the sole method of proving the filiation of nations, nothing can be more unsatisfactory. Such is the acknowledged flexibility of language (proved in the variation and corruption of names known to be derived from the same root), that it is equally difficult, in innumerable cases, to refuse the claim of plausibility on the one hand, or to allow the claim of probability on the other, when the adduced instances are unsupported by collateral facts. Without such support, a breath of wind from any point of the compass will lay prostrate the fairest theory. As an instance: it is allowable to make a claim for the derivation of *Cuzco*, in Peru, from *Cush*; of *Yucatan* from *Joktan* (to recur to the now popular topic of American antiquities); of *Dodona* from *Dedan*; of the *Rhone* from *Rhodanim*; but the claim, if adduced upon its own merits alone, must be conditional. It is but one side of the yet unformed triangle; it is at best the latitude without the longitude, the musical note without the signature. But the true philosopher, far from decrying such conjectures, will notice them, and store them up, to be brought forward and tested whenever any facts apparently corroborative are discovered.

Now without such collateral evidence our author never moves a step. Thus he proves the parentage of a name by the following methods:—1. By the fact that names of a kindred origin are found in the immediate neighbourhood; 2. by the real correspondence between the classical and the Arabic designations, apparently dissimilar, but reconciled by the application of certain laws, which allow change of letter, transposition and abbreviations, common to Oriental dialects, but less usual in European languages; 3. by proofs to be derived from the circumstances of the locality. But when using these or other collateral proofs (and there are few instances in which they are not all combined), he invariably has respect to such *à priori* reasoning, or *à posteriori* verification, as in itself would afford strong presumptive evidence. As an instance of his first method. If we find in the same quarter of the Peninsula those three names in close connection, Seba, Dedan, and Raamah, the names of three of the sons of Cush, surely

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surely that would be a scepticism impenetrable to any argument which could doubt that *Aûal* (the simple and acknowledged abbreviation of *Havilah*), a name found in close connection with the former, denotes Havilah, another son of Cush. And these four names established, there can be as little doubt that the *Hammæum* littus, in the same region (identified with Maham), is denominated after their progenitor *Ham*. Again, to test the same instance by his second method. Granting that Aûal means Havilah, there can be no reasonable doubt that the Eblitæi Montes in that neighbourhood contain the elements of the same name; since a curious chain of etymological proof can be shown from the dialectical licence of the Arabs themselves to justify this modification: the insertion of the T, the change of the V into B. But if the sites of both the Arabic and Greek designation can be identified by separate and independent evidence, then this application of the third method completes the argument.

The modifications of letters, abbreviations, &c., allowed by the common usage of the Oriental dialects, cause frequently so great an alteration as to leave to an European eye no discernible trace between the parent and the child. Yet every scholar knows that similar changes, of a nature as striking, are to be found in the filiation of European tongues; and this frequently by the operation of regular laws, which prescribe characteristic changes peculiar to different nations.* Thus, who would believe that the Spanish *Hijo* was derived from the Latin *Filius*, till he had learned that *h* is the regular Spanish substitute for the Latin *f*, at the beginning of a word, and that the guttural *j* is the frequent representative of the medial liquid; or that *filius* is the legitimate progeny of the Greek υἱὸς, having been originally *fidius*, and the *d* being, in ancient Latin, the regular stop-gap of the hiatus, and *f* the ancient digamma, represented by the more modern Greek aspirate. In like manner ὕλη is *sylva*: the *povo* of the Portuguese is the Spanish *pueblo*: obispo, évêque, bishop, esgob, are all modifications of *episcopus*.

The phenomenon of the interchange of letters, which so much influences the languages of the East, is one which has never been satisfactorily explained. It is comparatively easy to understand the regular substitution of *d* for *z*, *th* for *sh*, *t* for *s*, the interchange of the hard and lisping (blæsæ) letters, or the *B* for the *V*, which largely prevails in the Romanesque dialects, or even the *m* for *b*, or the *l* for the *r*. Even the interchange of *u* and *b* (as in the well known Scripture instance of Ἀαβὶδ and Ἀαυὶδ), though less obvious, may be accounted for. But one phenomenon

* On this subject some curious and interesting remarks are made in the introductory chapter of Mr. Harcourt's 'Doctrine of the Deluge.'

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exists throughout most parts of the world, which cannot be accounted for by the slightest organic connection of the sounds, in the use of the letter G. In Europe, while the hard use of this letter uniformly prevails before certain vowels, it is modified before *e* and *i*: in Spanish indeed by being changed into a cognate guttural, in the other Romanesque languages by taking the soft, and totally dissimilar, sound of J. Now similar instances are found in the Eastern tongues. Thus the hard G of the Hebrew and of the West is represented by the Dj or soft G of the Arabic. The Kh of the latter language is dialectically interchanged with Tsh. Add to this, that the G, and Dj, and Y, are also in their derivation of words frequently confounded; and the aspirate H is sometimes omitted, sometimes changed into a hard guttural.

Another peculiarity of the Arabian etymologies is the use of the anagram, which is shown in such frequent instances as to become a settled licence in that language. Of this instances are not wanting in other tongues. Thus we have Κυρος for Khosru: by many *Latium* is considered the anagram of *Italy*, *Athena* of *Neit*, the Egyptian Minerva; the Latin *dulcis* (after an analogical change of letters) is the Greek γλυκὺς. The Spanish *milagro* is *miraculum*: and, to quote an instance familiar to our northern neighbours, the word spelt *Restalrig* is pronounced *Lesterrick*; the latter is quite a case in point, with respect to many of the Arabic mutations.*

Again, the abbreviations are frequent: as the rejection of the J at the beginning, which being a mere prefix, is likewise so frequently rejected in Hebrew, as Coniah for Jeconiah. The instance of Kahtan is obvious. Sometimes the first syllable only is retained, as Ras-al-Had, for Hadoram, Jok for Joktan, of which the author shows a familiar instance in the name Gibraltar, which is the abbreviation for Jebl-al-Tarik. The *Stamboul* of the Turks, and Brighton (for Brighthelmstone) among us, are cases in point. And lastly, the customary suffixes of *n* or *t* still further perplex Oriental etymology; as Haul*an* for Havil*ah*, Khaul*t*, for Khaul, or Haual. Of the nunnation, or addition of the *n*, we have instances in the Hebrew, where Aijel*on* is identical with Aijelath, Cush*an* with Cush.

These derivations we have thought it necessary to make, for the purpose of vindicating Mr. Forster from the obvious charge of fancifulness. The licences of the Arabic idiom would entitle

* A careful examination of the proper names in the Hebrew Bible will show that the anagram was of frequent occurrence in very ancient times. Thus it appears (Deut. iii. 19) that *Sirion* was synonymous with *Shenir*; Timnath-*serah*, in Joshua xix. 50, is Timnath-*heres* in Judges ii. 9; the same name is at one time *Zerah*, another *Izhar*, in the same chapter (1 Chron. vi.); *Ahimoth*, in verse 22 of 1 Chron. v., is *Mahath* in verse 33; and *Betah*, in 2 Sam. viii. 8, is *Tibhath* in 2 Chron. xviii. 8, &c.

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his derivations, in most cases, to the claim of plausibility, even if they stood alone; but connected, as they uniformly are, with collateral proofs, they amount in very many instances to demonstration, in most to at least strong presumptive evidence. We proceed to give a few of the most remarkable and important.

Havilah, which read without the points is simply *Huile*, is found in the Huaela of Ptolemy, the Huala of Niebuhr, and in the Nabathean Aûal. Of this latter word the modern Arabic modifications are known to be *Hual, Chaul, Khau, Khault, Chaulan.* These names occur along the coast of the Persian Gulf, the ancient seat of the Huoileans, the sons of Cush. Now in the same localities the ancient geographers mark the Chaulosii, Chaulothei, Chablasii, Chablatæi. Again, there are identified with all these names, the seats of the far-spreading tribe of the *Beni Khaled,* the identity of the latter word with *Khalt* being sufficiently plain. And this is the neighbourhood of the ancient Chaldeans; Chaldone being a name in the same quarter noticed by Pliny. These accumulated materials for proof, out of which Mr. Forster realises a regular induction, surely afford a strong argument for identifying all these designations with Havilah, being all found in the region so designated in Scripture (Gen. ii. 11): namely, the Bahrein, or north-east coast of the peninsula, a country formerly compassed, as the testimony of Pliny and Texeira assure us, by a river, the Pison of Scripture, which ran parallel to the Persian Gulf, and fell into the sea near the islands of Bahrein. The Chaldeans Mr. Forster identifies with the Beni Khaled, and applies a passage in Isaiah (xxxiii. 13) to the establishment of the Bedouin Arabs in cities, by the king of Assyria. 'Behold the land of the Chaldeans, the people that was not, till the Assyrian founded it for them that dwell in the wilderness;' the Beni Khaled being near the Euphrates to this day. The Hebrew name for the Chaldeans (*Chasdim*), for which no satisfactory etymology has yet been found, and which can have no affinity to the word Chaldean (*l* and *s* not being interchangeable), our author considers to be an appellation, after the Eastern custom, descriptive of their pastoral habits, not of their parentage (Introd., p. xv., note).

By the simple and unforced use of the anagram, he has felicitously recovered the identity of many names. Thus the Thaa*beni* are shown to be the *Beni* Thaab—the Ayu*beni*, the *Beni* Ayub, or sons of Job; and by a similar process, the far more important fact, that the Cata*beni*, Cotta*beni*, Cata*bania*, &c., of Ptolemy, Pliny, and Strabo, are no other than modifications of the name of that vast tribe, the *Beni Kahtan*, or Joktanites; a discovery which has hitherto eluded the research of geographers:

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geographers: a theory which the comparison of the sites and circumstances of the ancient and modern names converts into a demonstrable fact.

The seats of the Joktanite Hadoram, he shows, by a convergement of curious proofs, to have been at the extreme eastern side of the peninsula. The Drimati on that coast Bochart had already identified with the Hadoramites (who are elsewhere called Darræ, or Adramitæ). He referred to the same patriarch the classical anagram Corodamum, but failed to notice a fact which Mr. Forster has brought to light, namely, that the name Ras-al-Had, which that cape now bears, is an abbreviation of the same word. Commodore Owen, in his late survey, on doubling this promontory, discovered the bay of Bunder *Doram*, or *Djoram*, which thus exhibits the latter portion of the name, as Ras-al-*Had* does the former. Thus the name of Mecca appears to be an abbreviation of the ancient Macoraba, which again was derived from the Carba or Harb, the powerful tribe, otherwise called Kedarites, who occupied that surrounding territory, and from whom the Arabian Caliphate had its origin. The word is formed by the prefixing of *m*, a well known usage in the Oriental formation of nouns.*

We now pass to Mr. Forster's verification of the various races of *Sheba*, or Sabæans, concerning whose origin great confusion of opinion has prevailed. Among the colonizers of Arabia, there was *Seba*, the son of Cush, and three *Shebas*, a Cushite, a Joktanite, and a grandson of Keturah. Mr. Forster has assigned to each of these, by proofs into which we cannot afford to enter, his distinct locality. The sons of the Cushite *Seba*, the Asabi of Ptolemy, occupied Oman, where they were surrounded by other Cushite tribes. From Sheba, the son of Joktan, were derived, according to general consent, the Sabæans of Yemen: and Mr. Forster is of opinion, that the 'kings of Sheba and Seba,' mentioned in the 72nd Psalm, designate these too potent monarchies at opposite sides of Arabia: that in Oman, possessing the land of gold; that in Yemen, the land of incense. The name of Sheba, Cush's grandson, is discoverable, in connection with that of his father Raamah, in the north of Yemen, under the designations Sabe, Sabbia, and Marsuaba: while the Sabæans of Job, on the borders of the Euphrates, close to the Æsitæ

* To some few of the author's derivations we must, however, demur—*e. g.* the Sinus *Leanites*, from *Havilah*, or *Chaulan* (i. 48); the *Larendani*, from *Jerah* (i. 130): of *Apphana* from *Al Pheleche* (ii. 213): *Sabatha* in one place (i. 57) is derived from *Sabtah*, the Cushite, in another (i. 155), from the Joktanite, *Sheba*; an evident oversight. The fact is, as we apprehend, that they were two distinct names of the Sabæan capital, imposed by its successive masters. The *Hamirei* (i. 67) surely did not derive their name from *Ham*, but rather from *Hamyar*, or possibly from *Ramah*, by a not unusual anagram.

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(or inhabitants of the land of Uz), are the descendants of Keturah.

The queen of Sheba, by the common tradition of Christian and Jewish antiquity, is allowed to have been the sovereign of the Sabæans of Yemen. Mr. Forster accounts for her having heard of the wisdom of Solomon, from the communication which arose between the ports of Yemen and the navies of Solomon, on their passage to the coasts of Oman for gold. The queen of Sheba is mentioned, in connection with this expedition, in 1 Kings xxx. Two facts make it very probable that the land of Ophir was in Oman; the first, the statement of Pliny, that in the 'Hammæum littus' (which is known to be in Oman, near Ras-al-Had), there were 'auri metalla;' the second, that in the same region, the name of the city and district of *Ofor*, or *Ofir*, appears in the maps of Sale and D'Anville. Mr. Forster puts it as a query (which we think might reasonably be answered in the affirmative), whether the *Obri* in Oman, which was the termination of the late Mr. Wellsted's adventurous journey through that unknown region, is not identical with Ofor. Its locality appears to be nearly the same, lat. about 23, long. 56.

By another process, altogether different—from an attention to the meaning of the names, to their descriptive character, and to their correspondence to classical translations, the localities of several places are fixed. Thus, the Syagrian promontory, a long disputed locality, he fixes, with Dean Vincent, at Cape Fartash, on the coast of Hadramaut; supporting his opinion by strong geographical evidence, and confirming it by etymological: since the Arabic Fartash means 'a boar's snout,' being thus identified in meaning with the Σύαγρος of the Greeks. The shape of the promontory suggested the name. Thus again, the Mount Climax of Yemen, identified on other grounds with the Nakhil of Niebuhr, coincides with it in sense, *nakhil* meaning to climb: both designations obviously referring to the stone staircases, or terraces, by which the hill is ascended. In like manner the Isle of Trulla is in shape exactly what its name in Latin imports, *a spoon*. The determining the location of this island is one element towards verifying the important site of the ancient Canæ emporium, now Hassan Ghorab. And the Prion promontory of Pliny, shown to be the same as Cape Biorni, on the same coast of Hadramaut, accurately answers to its name:—

'The etymology of Ptolemy's names . . . . led me once more to the chart, where, to my great satisfaction, I found *Prionotus mons, the serrated mountain*, explained to the eye by the singular appearance of Ras Broom, which, on its north-eastern side, where it forms the port, is most curiously *serrated*, presenting some projecting rocks, exactly resembling *the teeth of a saw*.'—vol. ii. p. 205.

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The modern names of some of the Arabian tribes and localities do not correspond to their ancient designation. Thus the great tribe of the Beni Harb (the classical Carbæ) occupy the ancient country of the Cedreni, or Kedarites, of whom they are the descendants. But it is clear that their present designation is strictly a *nom de guerre*, meaning the sons of war. Analogous to this is our author's identification of the tribe of Kademah with that of Nodab, mentioned in the First Book of Chronicles (ch. v.) as a Hagarite tribe, but occurring in none of the genealogies. The signification of *Nodab* is the 'vibration of a spear,' which formed their *nom de guerre*. The title of Beni Kelb (or dogs) is in like manner assumed by the tribe of Dumah. This assumption of a surname largely prevails, not only among the Arabs, but the American Indians (who, in many respects, have points of agreement with the Bedouin Arabs), as it did among the Highland clans of old. The Clan Chattan of Walter Scott will occur to our readers as a familiar instance.

Our limits will not permit us to notice many topics of deep interest connected with the Scripture history, such as the country and posterity of Job (still to be traced in the Nejd), the country of the wise men of the east, &c. For the same reason we are obliged to dismiss the second part of his work (the classical geography of Arabia) with but a passing notice. In this part the reader will find ample materials for interest in his notification of the expedition of Ælius Gallus, in the time of Augustus, in which he traces the course of his circuitous advance, by Mariaba in the Bahrein (lat. 26), to Marsuaba in Yemen, and his retreat by the coast. This detour, which is verified by the correspondence of modern names with those recorded by the historian, fully accounts for the difference of time occupied in the advance and in the retreat; six months in the former case, two in the latter. He has also performed the essential service of clearing up the difficulties that have hitherto obscured the classical delineation of the whole southern and eastern coast, plainly identifying the Canæ Emporium with Hassan Ghorab, and Mœsa with Nakab al Hajar, the places where the Hamyaritic inscriptions, presently to be noticed, were discovered, and the Athi*moscata* of Pliny, with the *Muscat* of Oman, the capital of our friendly ally the Imâm Sayid Said.

These particulars must give place to the notice of a very striking portion of the work, which, though not originally contemplated, and though forming merely an accidental appendix, is, we think, likely to attract full as much attention, from the deep importance of the discovery which it announces, as any of the preceding portion. Our readers will readily agree with us when we inform

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inform them that the discovery is nothing less than the *decypherment of the ancient Hamyaritic language,* the most primitive of the two leading dialects of Arabia, which prevailed throughout Yemen, as the Koreish, the parent of modern Arabic, did in the Hedjaz. The language, it is commonly (though, as Mr. Forster thinks, erroneously) considered, has been long obsolete, even as a spoken dialect: at all events its literary records had been long forgotten. Inscriptions were traditionarily said to exist in the ancient character, but no one could decypher them. It was reserved for British enterprise to discover them, and for British scholarship to interpret them.

In the year 1834, during the prosecution of the masterly survey, now completed, of the coast of Arabia, some officers of the Palinurus made a discovery of inscriptions on the south-western coast, in the neighbourhood of Aden and Sanaa, in a character unknown, and hitherto undecyphered. The site and circumstances of the place where the first of these discoveries was made are accurately described by the late Mr. Wellsted of the Indian Navy, (who assisted in transcribing them), in his very interesting 'Travels in Arabia.' In the course of their expedition along the coast of Aden they anchored in a short and narrow channel, on one side of which was a lofty black-looking cliff, called Hassan Ghorab. They landed on a sandy belt, where there were numerous ruins of houses, walls, and towers; the rooms small, square, and of a single floor. Along the slope of the hill ruins were thickly scattered. There were *two harbours,* and numerous ruins which bore the appearance of having been magazines and storehouses; and the place gave indications of having been at one time a strongly fortified town, and a great trading port, for which purpose it was admirably adapted. Over the ruins there was an ascent by a steep and difficult path to the summit, on the precipitous verge of which was a square massive tower. Parts of the rock were in many places *washed away* by the violent action of the sea. One-third of the way from the top, on the ascent, beneath the upper precipice, they found, *on the face of the rock, which had been smoothed away for the purpose,* an inscription in ancient characters, resembling in some respects the Ethiopic, of two and a half inches in length, executed with great care and regularity. Of this inscription a copy was taken by each of the three discoverers (the narrator and two companions), from one of which Mr. Wellsted has given a plate in his work. Mr. Forster has republished this, having carefully collated it with the other copies in MS., to which he was permitted access. The inscription consists of *ten lines:* the characters are square and detached, and there is an interpunctuation, sometimes of two, sometimes of

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of one dot, but apparently not placed between each word; thus somewhat resembling the Ethiopic system.

On reading this description, Mr. Forster, with the happy readiness which characterizes his mind, bethought himself of comparing it with a passage in the 'Monumenta Vetustiora Arabiæ,' where Schultens gives an Arabic version of two very ancient poems, one of *ten lines*, another of seven, found on the *coast of Hadramaut* in the seventh century, with a Latin version (but not a very faithful one) of his own. The record from which Schultens copied is an Arabic MS., in the possession of the University of Leyden, by Alkazwini, a celebrated geographer, who relates that these two inscriptions were discovered by Abderrahman, Viceroy of Yemen, in the reign of Moawiyah, the first of the Ommiadan Caliphs, about A.D. 660—670, while making an official voyage along the coast of Hadramaut. The coincidence between Alkazwini's narrative and the document which he exhibits, and Wellsted's account, and the inscription discovered by him, is in all points most remarkable. To give Alkazwini's words, Abderrahman 'arrived on the shore of Aden, at two castles, of the castles of Ad. In that sea are treasure hidden and gold, for the space of a hundred parasangs (360 miles) along the shore of Aden, as far as the neighbourhood of Kesuin. And he saw *a castle built upon a rock*, and *two ports*; and, *upon the ascent of the height, a great rock, partly washed away*, on which was engraven a song.' Then follows the translation of the inscription of the *ten lined* poem, upon which we shall make observations presently.

But first we must do Mr. Forster the justice to state, that his decypherment of the inscription had been completed before he had the abundant confirmation which this extract from Alkazwini's *narrative* afforded. He had made his identification of the two documents and descriptions, and had completed his translations of the newly discovered inscription, together with the explanatory glossaries, &c. (vol. ii. pp. 81—106, and 336—442), with the aid of Schultens's very imperfect notification, and faulty copy, of the Arabic. Schultens mistakingly ascribes the translations to Novairi, and he heads them with this inaccurate title:—'Carmina Antiquissima in Arabiâ Felice inventa, super marmoribus arcium dirutarum, in tractu litoris Hadramutteni, *prope Emporium Aden*:' from which would be inferred, that both inscriptions were found in the same place, and near Aden. And the poems which he gives are written, the first in ten, the second in seven, *couplets*. It was not till the greater part of his work was printed off that Mr. Forster applied to the authorities of the University of Leyden for a copy of the original document which Schultens had consulted; and the result was, first, that the poems proved to have

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been written, not in couplets, but in *lines;* secondly, that Alkazwini, not Novaïri, was the narrator; thirdly, that the two documents were not found near Aden, nor in the same place. Alkazwini's context shows that 'the coast of Aden' is an expression identical with the coast (the western coast at least) of Hadramaut, for a distance of 360 miles from Aden, consequently that Hassan Ghorab is within that range. But the circumstances of the second inscription (the original of which has not yet been discovered), are too curious to be passed over. 'Then he proceeded to the other castle, distant *four* parasangs. He beheld its state, battered by winds and rain. He says, they approached the south side of the rock, where it proved of stone; and the waves of the sea had left evident vestiges upon it. And he saw on its gate a great stone, and engraven on it, &c. &c. &c.' Mr. Forster, after suggesting the correction of *forty* parasangs instead of *four* (a mistake which might easily have arisen from the omission of two letters in the Arabic, by the Persian scribe, who had made many mistakes in the Leyden MS.), shows, by aid of Captain Haines's survey, that there is no castle or fort of any kind for nearly eighty miles E.N.E. of Hassan Ghorab. Two castles, however, are further on, both on the sea-shore, both bearing the name of Misenaut, or Messenaat. The most distant of these, in lat. 15° 3′, long. 50° 43′ 25″, is 155 miles, or *forty* parasangs distant from Hassan Ghorab—a ruined castle on the sea-shore, built of a stone of a different kind from any found in the neighbourhood. In all probability the researches, which will doubtless be prosecuted with the view of further discoveries, will recover the desired inscription, if not destroyed by the inroads of the sea.

Now assuming the identity of the former of the places described by the Arabian geographer with that discovered by the British officers, several facts force themselves on our attention. The place had obviously been one of great commercial importance; the port of a rich and powerful kingdom. The antiquity was great; the style of architecture, in its massiveness, in the absence of the arch, of columns, and of upper stories, assimilates it to that primitive architecture (commonly called Cyclopean), which is found in so many parts of the world, all indicating a remote and mysterious age. In the seventh century of the Christian era these were in ruins, and their history had apparently been lost. They were known, however, as the castles of *Ad;* of that Adite race, whose founder was fourth in descent from Shem, and who had, according to prevalent tradition, settled in Yemen shortly after the Confusion of tongues; one of the most ancient monarchies in the world!

But these presumptive arguments from the antiquity of the

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place are considerably heightened by the evidence afforded by the inscription itself. In order to enable the reader to judge for himself, we subjoin Mr. Forster's translation of the Arabic version of the first poem :—

'1. We dwelt at ease for ages within the halls of this castle, a life without straits, and above want.

2. The sea flowed in upon us with bounteous tide; and our rivers poured forth their hill torrents.

3. The stately palm-trees lifted their heads aloft: their cultivators sowed dates, both the green and the dry.

4. And we hunted the game by land with gins and reeds; and we drew forth the fishes from the depths of the sea.

5. And we walked proudly in silks richly broidered with the needle; and in white silks, and in green striped robes.

6. Kings reigned over us, far removed from baseness, and vehement against the people of perfidy and fraud.

7. They sanctioned for us, from the religion of Hûd, right laws; and we believed in miracles, the resurrection, and the life to come.

8. When enemies descended upon our soil to invade us, we went forth together with straight and dusky spears:

9. Ardent and bold defenders of our children and our wives, on long-necked steeds, dun-coloured, and chestnut, and bay;

10. Wounding those who fell upon us, and would do us violence, with our swords, until they turned their backs.'

In this inscription, paraphrastic and inaccurate as Mr. Forster shows it to be, there are strong traces of a primitive state of society. A patriarchal faith, uncorrupted by idolatry, traditionally the primitive belief of the Arabs, mentioned in the 7th line—the magnificence of dress, in the 5th, so analogous to the descriptions in the song of Deborah and the Psalms;—the occupation of hunting,—the art of equitation, known in the country of Job, though unknown to the Greeks and Trojans, are all noticed by Mr. Forster, as confirmatory of extreme and patriarchal antiquity. The second seven-lined poem exhibits still more striking features:—

'1. We dwelt at ease in this castle a long tract of time; nor had we a desire but for the region lord of the vineyard.

2. Hundreds of camels returned to us each day at evening; their eye pleasant to behold in their resting-places.

3. And twice the number of camels were our sheep, in comeliness like white does, and also the slow-moving kine.

4. We dwelt in this castle *seven years of good life.* . . . . How difficult for memory its description!

5. Then *came years barren and burnt up;* when one evil year had passed away, there came another to succeed it.

6. And we became as though we had never seen a glimpse of good. They died, and neither foot nor hoof remained.

 7. Thus

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7. Thus fares it with him who renders not thanks to God: his footsteps fail not to be blotted out from his dwelling.'

Here is the patriarchal wealth of sheep and oxen; and here an expression occurs, employed by but one writer, sacred or profane, and but in one place (as Mr. Forster remarks), 'And Moses said, our cattle also shall go with us: there shall not *one hoof* be left behind.' But the mention of seven years of prosperity and succeeding years of famine, obviously reminds us of the dearth of the world in the time of Joseph. We must here refer the reader to Mr. Forster (vol. ii. pp. 100—105) for a very curious account from an ancient Arabic writer (cited by Pococke), of a sepulchre in Yemen laid bare by a flood of rain, in which was found the embalmed body of a princess, ornamented (as in the Etrurian sepulchres) with a profusion of royal jewels, together with an inscription, giving an account of her having sent successive embassies to *Joseph*, during a period of famine, for corn; and of having been refused; in consequence of which, she had shut herself up in the tomb. This extraordinary coincidence of the same tradition, from two independent authorities, in two parts of Yemen, affords reasonable ground for a hope, that the veil may yet be raised which has hitherto concealed the history of one of the most ancient nations of the world.

But to return to the inscription. The inferences already noticed naturally suggested an attempt to discover, by the aid of its supposed counterpart, the character and meaning of the unknown inscription. The strength of the collateral circumstances would fully justify an *à priori* presumption as to the signification of words and letters, which, without the aid of such circumstances, would be absurd; and, from the flexible nature of Oriental orthography and etymology, would be vague and delusive to the last degree. Mr. Forster has wisely pursued a course strictly inductive, and the result has been extraordinary indeed. In our opinion he has succeeded in identifying the Hassan Ghorab inscription with Alkazwini's longer poem, to a degree which leaves but little doubt as to the exact interpretation of the greater part. Upon some minuter points of detail, we must acknowledge, our conviction is not complete, though we admit their plausibility. It is of course impossible to do more at present than to give a superficial notice of his process of decypherment. We must refer to his statement, and to the alphabet and glossary accompanying it, for the details of a discovery, the importance of which in its consequences we think will far surpass that of the elucidation of the famous Rosetta inscription. The result is briefly this. Each word of the Hamyaritic (for such is the language of the newly discovered characters) is shown to be identical with an Arabic synonyme for the corresponding

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corresponding word of Alkazwini's version (except in those instances where the latter is obviously inaccurate or paraphrastic): allowing for the dialectical differences, as to the occasional change of letters, which characterize the varieties of the (so called) Shemitic* tongues. The extraordinary fertility of the Arabic in synonymes (which prevail to an extent that might appear incredible to a mere European scholar) fully sustains the fact which Mr. Forster has taken pains to prove, namely, that a poem of tolerable length may be rendered into a different dialect of Arabic by words, the same in meaning, but distinct in etymology. It is obvious, however, that a similar process may be observed, though not to the same extent, between other kindred dialects; between the Hebrew and Syriac, for example, where the word *man* is commonly rendered in the latter by a synonyme to be found indeed in the Hebrew, but more rarely used, and with a shade of difference in its meaning; and even between different branches of the same Romanesque original, as the Italian and Spanish, when a free translation is made from the one tongue into the other. The fact is, that in the offshoots from the same parent stock, when once politically or locally separated from each other, new circumstances of position, of society, of habits, of thought, insensibly cause a deflection from the exact meaning originally conveyed by particular words, and induce the substitution of others; till at length the intercommunity of phrase is impaired, and in some instances altogether lost. And a philosophic analysis of language will prove, that there are really but very few instances of exact synonymes between any two nations of the world: the words apparently identical in each, though containing some common element, are, perhaps, never exactly commensurate in the breadth and length of the ideas which they express.

Mr. Forster invites the Oriental scholar to test the soundness of his theory by the severest ordeal. In his exhibition of the synonymes in his Glossary, he has affixed to each word the authority of Golius, in the very words of that eminent lexicographer. Of the process by which he arrived at his conclusion, it may be interesting to state a few of the most remarkable steps. Besides the coincidence between the documents in the number of their lines (ten in each), there is a very remarkable one in that of the letters; 398 in the Hamyaritic, 446 in the Arabic. The character, which from its position and frequency of occurrence he identifies with the Hebrew and Arabic *vau* (or

* The name of Shemitic is inaccurate, inasmuch as the languages of Canaan, and of Phœnicia, derived from Ham, not Shem, are but dialects of the Hebrew or Arabic. The fact seems to be that the nations who never emigrated at the dispersion of tongues, retained, as did the Hebrews, the primitive language of mankind.

u),

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u), coincides very remarkably with the *vau*, when used as the connecting particle in Alkazwini's counterpart, as does the syllable *na* or *nu*, the sign of the plural number in the verbs. Five letters, which bear a resemblance to the Ethiopic, and three which were like the Hebrew, being experimentally assumed to be what they seemed, the conjecture was tested, and the result was a verification of certain words, in the *exact place* which the *à priori* supposition would prescribe, and a discovery of the power of the remaining letters of the alphabet. Thus, in the fifth line, where silk is mentioned, the Hamyaritic word is *sarkna* or *sarknu*, *sarak* meaning in Arabic a piece of silk, according to Golius. The first word of the inscription, *samâk*, is in Arabic a dwelling (we dwelt), corresponding to the opening word, 'we lived,' of the Arabic. In the second line we have *Aidama*, clearly the Arabic *Al dama*, pronounced *a'dama*, the sea: in the sixth line *Hasiru*, Kings—the Arabic *Hasir*, Rex.—But to multiply no more instances (though these are but a few out of many equally cogent), in the seventh line, when the particle *vau* stands by itself in three instances, preceding three words which have a similar termination, *khab*, a strong presumption was afforded of agreement with the Arabic, which speaks in the corresponding line of three cognate articles of patriarchal belief, each prefaced by the word *in*. Now the similar termination Mr. Forster shows to mean *a mystery*, and his explanation of the latter portion of the Hamyaritic line (which we subjoin as read by him) is as follows:—

'Wa ran shar*khab*..wa..dar*khab*..wa..mesharar*khab*..wa..mankar*khab*.'

'And we proclaimed our belief in mysteries: in the miracle mystery in the resurrection mystery, in the nostril mystery—'

(*i.e.* in the breathing into the nostrils the *breath of life*). The very obscurity of the latter phrase, which is yet explained by the Scriptural use of the expression, is such as might be expected in the designation of an awful article of faith. In this line, the particle *vau* Mr. Forster interprets by the particle *in*, and shows that when insulated by dots as above, it has that signification, of which he adduces many instances. We would suggest, however, that it probably bears the sense of *and in*, and that the dots were added to distinguish it from the mere copulative, just as the comma is added after the first letter of the Greek ὅ,τι, to distinguish the pronoun from the preposition of the same spelling. The copulative sense we think is observable in all instances of the initial or insulated occurrence of the Hamyaritic *vau*.

The result of his investigation shows, that the Arabic version is in some instances inaccurate, being but the version of a version. Thus, the second line but very imperfectly represents the sense

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sense of the original, as restored by Mr. Forster. It is connected with the first line, by a characteristic 'overflow' of the sense, which the trim lines of the Arabic do not retain.

'Rolled in through our *channel*
The sea, swelling against our castle before the blast.'

The restored line graphically agrees with Wellsted's description, which speaks of 'a short narrow channel,' and of 'the swell, which rolled along the opposite side of the island, and produced a considerable surf against the seaward side of the cliff, as it rose up perpendicularly from the sea.' Again, in the third line, Alkazwini has these words: 'the cultivators *sowed dates*, both the *green* and the *dry*,' which nonsense is corrected as follows:—

'Whose keepers planted dry dates in our hill and date-grounds: they sowed the arid *rice*.'

Near the inscription, lower down the terrace, occur two lines, for which there is no key in Alkazwini; but which Mr. Forster considers to show, in the first line, the engravers of the inscription, in the second, the general subject of its contents.

'Sarash and Dzerah divided into parts, and inscribed from right to left, and marked with points, this song of triumph.

'Aws assailed and hunted down the Beni Ac, and covered their faces with blackness.'

He considers *Aws* (or *Iuz*, as it is in the inscription), to be Aws the son of Shem, the Uz of Scripture, the father of the Adites of Yemen (pp. 371—376). If this conjecture be borne out by future researches (and it is too important not to invite diligent investigation), a light truly wonderful is thrown upon the history of a nation, whose records have hitherto been utterly concealed from the investigation of the learned, and whose misty traditions have appeared too distant to allow of their features and proportions being discerned or measured.

Another inscription was discovered by Mr. Wellsted at Nakab-al-Hajar (also in Yemen), which Mr. Forster shows to have been the Mæpha of Ptolemy. It is written in similar characters to that of Hassan Ghorab, but with obvious dialectic difference in the shape of some letters, some Phœnician or Grecian elements*

* The existence of Grecian elements, however, is not sufficient of itself to decide the comparatively modern date of an inscription: since it appears that both the Phœnician, Etrurian, and Greek characters are derived from the ancient Hebrew, or Samaritan, as found on the oldest Jewish shekels. (Vide Walton's 'Prolegomena,' and Mrs. Gray's 'Etruria.') But their occurrence in Yemen, whose characters are of a different genius, such as those on the newly discovered inscription, is a proof of intermixture from a more recent source, from intercourse with Greece or Phœnicia.

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being intermixed, a presumption of its more recent date; which presumption is borne out by Mr. Forster's translation, which shows it to record the names of *Mohareb* (an Arab king who lived prior to the Christian era), of *Behenna*, a female name in Arabic (probably his wife), of *Nowas*, their son, the probable ancestor of *Dyn Nowas*, the last king of the Homerites; of *Wanba*, and his prime minister and successor *Charibael*, the well known Homerite monarch, in the reign of Claudius; containing also a record of the fountain and tanks, &c., erected by the last mentioned monarch, the ruins of which still remain.

Inscriptions in a similar but more elegantly formed character, with characteristic variations, were discovered by Mr. Cruttenden, one of the naval officers of the surveying expedition, at Sanaa, which had been brought from Mareb, the ancient Sabatha, the capital of the Sabæans. It is beyond our present purpose to do more than notice these. Mr. Forster gives the interpretation of a short inscription dug up at Aden, the discovery of which was communicated to the Bombay Government by Captain Haines, which Mr. Forster (in concurrence with that intelligent officer, but on different grounds) assigns to the reign of the last of the Homerite princes, about 70 years before Mahomet, 'being the record of a battle fought and won by the Arabs of Yemen against the Abyssinians and Berbers.'—pp. 398, 399.

The Hadramautic inscriptions have engaged, as is well known, the attention of the learned, in Germany especially. Professor Roediger, of Halle, in particular, has noticed them in two publications.* The conjectures recorded in these treatises afford a strong instance of the insufficiency and vagueness of conjectural criticism, when unsupported by evidence, even when backed by erudition and sagacity, in neither of which qualifications is the Professor by any means deficient. In his second treatise he abandons the ground which he took in his first, and, in absence of chart, or compass, or guiding-star, has deserted the coast along which he had been making progress, and has launched upon the open sea of philological conjecture. In his former publication he had made some felicitous inductions, quite sufficient to indicate his sagacity. For instance, with Mr. Forster (whose inferences were all made independently, and are therefore the more valuable), he assigned to certain letters the powers attached to the same forms in the Ethiopic: he considered the inscriptions to have reference to persons speaking *in the first person plural,*

* His first appeared in a German review (Zeitschrift fur die Kunde des Morgenlandes); his second, 'Versuch uber die Himjaritischen Schriftmonumente,' was published in 1841.

and

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and gave to the commencing one, with Mr. Forster, the interpretation, *we dwelt*. But he subsequently changed his mind, and gave an explanation of two lines of the ten-lined inscription (the only ones he could decypher), utterly at variance not only with his first theory, but, as far as we can make it out (after very diligent examination), with any consistent alphabetical system; the sentences being harsh, elliptical, and unconnected. In the Sanaa inscription he discovers a host of proper names, in which we are equally unable, upon any consistent principle, to follow him; and the result of his tentamina upon the three monuments at Sanaa, Hassan Ghorab, and Nakab-al-Hajar, has been to bring together a company of perhaps very worthy persons, whom we suspect to be connexions of the brave Gyas and the brave Cloanthus; he has peopled the castles of Yemen with a goodly array of architects, artists, burghers, builders, friends, fathers-in-law, sons, and servants: but we must say (after a very close, and we believe impartial, inspection of the original documents) without producing on our minds the slightest conviction that any one of these would afford a tittle of evidence towards elucidating the pedigree of a single claimant to an Arabian peerage.

We strongly suspect, indeed, that the Sanaa inscriptions will be found to be genealogies; but upon grounds which Professor Roediger has been in no way instrumental in suggesting. But without going beyond our depth into waters where the whirlpools are so rapid, and the current so strong, we will venture to affirm, that with exactly the same degree of plausibility with which the learned Professor parades his Adite aldermen and 'very fine fathers-in-law' we could prove that the Sanaa inscriptions refer to the possessions and resources of some Arab chief; and that we can decypher Hebrew, or at least Chaldee words, signifying 'a sheep,' 'a merchant,' 'multitudes,' 'were multiplied,' 'a chariot,' 'a myriad.' We beg to be understood most distinctly as attaching no weight whatever to this shadowy conjecture of ours; we merely take the liberty of making the same request to the reader which Bishop Lowth made when proposing a counter-theory to the Harian system of Hebrew metre:—'hoc certè me impetraturum confido, ut utramque eodem in loco habeat, utrique parem tribuat auctoritatem, hoc est, omninò NULLAM.' We have not the smallest doubt, that (as in the various theories about the Punic passage in Plautus) a dozen interpretations might be adduced, equally ingenious, learned, and plausible, but all undeserving of credit, because unsupported by the collateral evidence which must invariably be resorted to in the attempt to recover a lost language, and in default of which the theories of the greatest scholars will be like castles in the fire, landscapes in the veins of marble, whales

or

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or camels in the clouds; in short, a pleasing and picturesque *moonshine.*

But Mr. Forster's theory stands upon firm ground, assisted and matured by the aid of the most just inferences, and developed by a course of induction in which there is no hiatus. That he is right in every instance we are far from affirming; it would be unreasonable to expect that in the recovery of an ancient dialect, of which as yet but some fifteen lines have been decyphered, the imagination should not in some instances lead the investigator astray. When this happens to the most judicious critics in examining a chorus of Æschylus, ample allowance should be made for the disadvantages besetting the student of a tongue with whose genius and resources we are yet unacquainted. The wonder is, that so much of the *vocabulary* has been recovered so as to be capable of appealing to the test of evidence. Now we are of opinion that the general meaning of the words has been so far decyphered as to show the correspondence of each line of the original with each line of the Arabic translation in every essential particular, and *generally* in the precise meaning: but though the vocabulary is thus recovered, difficulties of no slight kind as to the construction remain. Mr. Forster wisely deals with facts, without seeking to perplex his statement, or to cumber the foundation now laid open, by any theories as to the grammatical construction of this ancient language. This cannot be hoped for till fresh discoveries afford a broader field for the investigation of general principles. It would appear, however, by the specimens before us, that the Hamyaritic language was very defective in the signs of inflection; in numerous instances no suffix or affix marking the person of the verb or number of the noun; the obscurity being increased by the apparent paucity of connecting or modifying particles. We strongly suspect, indeed, that in many instances the grammatical construction is somewhat different from that given by Mr. Forster, and that the terminating *nu*, of such frequent recurrence, is the sign of the plural inflection of the verb; which conjecture is strengthened by the near correspondence (observed upon by Mr. Forster) existing between the recurrence of this syllable in the Hamyaritic and the Arabic translation. For instance, in the fifth line, may not *sarknu* mean 'we were clothed in silk;' and in the fourth line, *rirnu*, 'we used ropes (or nets)?' However this may be, still the want of inflections is very palpable: witness the very first word *samâk*, 'we dwelt,' where no trace of termination or suffix is discernible. It may, indeed, be that the inscription is to a degree stenographic, and that in order to abridge the labours of the insculptors, the terminations, &c.

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&c. were omitted, as in many of the Roman inscriptions, and as in our ancient records and monastic MSS., and that possibly the marks of abbreviation, either in the modifications of the letters themselves, or in the interpunctuation, may yet be discovered. On the other hand, we think the supposition far more probable, that the Hamyaritic was one of those simpler dialects in which the construction is to be often made out rather by inference, and by the general bearing of the context, than by signs of inflection or connecting particles. That in the earlier parts of the inspired writings there is a want of particles and an elliptical method of writing, is evident from the book of Job, even to the unlearned reader, who must be struck by the number of words in italics in our version, marking ellipses that are filled up in the translation. The same is observable in some of the Psalms, probably of more ancient date, the 49th for instance. The elliptical inscription, '*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*,' may possibly represent (though as a divine oracle) the more archaic system of writing. In the written language of the Chinese, which of course can admit of no inflection, the inferential method of interpretation is largely adopted; and the same prevails to a great degree in their speech. A like character is observable in the spoken dialects of the great Polynesian language, which are utterly uninflected, and in which, when inference is insufficient, awkward periphrases or repetitions must be employed. This deficiency in some languages, spoken by nations comparatively civilized (as the Malays), and the apparent redundancy in others belonging to the most rude and simple tribes, are among the unexplained phenomena of philology. Possibly, Divine Providence, at the confusion of tongues, might have effected his purpose of disturbing verbal intercommunication by the use of this means among others; namely, by the cutting off the inflections in some instances, and by multiplying them in others. However this may be, we have strong indications among many of those nations which have an undeclinable language, of the infancy of their dialects, in the strictest sense of the word. Thus, among many tribes of the South Sea Islanders, we are forcibly reminded of the speech of children, in the absence of the harsher consonants, and (as in Chinese) in the impracticability of joining two consonants together. Captains Clarke and Cook were at one place called by the chiefs in council *Tattee* and *Toottee*, just as a child a twelvemonth old would attempt to pronounce their names.

The multiplied inflections (as they are improperly considered) of the Americans and Esquimaux are plainly the contrivances of rude nations, who, instead of using the simple and beautiful method

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method of the Oriental nations, modified the relations of verbs and nouns by the addition, in each instance, of whole words, which, at length, came to be statedly added in each change of mood, or tense, or case, but always unabbreviated; which is one reason why their words present such an uncouth and polysyllabic appearance to the eye; their supposed terminations being, in fact, no more part of the word which they modify, than the auxiliary particles are in English. Now the Oriental method in the inflection of their verbs is simply to affix or prefix the pronouns, but in a contracted form; and to employ brief affixes (the fragments probably of proper particles) as the signs of cases for the nouns. It is probable that this characteristic of the languages, commonly, but improperly, called Shemitic, had not yet been confirmed in this most ancient dialect of the Arabic—the inscription before us being, in all likelihood, the most ancient specimen of alphabetic writing now in existence. The phenomenon affords food for the most curious speculation; and it is probable that through the opening afforded by Mr. Forster's researches, we may gain an interesting link, hitherto wanting, in the history of philology, that is, in the history of the human mind and of human nature. As for the alphabet, five of the letters, *m*, *s*, *k*, *l*, and *z*, are like the same characters in the Ethiopic; three, the *r*, *i*, and *u* are like the Hebrew, or rather Chaldee; one, the *h* (in one of its forms) like the ancient Samaritan, or proper Hebrew. The forms of the other letters were made out from regularly deduced inference; and six of the characters (including four, which bear no analogy to the above-named alphabets) have the power assigned to them by Von Hammer in his work on Ancient Alphabets—whose collection, though acknowledged by Mr. Forster to be a literary fraud, yet contains elements that are genuine; and the sounds assigned to the Hamyaritic characters were probably traditional. At all events, their coincidence with Mr. Forster's conjecture, formed independently, is striking. Roediger has been misled, in seeking analogies in some instances with the Greek (the later Greek, too, as in the Σ) and the Samaritan. But in fact *à priori* reasoning on this subject is not to be trusted. It may fairly authorize experiment, but can justify no conclusions. The power of the same character frequently changes among the same nation in the course of time, as we see in the Roman and Greek alphabets. And the analogies between those most nearly allied are very fallacious. For instance: an ancient Roman, acquainted with his own language only, and without any guide to assist him, would, on meeting with an inscription in Greek, naturally identify the sound of four of the Greek characters with those assigned to similar

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similar forms in Latin (viz. the H, P, X, and C, the ancient Σ), and and a fifth, Θ, he would probably conjecture to be the same with a character in his own language nearly resembling it, the Q, and would justify his conclusion by the coincidence both in shape and sounds of eleven characters. In like manner, on the first view of the Ethiopic, it would be natural to identify the Z of that language with the Roman or Grecian H, the form being the same. The fact is, in the study of alphabets, as in the pursuit of every branch of inductive knowledge, we must have a double or threefold application of the *experimentum crucis* before any conclusion can be safely formed.

The use of the letter L is very rare, but one instance occurring in the Hassan Ghorab inscription: though it appears to be of more frequent use in the later inscriptions at Nakab-al-Hajar. The lipo-grammatism of several nations in this respect, and the interchange of the cognate liquids *l* and *r*, is very remarkable. Then appears the usual Oriental confusion of the *s* and *t*, and of *sh* and *th*. A dot seems to distinguish the *d lene* and the *d blœsum*, as in Arabic. Mr. Forster acknowledges that the distinction between the *s* and the *t* has not yet been clearly determined to his satisfaction; the difficulty being increased by their well-known dialectical interchange. He makes some very curious observations as to marks and circlets which discriminate the different forms of the same letter, the *s* especially. We agree with him in thinking these to be analogous to the diacritic points which are detached from the letters of the Arabic, the Masoretic Hebrew (and, we will add, the Syrian) alphabets, of which we have a trace in the cedilla (ç) of the Spanish and Portuguese.* But we will venture to ask whether these may not also be in some instances the germ of the vowels, included in each character of the Ethiopic syllabary, the variations there being made by marks of somewhat the same kind. The diacritical marks of the *s, t, sh,* and *z*, in particular, are so numerous as to induce a surmise that some variations of vowel sounds were intended by them. Or can it be, that they are in some way indicatory of contraction or inflection?

Speculations of this kind, however, would require a volume, not an essay. Mr. Forster's suggestions of making further investigation on the coast of Southern Arabia—suggestions which we were glad to find enforced by Mr. Murchison in his recent

* The ç has now disappeared from Spanish orthography, as well as the guttural *x* and *g*, which are represented by *j*. It is to be regretted that the landmarks of etymology should be obscured by such wanton changes; and we hope that some future decision of a Spanish Academy will restore their characteristic orthography.

Address

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Address from the chair of the Geographical Society—will, no doubt, be followed up, in that enlightened zeal for science which has been already so successfully shown by the British government in India. The advancement of real science, since it promotes truth, must therefore promote the cause of religion, and afford new evidence for Revelation; and the deeper the history of the human race is investigated, the more clearly will be seen the infallibility of those imperishable records, which, for the instruction of later ages, tell of the primitive colonization of the world.

Since the foregoing pages were placed in the printer's hands intelligence has reached us confirmatory, to an unexpected degree, of the anticipations expressed in our concluding paragraph. The author, since the publication of the work now reviewed, has had fresh inscriptions communicated to him from other quarters, *the whole of which*, together with those brought from Sanaa by Mr. Cruttenden and the late Dr. Hutton, *have been decyphered.* We understand also that he is now engaged in decyphering the celebrated Sinaïtic inscriptions, which appear to realize all that was anticipated in the sixth and in the eighteenth centuries. We have no doubt that the results will be before long given to the world.

ART. III.—*Passages in the Life of a Radical.* By Samuel Bamford. Third Edition. Printed for the Author. 2 vols. 12mo. Heywood. 1843.

MR. SAMUEL BAMFORD—bred, it seems, among the Methodists, and for a short time in very early life a sailor—was one of those Lancashire weavers whom the eloquence of Cobbett and the impudence of Hunt seduced into premature Radicalism shortly after the close of our protracted warfare against revolutionary France. He was twenty-nine years of age when his name began to attract notice among the patriotic clubs of his district; but had he been only *nineteen* we should be at a loss to account for a gross misstatement with which he opens his Narrative. He alleges that all was quiet among the northern operatives until the Corn Laws were altered in 1815. Is it possible that he can have forgotten the whole series of tumults and trials —and alas! executions—that occurred in the manufacturing districts between 1810 and 1815? He is a poet—has he forgotten what was the subject of Lord Byron's maiden speech in the House of Peers? Has he forgotten the memorable 'Rejected Addresses'

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Addresses' of that same year—'one thousand eight hundred and twelve'—

> 'What made the baker's loaf and Luddites rise,
> And filled the butchers' shops with large blue flies?' &c.

But if Mr. Bamford had used a very little reflection, he must have perceived the inconsistency between his own statement of the cause of the turmoil, and his own enumeration of its leaders? Were Hunt and Cobbett first heard of at the time of the Liverpool Corn Bill? Is it not notorious to all the world that these persons had been indefatigable in the excitement of political disaffection for many years before the downfall of Buonaparte?—that they had acquired, long before there was any thought of a new Corn Bill, that influence over multitudes of their fellow-citizens which happened to pull Bamford into its vortex when the Corn Bill was the favourite cry, but which would have been the same, except as to some of its pretences and symbols, although the war had proceeded, and the Corn Laws remained as they were in the days of Tilsit?

But we are not about to enter on a controversy, either historical or political, with Mr. Bamford. On all the questions connected with the years 1816—1820, which he treats of, or alludes to, this Journal long ago expressed opinions from which we have never seen the least reason to depart. We have the fortune, or misfortune, to hold that the maintenance of the agriculture of this country is the very first duty of the government and the legislature; and among all the dangers which we foresaw from 'Parliamentary Reform,' not one appeared to us at the time, or appears now, more serious than the increase of strength which such a change in the constitution must give to the domestic enemies of our primary domestic industry—that which is the basis and safeguard of all the rest. On the last of these great questions Mr. Bamford thought, and thinks, diametrically otherwise. As to Parliamentary Reform, his opinions seem to have undergone a considerable change since 1820. He is still, indeed, a Reformer, and would fain be a sweeping one; but the lessons of experience have not been entirely thrown away upon a man of great natural shrewdness, and many upright and amiable feelings. Whatever Mr. Bamford's theoretical notions of political perfection may be, he has had motives and means for watching sedulously the doings of his own time, and arrived at the conviction that no real good can ever be achieved through such men and such arts as he has seen prominently connected, in every successive stage hitherto, with the political disturbances of England. We shall quote by-and-bye some striking passages on this head: but our principal object is to make our readers

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readers acquainted with his personal history in its stormier season, and especially with some of his very clever sketches of the Reformers of the Regency period, and of the modes of life in the districts which they agitated and perverted, to the ruin of many well-meaning people, and to the ultimate benefit, not even of themselves—not even of one among them.

Mr. Bamford, writing apparently from scanty notes after the lapse of two-and-twenty years, is not very bountiful of dates: but we gather that, having earned some distinction in his own town of Middleton, near Manchester, as a writer of anti-bread-tax songs and a speaker at a branch 'Hampden club,' held in a Methodist meeting-house, he was one of the Lancashire delegates sent to London about the opening of the Session 1815-16, to watch over the fate of a petition for radical reform and universal suffrage about to be presented to the House of Commons.

At an evening assemblage in the Crown and Anchor, Mr. Bamford first saw some of the metropolitan lights—especially Mr. Cobbett, to whose 'Register' he had owed his earliest enthusiasm for reform—and Mr. Henry Hunt, Orator, whom at this time he revered, and whom in the sequel he understood.

'This was an event in my life. Of Mr. Hunt I had imbibed a high opinion; and his first appearance did not diminish my expectations. He was gentlemanly in his manner and attire; six feet and better in height, and extremely well formed. He was dressed in a blue lapelled coat, light waistcoat and kerseys, and topped boots; his leg and foot were about the firmest and neatest I ever saw. He wore his own hair; it was in moderate quantity, and a little grey. His features were regular, and there was a kind of youthful blandness about them which, in amicable discussion, gave his face a most agreeable expression. His lips were delicately thin, and receding; but there was a dumb utterance about them which in all the portraits I have seen of him was never truly copied. His eyes were blue or light grey—not very clear, nor quick, but rather heavy; except, as I afterwards had opportunities for observing, when he was excited in speaking; at which times they seemed to distend and protrude; and if he worked himself furious, as he sometimes would, they became blood-streaked, and almost started from their sockets. Then it was that the expression of his lips was to be observed—the kind smile was exchanged for the curl of scorn, or the curse of indignation. His voice was bellowing; his face swollen and flushed; his griped hand beat as if it were to pulverize; and his whole manner gave token of a painful energy, struggling for utterance.

'Thomas Cleary, the secretary to the Hampden Club, was also in the room; he was perhaps twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, about middle stature, slightly formed, and had a warmth and alacrity in his manner which created at once respect and confidence. He was, and I have no doubt is yet, if he be living, worthy of, and enjoying the esteem of all who know him. Hunt ferociously traduced his character at a subsequent

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sequent election for Westminster, but the shame recoiled on the calumniator.

'Cobbett I had not seen before. Had I met him anywhere save in that room and on that occasion, I should have taken him for a gentleman farming his own broad estate. He seemed to have that kind of self-possession and ease about him, together with a certain bantering jollity, which are so natural to fast-handed and well-housed lords of the soil. He was, I should suppose, not less than six feet in height; portly, with a fresh, clear, and round cheek, and a small grey eye, twinkling with good-humoured archness. He was dressed in a blue coat, yellow swans-down waistcoat, drab kersey small-clothes, and top-boots. His hair was grey, and his cravat and linen were fine, and very white. In short, he was the perfect representation of what he always wished to be: an English gentleman-farmer.'—vol. i. p. 18.

We never studied Mr. Hunt's 'gentlemanly manner and attire' so attentively as Mr. Bamford seems to have done. We remember that he had one of the most melodious as well as most powerful voices we ever heard, and that the House of Commons when he entered it, listened with wonder and merriment to the then unusual vulgarity of his tones and phrases. He looked and spoke like a butcher of the prize ring. The picture of Cobbett is very good.

We have no desire to dwell on some dark passages in the early life of the noble and gallant person to whom we are next introduced. It must be sufficiently in the recollection of most readers that some few years before this time Lord Cochrane was expelled from the House of Commons, in consequence of his having been tried and found guilty on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the Stock Exchange; on which unhappy occasion he was also struck off the Navy List, and degraded from the Order of the Bath. These circumstances naturally endeared and exalted him in the eyes of the Westminster electors; and he was now again in Parliament, foremost of the aristocratical 'friends of the people,' and delighted to be the organ of the Manchester and Middleton constitution-menders.

'On the day when parliament was opened, a number of the delegates met Hunt at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross; and from thence went with him in procession to the residence of Lord Cochrane, in Palace Yard. . . . There had been some tumult in the morning; the Prince Regent had been insulted on his way to the House, and this part of the town was still in a degree of excitement. We were crowded around and accompanied by a great multitude, which at intervals rent the air with shouts. Now it was that I beheld Hunt in his element. He unrolled the petition, which was many yards in length, and it was carried on the heads of the crowd, perfectly unharmed. He seemed to know almost every man of them; and his confidence in, and entire mastery over them, made him quite at ease. A louder huzza than common was music to

 him;

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him; and when the questions were asked eagerly, "Who is he?" "What are they about?" and the reply was, "Hunt! Hunt! huzza!" his gratification was expressed by a stern smile. He might be likened to the genius of commotion, calling forth its elements, and controlling them at will. On arriving at Palace Yard, we were shown into a room below stairs, and whilst Lord Cochrane and Hunt conversed above, a slight and elegant young lady, dressed in white, and very interesting, served us with wine. She is, if I am not misinformed, now Lady Dundonald. At length his Lordship came to us. He was a tall young man; cordial and unaffected in his manner. He stooped a little, and had somewhat of a sailor's gait in walking; his face was rather oval; fair naturally, but now tanned and sun-freckled: the expression calm and self-possessed. He took charge of our petitions, and being seated in an arm-chair, we lifted him up and bore him on our shoulders across Palace Yard, to the door of Westminster Hall; the old rafters of which rung with the shouts of the vast multitude outside.'—vol. i. pp. 19, 20.

Before the debate Mr. Bamford and his colleagues paid a visit to the late Sir F. Burdett, who even thus early seems to have shown some symptoms of coldness and suspicion.

'A number of us went one morning to visit Sir Francis at his house in Park-place. The outside was but of ordinary appearance; and the inside was not much better, so far as we were admitted. To me it seemed like a cold, gloomy, barely furnished house; which I accounted for by supposing that it was perhaps the style of all great mansions. We were shown into a large room, the only remarkable thing in which was a bust of John Horne Tooke. Sir Francis came to us in a loose grey vest coat, which reached far towards his ancles. He had not a cravat on his neck; his feet were in slippers; and a pair of wide cotton stockings hung in wrinkles on his long spare legs, which he kept alternately throwing across his knees, and rubbing down with his hands, as if he suffered, or recently had, some pain in those limbs. He was a fine-looking man on the whole, of lofty stature, with a proud but not forbidding carriage of the head. His manner was dignified and civilly familiar; submitting to, rather than seeking conversation with men of our class. He, however, discussed with us some points of the intended Bill for Reform, candidly and freely; and concluded with promising to support universal suffrage, though he was not sanguine of much co-operation in the house. Under these circumstances we left Sir Francis; approving of much that we found in and about him, and excusing much of what we could not approve. He was one of our idols, and we were loath to give him up.

'Still I could not help my thoughts from reverting to the simple and homely welcome we received at Lord Cochrane's, and contrasting it with the kind of dreary stateliness of this great mansion and its rich owner. At the former place we had a brief refection, bestowed with a grace which captivated our respect; and no health was ever drunk with more sincere good-will than was Lord Cochrane's; the little dark-haired and bright-eyed lady seemed to know it, and to be delighted that it was so. But here

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here scarcely a servant appeared; and nothing in the shape of refreshment was seen.'—vol. i. pp. 21, 22.

We have no doubt this is a fair sketch of Mr. Bamford's impressions. Sir Francis was the representative of one of the very highest families in England—far nobler than nine-tenths of the peerage—with education, accomplishments, manners, tastes, and personal habits in all respects suitable to his station, and with natural talents which would have made him a distinguished man in any condition of life. His family had been Jacobites—certain democratical theories, which Bolingbroke started in the bitterness of his baffled self-seeking, had left their traces—and the accident of personal intercourse with so captivating a companion as Horne Tooke was likely enough to work on the feelings of a very young gentleman thus hereditarily indisposed to the existing Government. He took up the theory of Parliamentary Reform, and during a long course of years did and suffered more for what he believed to be the cause of the People than any other contemporary of any class whatever; but by the people he understood the nation: and, accordingly, so soon as events developed the truth that the so-called cause of the people was only the cause of envy, hypocrisy, and injustice, he acted in a manner worthy of his name and his courage, and dignified his old age by earning the deepest resentment of those who would fain have had him for their tool in mischief, and their accomplice in plunder. His political life well deserves to be recorded in detail: it would be a most interesting and instructive history.

We proceed to the debate in the House of Commons:—

'I well recollect, though I cannot describe, all the conflicting emotions which arose within me as I approached that assembly, with the certainty of now seeing and hearing those whom I considered to be the authors of my country's wrongs. Curiosity certainly held its share of my feelings; but a strong dislike to the "boroughmonger crew" and their measures held a far larger share. After a tough struggle at elbowing and pushing along a passage, up a narrow staircase, and across a room, I found myself in a small gallery, from whence I looked on a dimly-lighted place below. At the head of the room, or rather den, for such it appeared to me, sat a person in a full loose robe of, I think, scarlet and white. Above his head were the royal arms richly gilded; at his feet several men in robes and wigs were writing at a large table, on which lamps were burning, which cast a softened light on a rich ornament like a ponderous sceptre of silver and gold, or what appeared to be so. Those persons I knew must be the Speaker and the Clerks of the House; and that rich ornament could be nothing else than the "mace"—that same thing, or one in its place, to which Cromwell pointed and said, "Take away that bauble; for shame—give way to honester men." On each side of this pit-looking place, leaving an open space in the centre of the floor, were benches one above

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another; and on these benches sat some three or four hundreds of the most ordinary-looking men I had ever beheld at one view. Some were striking exceptions; several young fellows in military dresses gave relief to the sombre drapery of the others. Canning, with his smooth, bare, and capacious forehead, sat there, a spirit beaming in his looks like that of the leopard waiting to spring upon its prey. Castlereagh, with his handsome but immoveable features—Burdett with his head carried back, and held high as in defiance—and Brougham, with his Arab soul ready to rush forth and challenge war to all comers. The question was to me solemnly interesting, whilst the spectacle wrought strangely on my feelings. Our accusers were many and powerful, with words at will, and applauding listeners. Our friends were few and far between; with no applauders save their good conscience, and the blessing of the poor. What a scene was this to be enacted by the "collective wisdom of the nation!" Some of the members stood leaning against pillars, with their hats cocked awry; some were whispering by half dozens; others were lolling upon their seats; some, with arms a-kimbo, were eye-glassing across the house; some were stiffened immoveably by starch, or pride, or both; one was speaking, or appeared to be so, by the motion of his arms, which he shook in token of defiance, when his voice was drowned by a howl as wild and remorseless as that from a kennel of hounds at feeding time. Now he points, menacing, to the ministerial benches—now he appeals to some members on his side—then to the speaker; all in vain. At times he is heard in the pauses of that wild hubbub, but again he is borne down by the yell which awakes on all sides around him. Some talked aloud; some whinnied in mock laughter, coming, like that of the damned, from bitter hearts. Some called "order, order," some "question, question;" some beat time with the heel of their boots; some snorted into their napkins; and one old gentleman in the side gallery actually coughed himself from a mock cough into a real one, and could not stop until he was almost black in the face.

'And are these, thought I, the beings whose laws we must obey? This the "most illustrious assembly of freemen in the world?" Perish freedom then, and her children too. O! for the stamp of stern old Oliver on this floor; and the clank of his scabbard, and the rush of his iron-armed band, and his voice to arise above this Babel howl—"Take away that bauble"—"Begone; give place to honester men."

'Such was my first view of the House of Commons; and such the impressions strongly forced on my feelings at the time. The speaker alluded to was Henry Brougham. I heard at first very little of what he said; but I understood from occasional words, and the remarks of some whom I took for reporters, that he was violently attacking the ministers and their whole home policy. That he was so doing, might have been inferred from the great exertions of the ministerial party to render him inaudible, and to subdue his spirit by a bewildering and contemptuous disapprobation. But they had before them a wrong one for being silenced, either by confusion or menace. Like a brave stag, he held them at bay, and even hurled back their defiance with "retorted scorn." In some time his words became more audible; presently there was comparative

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parative silence, and I soon understood that he had let go the ministry, and now unaccountably, as it seemed to me, had made a dead set at the Reformers. Oh! how he did scowl towards us—contemn and disparage our best actions, and wound our dearest feelings! Now stealing near our hearts with words of wonderful power, flashing with bright wit and happy thought; anon like a reckless wizard changing pleasant sunbeams into clouds, "rough with black winds and storms," and vivid with the cruellest shafts. Then was he listened to as if not a pulse moved—then was he applauded to the very welkin. And he stood in the pride of his power, his foes before him subdued but spared—his friends, derided, and disclaimed—and his former principles sacrificed to "low ambition," and the vanity of such a display as this.

'I would have here essayed somewhat with respect to Canning, and the character and effects of his eloquence; but little appertaining to him remained on my mind. Every feeling was absorbed by the contemplation of that man whom I now considered to be the most perfidious of his race. I turned from the spectacle with disgust, and sought my lodgings in a kind of stupor; almost believing that I had escaped from a monstrous dream.

'Such was my first view of Henry Brougham; and such the impressions I imbibed, and long entertained, of that extraordinary man. He sinned then, and has often done so since, against the best interests of his country; bowing to his own image, and sacrificing reason and principle to caprice or offended self-love. But has he not done much for mercy, and for the enlightenment of his kind? See the African dancing above his chains! Behold the mild but irresistible light which education is diffusing over the land! These are indeed blessings beyond all price—rays of unfading glory.—They are Lord Brougham's; and will illumine his tomb when his errors and imperfections are forgotten.'—vol. i. pp. 25—29.

Shortly after this visit to London, Mr. Bamford was, it appears, the principal speaker at 'the first out-of-door meeting that was held at Rochdale.' On this occasion, besides 'refreshments at the Rose,' he was paid four shillings for his exertions: but he says it was the first and only time that he ever accepted money for performing at a reform meeting. He adds—

'I considered it a mean thing, though the practice was coming much into use, and several of my friends without any scruple continued to do so until "their occupation" was gone! It was a bad practice, however, and gave rise to a set of orators who made a trade of speechifying:—and *the race has not become extinct.* These persons began to seek engagements of the kind; some would even thrust themselves upon public meetings, and then present themselves to the committees for remuneration, and generally received it. He who produced the greatest excitement, the loudest cheering, and the most violent clappings, was the best orator, and was sure to be engaged and well paid; and in order to produce those manifestations, the wildest and most extravagant rhodomontade would too often suffice. Such speakers quickly got a name; the calls on them were frequent; and they left their work or their business, for a more

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a more profitable and flattering employment; tramping from place to place, hawking their new fangles, and guzzling, fattening, and replenishing themselves, at the expense of the simple and credulous multitudes. Steadiness of conduct, and consistency of principle, were soon placed, as it were, at a distance from us. Our unity of action was relaxed; new speakers sprung like mushrooms about our feet; plans were broached, quite different from any that had been recognised by the Hampden Clubs; and the people, at a loss to distinguish friends from enemies, were soon prepared for the operations of informers, who, in the natural career of their business, became also promoters of secret plots and criminal measures of various descriptions. The good and fatherly maxim of the worthy old Major [Cartwright], "Hold fast by the laws," was by many lost sight of.

'How far the moral of these facts is applicable to the present day, will be judged by an observant public, and may perhaps not be deemed ill-timed by some of the more intelligent of those who have been found amongst the persons styled Chartists.'—vol. i. pp. 35, 36.

Mr. Bamford wisely kept away from a meeting in the same month (March, 1816), which, in its day, was famous as 'the Blanketeer meeting:' some 300 or 400 weavers attended, each with a blanket strapped on his shoulders, and a stout stick in his hand, resolved to march upon London, there, as one of them expressed it to our author, 'to tak the nation on hand, and sattle o' the debt.' These disciples of Cobbett's sponge-doctrine were dispersed by the magistracy—about 150, drawing together again, made out one day's march—and then the whole affair fell to pieces—for they had no money, and no inn-keepers would trust them for bread and beer. The discomfiture was fiercely resented; and Bamford was, a few days afterwards, invited to partake in the scheme of retaliating on the magistrates and their constables by 'making a Moscow of Manchester.' He had less confidence in the 'sagacity and integrity' of 'the Manchester Committee,' in consequence of the blanket failure—and consulted his then closest associate, Joseph Healey, commonly called Dr. Healey—a medical practitioner who makes a great figure in subsequent transactions. Finally, the Doctor and Bamford told the messenger that this was a serious business—they could not think of engaging in it unless they saw evidence that Major Cartwright approved; but that their secrecy might be depended on. They awaited the issue in awful trepidation; and in the evening preceding what they understood to be the destined night of terror, judged it prudent to remove to a village somewhat farther from Manchester, where the two friends took up their quarters in the garret of a 'tried female reformer:'—

'We retired to rest and lay talking this strange matter over until sleep overtook us. I was first to awake, and seeing a brightness behind the

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the curtain, I stepped to the window, and sure enough beheld in the southern sky a stream of light which I thought must be that of a distant fire. It was a fine crisped morning, and as I looked, a piece of a moon came wandering to the west from behind some masses of cloud. Now she would be entirely obscured; then, streaks of her pale beams would be seen breaking on the edges of the vapours; then a broader gleam would come; then again it would be pale and receding: but the clouds were so connected that the fair traveller had seldom a space for showing her unveiled horn. I saw how it was; my conflagration had dwindled to a moon-beam, and as I stood with the frost tingling at my toes, "an unlucky thought" (as we say, when excusing our own sins we impute them to a much abused sable personage) came into my head, to have a small joke at the doctor's expense; and as it was a mode of amusement to which I must confess I was rather prone, I immediately began to carry it into effect. I gave a loud cough or two; the doctor thereupon grunted and turned over in bed; when, in the very break of his sleep, I said aloud, as I crept beneath the bed-clothes, "there's a fine leet i'th welkin, as th' witch o' Brandwood sed when the devil wur ridin' o'er Rossenda." "Leet!"—said the doctor; "a fine leet!—weer? weer?" "Why go to th' windo' and look." That instant my sanguine friend was out of bed and at the window, his head stuck behind the curtain. "There's a great leet," he said, "tor'd Manchester." "There is, indeed," I replied, "it's mitch but weary wark is gooin on omung yon foke." "It's awful," said the doctor; "thei'r agate as sure as wee'r heer." "I think there's summut up," I said. I was now snugly rolled in the clothes, and perceived at the same time that the doctor was getting into a kind of dancing shiver, and my object being to keep him in his shirt till he was cooled and undeceived, and consequently a little sprung in temper, I asked, "dun yo really think then ot' th' teawn 's o' foyer?" "Foyer!"—he replied; "there's no deawt on't." "Con yo see th' flames, doctor?" "Nowe, I conno' see th' flames, but I con see the leet ot comes fro' em." "That's awful," I ejaculated. "Aye, it's awful," he said; "come an' see for yorsel." "Nowe, I 'd reyther not," I answered; "I dunno like sich seets; it's lucky ot wee'r heer—they conno' say at wee'n had owt to do wi' it, at ony rate—con they, doctor?" "Nowe," he said, "they conno." "It keeps changing," he said. "Con yo yer owt?" I asked. "Now, I conno yer nowt," he said. I however heard his teeth hacking in his head, and stuffed the sheet into my mouth to prevent my laughter from being noticed. "Ar yo' sure, doctor?" I asked. No reply. "Is it blazin up?" I said. "Blazin be hanged!" was the answer. "Wot dun yo myen, doctor—is it gwon eawt then?" "Gullook!" he said, "it's nobbut th' moon, an' yo knewn it o'th' while." A loud burst of laughter followed, which I enjoyed till the bed shook.'

This 'night attack on Manchester' had 'failed for want of arrangement and co-operation' (p. 45)—but the plan was not laid aside; and we are sorry to observe that Mr. Bamford appears to have been well aware of the devices resorted to with a view to its

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its ultimate success. The Habeas Corpus Act had been suspended, and thereupon the keeper of the chapel, in which the Middleton patriots had hitherto held their meetings, refused any longer to accommodate them. The work, therefore, must be carried on in a different manner, and Mr. Bamford states that various so-called 'benefit societies,' 'botanical societies,' and so forth, were organised, the 'real purpose' of all which, 'revealed only to the initiated,' was 'to carry into effect' the conflagration of Manchester. How far he himself entered into the plan, he leaves *in obscuro*—but that he continued in the confidence of 'the committee' is too evident; nor do we find one phrase distinctly implying that he at the time regarded their 'real purpose' as in itself blameworthy. Nor can we sufficiently express our wonder that so clever a man should not have perceived how fatally, by these revelations of the 'real purpose of the Manchester committee,' he was undermining the whole structure of his own subsequent narrative, throughout which he maintains, nay, assumes, that all the restrictive legislation and official strictness of the period constituted an unprovoked and unjustifiable series of aggressions upon the lawful liberty of the British subject—more especially of the enlightened population of the manufacturing districts.

'A cloud of gloom and mistrust hung over the whole country. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act was a measure the result of which we young reformers could not judge, save by report, and that was of a nature to cause anxiety in the most indifferent of us. The proscriptions, imprisonments, trials, and banishments of 1792 were brought to our recollections by the similarity of our situation to those of the sufferers of that period. It seemed as if the sun of freedom were gone down, and a rayless expanse of oppression had finally closed over us. Cobbett, in terror of imprisonment, had fled to America,'—vol. i. pp. 44.

and Mr. Bamford and Dr. Healey thought it as well to flee also —though not so far as to America. What the immediate cause of their alarm was we are not told—but they fled to the moorlands. We must give the portraits of the friends as they started on this expedition:—

'Doctor Healey was about five feet six in height; thirty two or three years of age; with rather good features; small light grey eyes; darker whiskers and hair; with a curl on his forehead, of which he was remarkably proud. He was well set in body, but light of limb; his knees had an uncommonly supple motion, which gave them an appearance of weakness. He had an assured look; and in walking, especially when with a little "too much wind in the sheet," he turned his toes inward, and carried an air of bravado which was richly grotesque. In disposition he was, until afterwards corrupted, generous and confiding; credulous, proud of his person and acquirements. . . . .

'His

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'His hat was somewhat napless, with sundry dinges on the crown, and upsettings and downflappings of the brim, which showed it to have tupped against harder substances than itself, as well as to have seen much "winter and rough weather." He wore a long drab top-coat which, from its present appearance, might never have gone through the process of perching. His under-coat was of dark uncut fustian, which by his almost incessant occupation in "the laboratory," preparing ointments, salves, and lotions, had become smooth and shining as a duck's wing, and almost as impervious to wet; his hamsters were similar in material and condition to his coat, whilst his legs were encased in top-boots, no worse for wear, except perhaps a leaky seam or two and a cracked upper leather. . . . .

'But, the reader may say, we have only one of the travellers here; why does not the author furnish a portrait of the other? Behold him then. A young man twenty-nine years of age; five feet ten inches in height; with long well-formed limbs, short body, very upright carriage, free motion, and active and lithe, rather than strong. His hair is of a deep dun colour, coarse, straight, and flaky; his complexion a swarthy pale; his eyes grey, lively, and observant; his features strongly defined and irregular, like a mass of rough and smooth matters, which, having been thrown into a heap, had found their own subsidence, and presented, as it were by accident, a profile of rude good-nature, with some intelligence. His mouth is small; his lips a little prominent; his teeth white and well set; his nose rather snubby; his cheeks somewhat high; and his forehead deep and rather heavy above the eyes. His hat is not quite so broken, but quite as well worn, as the doctor's; his coat of brown cloth, as yet unpatched, but wanting soon to be; his waistcoat of lighter colour, bare and decent; his hamsters of dark kerseymere, grey at the knees; and his stockings of lamb's wool, with some neat darning above the quarters of his strong nailed shoes. Such, reader, was the personal appearance of him who now endeavours to amuse thee.'—vol. i. p. 49–51.

They spent two or three weeks, apparently, in rambling from one wild retreat to another—sometimes hospitably sheltered by old friends and relations of the doctor's, one of whom was a quarrier, but kept also a mountain hostelrie—more frequently, however, among very rough companions, habitual poachers and smugglers. When the alarm had subsided, or their small stock of money was exhausted, they at last ventured back to the world of weavers and reformers: and we must allow Mr. Bamford to paint his own return to Middleton.

'Come in!—A glimmer shows that the place is inhabited; that the nest has not been rifled whilst the old bird was away. Now shalt thou see what a miser a poor man can be in his heart's treasury. A second door opens, and a flash of light shows we are in a weaving-room, clean and flagged, and in which are two looms with silken work of green and gold. A young woman of short stature, fair, round, and fresh as Hebe—with light brown hair escaping in ringlets from the sides

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sides of her clean cap, and with a thoughtful and meditative look—sits darning beside a good fire, which sheds warmth upon the clean swept hearth, and gives light throughout the room, or rather cell. A fine little girl, seven years of age, with a sensible and affectionate expression of countenance, is reading in a low tone to her mother:—"And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted."

'Observe the room and its furniture. A humble but cleanly bed screened by a dark old-fashioned curtain, stands on our left. At the foot of the bed is a window closed from the looks of all street passers. Next are some chairs, and a round table of mahogany; then another chair, and next it a long table, scoured very white. Above that is a looking-glass, with a picture on each side of the resurrection and ascension on glass, "copied from Rubens." A well stocked shelf of crockery-ware is the next object, and in a nook near it are a black oak carved chair or two, with a curious desk, or box to match; and lastly, above the fire-place, are hung a rusty basket-hilted sword, an old fusee, and a leathern cap. Such are the appearance and furniture of that humble abode.—But my wife!

"She look'd; she redden'd like the rose;
Syne, pale as ony lily."

Ah! did they hear the throb of my heart, when they sprung to embrace me—my little love-child to my knees, and my wife to my bosom?—

'Such were the treasures I had hoarded in that lowly cell. Treasures that, with contentment, would have made into a palace

"the lowliest shed
That ever rose on England's plain."

They had been at prayers, and were reading the Testament before retiring to rest. And now, as they a hundred times caressed me, they found that indeed "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."'

Notwithstanding one touch of bravado—a most uncalled for one—it is impossible not to be pleased with this little *interior*: but what a contrast to the scenes amidst which its soft light breaks upon us.

In the middle of that same night Mr. Bamford was awakened by a knocking at his door, and a person in disguise entered, who turned out to be an intimate brother reformer, one who had been co-delegate with him in the recent embassy to London. This friend came to communicate and consult upon a new scheme of violence; but Bamford at once, he says, condemned it as atrocious, and intimated a strong suspicion that some 'government spy' must be at the bottom of the suggestion. To this last notion, he tells us, he still adheres; but we own we see no reason to agree with him, for Mr. Bamford details, as thus opened to him in the spring

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spring of 1816, a plot precisely the same with that which was carried to the edge of execution exactly four years later by Thistlewood and his Cato-street gang. A dozen steady men were, in short, to proceed to London, and commence a general revolution by the murder of the Ministers at a Cabinet dinner. However, Mr. Bamford says he protested without a pause against this scheme of assassination, and intimates that he would have revealed it to some person in authority, but for his dread of compromising friends who had put their confidence in him. Fully believing that he rejected the bloody proposal we are not however much surprised —seeing of what stuff his associates were made, and not finding the motive of his own moorland excursion clearly explained—that he should shortly afterwards have incurred such grave suspicion as caused his arrest. He was instantly conveyed to London, in company with Dr. Healey, an Irishman by name O'Connor, and four or five other leading members of the 'botanical society,' there to be examined before the Privy Council, on a charge of High Treason; and we apprehend that if his knowledge and concealment, first of the 'Moscow Scheme,' and then of the 'Assassination Project,' had been brought home to him, the consequences must have been serious. As things stood, he appears to have all along felt quite satisfied that his arrest was a mistake, and could have no dangerous result—and thus at ease for himself, Mr. Bamford placed his talents at the service of his friends, whose case seemed to themselves and to him considerably more hazardous. He describes his exertions in preparing the party for their examination—concocting the minutest details of the 'one story'—a fictitious story to wit—that was to be told and stuck to by the Botanists—and in effect claims the chief merit of the ultimate escape of the whole detachment.

He does justice to the authorities, high and low, on this occasion; and we remark in particular the very great respect with which he always treats the then Secretary for the home department, one of the firmest and humanest of men, Lord Sidmouth. Some of his sketches of the scenes with the Privy Council are amusing enough: for example—

'On the doctor being asked how he spelled his surname? he answered in broad Lancashire—"haitch, hay, haa, l, hay, y:" (H, e, a, l, e, y,) but the pronunciation of the e, and a, being different in London, there was some boggling about reducing the name to writing, and a pen and paper were handed to him. The doctor knew that his *forte* lay not in feats of penmanship any more than in spelling; and to obviate any small embarrassment on that account, he pulled out an old pocket-book, and took from it one of his prescription labels, on which the figures of a pestle and mortar were imposed from a rudely engraved plate; and these words, "JOSEPH HEALEY, SURGEON, MIDDLETON. PLASE TAKE —— TABLE

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—— TABLE SPOONFULS OF THIS MIXTURE EACH —— HOURS." This he handed to Lord Sidmouth, who, as may be supposed, received it graciously, looked it carefully over, smiled, and read it again; and passed it round the council table. Presently they were all tittering, and the doctor stood quite delighted at finding them such a set of merry gentlemen. The fact was, the first blank had been originally filled with a figure of two: "Plase take 2 Table Spoonfuls," &c.; but some mischievous wag had inserted two cyphers after the figure, and made it read "200 Table Spoonfuls of this mixture each 2 hours." However it was, the doctor certainly imbibed a favourable opinion of the council.'—vol. i. p. 108, 109.

Mr. Bamford was not liberated until after some days' detention in Coldbath-fields; but he dwells on his abode there as on the whole a pleasant interval of repose and good fare, and, be it added, of good resolutions. One night, he says, while his fellows were asleep, 'dreaming perhaps of the scaffold and the block,' he fell into a meditative mood, lived over all his past life, and formed and vowed a solemn resolution never more, if once set free, to meddle with political meetings and machinations. He made up his mind, he says, to what has now become his settled faith, viz.,

'That the industrious and poor man best serves his country by doing his duty to his family at home.—That he best amends his country by giving it good children; and if he have not any, by setting a good example himself.—That he best governs by obeying the laws; and by ruling in love and mercy his own little kingdom at home.—That his best reform is that which corrects irregularities on his own hearth.—That his best meetings are those with his own family, by his own fireside.—That his best resolutions are those which he carries into effect for his own amendment, and that of his household.—That his best speeches are those which promote "Peace on earth, and good-will towards mankind."—That his best petitions are those of a contrite heart, addressed to THE KING OF HEAVEN, by whom "they will not be despised;" and those to the governors of the earth, for the peaceable obtainment of ameliorations for his brother man.—And, that his best means for such obtainment is the cultivation of good feelings in the hearts, and of good sense in the heads of those around him.—That his best riches is contentment.—That his best love is that which comforts his family.—That his best instruction is that which humanizes and ennobles their hearts.—And, that his best religion is that which leads to "Do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God."—Would he triumph? let him learn to endure.—Would he be a hero? let him subdue himself.—Would he govern? let him first obey.'—vol. i. p. 112.

He was finally dismissed on the 29th of April, with a kind warning from Lord Sidmouth, and having entered into recognizances of the usual sort, resumed his industry at Middleton; but the

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the salutary impression was not as yet deep enough to be lasting.

'I now went to work, my wife weaving beside me, and my little girl, now become doubly dear, attending school or going short errands for her mother. Why was I not content?—why was not my soul filled and thankful?—what would I more?—what could mortal enjoy beyond a sufficiency to satisfy hunger and thirst,—apparel, to make him warm and decent,—a home for shelter and repose,—and the society of those he loved? All these I had, and still was craving,—craving for something for "the nation,"—for some good for every person—forgetting all the time to appreciate and to husband the blessings I had on every side around me; and, like some honest enthusiasts of the present day, supervising the affairs of the nation to the great neglect of my own,—of my

"Hours more dear than drops of gold."

But it was not with us then as it is now; and we have that excuse to plead. We had none to direct or oppose us, except a strong-handed government, whose politics were as much hated as their power was dreaded. We had not any of our own rank with whom to advise for the better,—no man of other days who had gone through the ordeal of experience; and whose judgment might have directed our self-devotion, and have instructed us that before the reform we sought could be obtained and profited by, there must be another—a deeper reform—emerging from our hearts, and first blessing our households, by the production of every good we could possibly accomplish in our humble spheres,—informing us also, and confirming it by all history, that governments might change from the despotic to the anarchical, when, as surely as death, would come the despotic again; and that no redemption for the masses could exist, save one that should arise from their own knowledge and virtue,—that king-tyranny and mob-tyranny (the worst of all) might alternately bear sway; and that no barrier could be interposed, save the self-knowledge and self-control of a reformed people.

'But, as I said, we had none such to advise. Our worthy old Major was to us a political reformer only; not a moral one. His counsels were good so far as they went, but they did not go to the root-end of radicalism. He seemed to have forgotten in the simplicity of a guileless heart, good old man as he was, that the people themselves wanted reforming,—that they were ignorant, and corrupt; and that the source must be purified before a pure and free government could be maintained.

'In the absence, therefore, of such wholesome monition,—in the ardour, also, and levity of youth,—and impelled by a sincere and disinterested wish to deserve the gratitude of my working fellow-countrymen; it is scarcely to be wondered at that I soon forgot whatever merely prudential reflections my better sense had whispered to me whilst in durance; and that with a strong, though discreetly tempered zeal, I determined to go forward in the cause of parliamentary reform.

'And so, as it were, like another Crusoe, I lay with my little boat in still water, waiting for the first breeze to carry me again to the billows.'
—vol. i. pp. 153, 154.

We

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We may pass over the rest of 1816 and the two following years very rapidly. Mr. Bamford appears to have during that period kept aloof from 'secret meetings,' and he condemns as well as laments the different conduct of not a few of his friends, who were mixed up more or less with plots and risings in Derbyshire and elsewhere, and two or three of whom forfeited their lives in consequence. But during this, as he says, prudent and tranquil interval, was he really without participation in the guilt for which others were thus punished? We cannot accept Mr. Bamford's self-eulogies. He had from the first been 'the Lancashire Poet:' nor, though abstaining from 'meetings' during the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, did he think it at all necessary to abstain from the worship of his inflammatory muse. It was at this time, he tells us, that he produced what seems to have been a very famous piece, 'The Lancashire Hymn'—he refers to it often as one of the prime glories of his career, and exults now in repeating stanzas which no doubt stimulated less studious reformers to deeds that realised at last their 'agonising visions of the scaffold and the block.' This Hymn, he says, was 'originally intended for being sung to one of the finest of trumpet-strains, at a meeting at Middleton of perhaps 2000 people'—at which meeting, we presume, Mr. Bamford had no intention of being present!—

'Great God, who did of old inspire
The patriot's ardent heart,
And fill'd him with a warm desire
To die, or do his part;
Oh! let our shouts be heard by Thee,
Genius great of liberty!

When fell oppression o'er the land
Hung like a darksome day;
And, crush'd beneath a tyrant's hand,
The groaning people lay;
The patriot band, impell'd by Thee,
Nobly strove for liberty.

And shall we tamely now forego
The rights for which they bled—
And crouch beneath a minion's blow,
And basely bow the head?
Ah! no; it cannot, cannot be;
Death for us, or liberty!

Have we not heard the infant's cry,
And mark'd the mother's tear—
That look, which told us mournfully
That woe and want were there?
And shall they ever weep again—
And shall their pleadings be in vain?

By the dear blood of Hampden, shed
In freedom's noble strife!
By gallant Sydney's gory head!
By all that's dear to life!
They shall not supplicate in vain;
No longer will we bear the chain.

Souls of our mighty sires! behold
This band of brothers join.
Oh; never, never be it told,
That we disgrace your line;
If England wills the glorious deed,
We 'll have another Runnimede.'

The patriotic poet adds—

'Methinks I now observe my elderly reader first secure his spectacles, and then shaking his head, say, "Ah! he is wide at sea again; with a strong mast, a heavy sail, and not so much as the breadth of a duck's foot for oar or rudder,—What next?—Doth he founder head down, or again break ashore?"—Let us see.'—vol. i. p. 167.

Mr. Bamford was at length called into action by the appearance of Orator Hunt in Lancashire.

'Thou

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'Thou raised'st thy voice, and the people awaking,
Beheld the foul source of corruption displayed;
And, loyal stupidity quickly forsaking,
They found themselves plunder'd, oppressed, and betrayed;
Then, loud as the storm in its fury out-rushing,
The shouts of the thousands for freedom arose;
And liberty only shall soothe them to hushing,
And liberty only shall lull to repose.

'Such were the sentiments with which Henry Hunt was received at Manchester, in January, 1819.'—vol. i. p. 169.

From that time the plan of a 'monster meeting,' to take placé in summer, was the one great subject of discussion—and of diligent preparation there was no lack. Mr. Bamford's blood was effectually stirred; and no man, by his own account, was so indefatigable in the drillings and trainings of the Middleton district. He alludes to the advantage they derived from the zealous superintendence of a few retired soldiers. Perhaps his brief early experience on board a man-of-war—(of which his language often reminds the reader)—may have given additional value to the exertions of the 'Middleton Captain.'

We are under no temptation to dwell on the Peterloo chapters of this biography. Mr. Bamford asserts and maintains that the drillings, flags of 'Universal Suffrage or Death,' &c., were all harmless in intention, and considers the forcible dispersion of the mighty host of (according to radical authorities) 100,000 or 130,000 reformers on the 16th of August as the most heinous outrage against Liberty recorded in our nation's history. For our own view of the whole unhappy affair we refer to an article in our 22nd volume (pp. 493 &c.)—in the course of which a contemporary 'petition' by Mr. Bamford is more than once quoted.

He had taken too prominent a share in the business to escape the attention of the police. About ten days afterwards he was once more arrested at midnight—and conveyed to Manchester Jail. We cannot but pause for a moment over his very striking salutation of those precincts.

'Reader! hath it ever been thy fortune, or misfortune, to pass from Bridge-street in Manchester to New Bailey-street in Salford? Hath business, or pleasure, or curiosity, or charity towards an afflicted prisoner, or mercy, or a yearning love for some of thine own in trouble, or interest, or duty, ever led thee that way? If so, thou hast passed a very plain bridge, with high parapets of a dull red stone, and spanning, with two arches, a rather broad stream, which here flows torpid, black, and deep, betwixt the said towns. Venice hath her "Bridge of Sighs;" Manchester its "Bridge of Tears;" and this is it.

'Who, that recurs to recollections during forty years, and cannot enumerate

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merate tragedies enacted hereabouts, and calamities witnessed, which have called forth tears enow to have washed these channels with their stream? Do not we still hear, as it were, the appalling cry, when, during a great flood, a scaffold, on which nine human beings stood, broke down, and they were swept away, whilst hundreds of their fellow-townsmen and relatives stretched forth their hands, and implored God and man to save them, but in vain? Who hath so soon forgotten the thirty-four fine fellows, who perished at the launch of a boat? and that still hears not the shout of horror which arose off this bridge at the dreadful sight? the heart-broken moans of wives and children, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, as they came, distracted and weeping, to bestow an embrace which could not be returned?

'And thou, too, poor and beautiful, and innocent Lavinia Robinson—what heart but responds to thy affliction! It was midnight, and there came a deep moan, that told of grief not to be comforted—of a wounded spirit which could not be borne. Soft, but hasty footsteps approached—and, again, tones were heard almost too plaintive for human woe. Then there was a pause, and a plunge, and a choking, bubbling scream—and all was silent around that Bridge of Tears!

'How many hundreds of human beings have crossed this bridge, conscious they were never to return? What strings of victims have been dragged over it?—some in the serenity of innocence, some in the consciousness of habitual guilt, and others in a bowed and contrite spirit; but each followed by weeping friends, who still loved, when all the world besides was hostile or indifferent to their fate! . . .

'And now a sad spectacle occurs to my recollection. It was a fine sunny forenoon, and the church bells were tolling funereally, and Bridge-street was so crowded, that you might have walked on human heads. All eyes were turned towards this Bridge of Tears, and what came there? Ah! men on horseback, with scarlet liveries, and white wands; and trumpeters richly invested, who sent forth a note of wail that might have won pity from a heart of stone. Next came halberdiers, and javelin-men; and then a horseman of lofty, but gentle bearing, who, as he rode, turned, and cast a kind look towards one who followed, sitting high in a chair of shame, placed in a cart. And who is he? that youth so heart-broken and hopeless, that draws tears from all eyes? at whose approach all heads are bared, all expressions are hushed, save sobs and prayers? For though he was but "a poor Irish lad," they said "he was very comely," and "it was a great pity," and "hard that he could not be spared," and then, "might God support and comfort him!" High he sate, with his back to the horses, his whole person exposed, his feet and well-formed limbs being incased in white trowsers, stockings, and pumps, as if he were going to a bridal. His vest also was light coloured, and a short jacket displayed his square and elegant bust; his shirt was open at the collar, and his brown hair was parted gracefully on his forehead, and hung upon his shoulders. Despair, and grief beyond utterance, were stamped on his countenance, mingled with a resignation which said, "Father, not my will, but thine be done. Receive my spirit." He seemed faint at times, and his colour changed, and he tasted an orange, listening anon to the consolations of religion.

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religion. Tears would gush down his cheeks, and as he stooped to wipe them with his handkerchief he was somewhat withheld by the cords which bound him to that seat of shame. A coffin, a ladder, and a rope, were in the cart below him; whilst by his side walked a dogged-looking fellow, whose eyes were perhaps the only ones unmoistened that day. This was, indeed, a passage of tears; and a day of sadness, and of contemplation on the mysteries of life and death; with the consolement, at last, that now "his troubles were ended," and "all tears were wiped from his eyes."

'Such was the spectacle of that "poor Irish lad," George Russel, who was hanged on Newton Heath for—stealing a piece of fustian! or, as the old ballad had it—

'"To rob the croft
I did intend,
Of Master Sharrock's
At Mill-gate end."

'Far be it from my wish, friend reader, to palliate wrong of any degree; but let us hope, and, if necessary, entreat, that all waste of life, like this, may have now passed for ever from England.'—vol. i. pp. 87-90.

From the scene of these rueful associations Bamford was transferred next day to Lancaster Castle—where he remained for some space in durance, in company with Mr. Hunt, Dr. Healey, and eight others; but it was finally determined that their trial should take place at York, in the spring; and they were set free on bail during the interval, Sir Charles Wolseley being surety for the Lancashire poet. He had been introduced to that gentleman shortly before by Mr. Peter Finnerty, who then managed the Lancashire correspondence of the Morning Chronicle, and who had found Bamford useful in supplying him with notes of proceedings before magistrates, when the regular reporters were excluded. 'Such,' says Mr. Bamford, 'was my first connexion with the newspaper press:' —how much or how little he has been connected with it in the sequel we are not informed. Sir Charles invited Mr. Finnerty and his humbler coadjutor to pay him a visit at Wolseley Hall, and they did so immediately after the liberation from Lancaster. It was the baronet's hope that Bamford, of whom he had formed a high opinion, might henceforth be regularly employed by the Morning Chronicle; and it had been arranged that, instead of returning at once to Middleton, he should make a tentative excursion to London under Peter's wing.

'I went over to the hall, and found Finnerty quite comfortably domiciled. Lady Wolseley was in the straw up stairs, so that Sir Charles had much of his own way below. Friend Finnerty, now that he had the run of a splendid suite of apartments, attendance of servants, and all hospitalities, was also somewhat changed in his manner. His place was

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in the parlour with Sir Charles; mine in the housekeeper's room, with the occasional company of that amiable, respectable, and well-informed lady. I dined with her in the servants' hall, and took my other meals in her apartment, in company with her, the lady's maid, a joking, smiling, and modest young girl, and a Monsieur something, the French cook. I lived pretty agreeably amongst my kind-hearted new acquaintances, yet, at times, I could not prevent gloomy sensations from pressing on my mind. Finnerty had become quite *condescending*, for which I could not prevail on myself to feel thankful. Sir Charles was always kind and affable, without pretension; but still I could not but feel that in his house I was only a very humble guest. I had read how "an Ayrshire ploughman" had once been deemed good company for a Scottish duchess; but I found that the barriers of English rank were not to be moved by "a Lancashire weaver," though he could say, "I also am a poet," and, quite as much as the Scottish bard, a patriot also. I lodged at the inn; and often on mornings would I stroll out solitarily to look at the deer on the moorlands. Those majestic and beautiful animals would toss their proud antlers—gaze a moment in surprise, as if they also knew I was a stranger.

'At length the glad morning came, when an end was to be put to this. I was to go with Finnerty to London, with a gig and horse which Charles Pearson had left at Stafford, I think, on his way down to Lancashire. Sir Charles made me a present of two pounds; Finnerty took the whip, and, bidding good morn to our worthy host, we drove slowly from Wolseley Hall.'—vol. ii. p. 29.

The gig journey is given at some length. Peter Finnerty, pink of philanthropy, was so savage in his treatment of the lent steed, that the poet often walked for miles in the mud rather than witness it; nor was he soothed by the great man's demeanour towards himself. 'I soon found,' says our Lancashire *Burns*, 'that he wished me to be a useful companion on the road—that is, a kind of half-cad and half-comrade.'

'At Lichfield, Finnerty spent an hour in looking at the cathedral, whilst I looked after the mare at the inn. At Birmingham, which we reached tardily, we dined, gave the mare a good feed, and, after resting two hours, my friend, unexpectedly by me, gave the word to proceed;—and, with reluctance on my part, for I thought the beast had done enough for that day, we went on to some road-side inn, about nine miles further, where we got down, and the jaded thing was released and put into a warm stable. On looking over the luggage, it was discovered that a new silk umbrella, which Finnerty had bought at Manchester, was missing. He went into a passion, and stormed with all the wordiness and gesticulation for which his countrymen are remarkable; whilst I, sometimes provoked, sometimes amused, sat coolly and smoked a pipe until supper was ready. He laid all the blame on me: he expected I would have seen that the luggage was safe; he had trusted all to me, and was thus disappointed, like a fool as he was, for troubling himself about other people's welfare. He was sure it had been left at Birmingham, and it was my neglect in not

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not putting it in the gig; and then again he repeated what it had cost him—two pounds, I think. . . . . .

'On entering Oxford I was struck by the noble and venerable appearance of many of its buildings, which I concluded, in my own mind, must be its churches and colleges. The streets were occupied by a numerous and very respectable-looking population; and I was not long in descrying, by the peculiarity of their dress, some of those fortunate and ingenious youths who, "born with silver spoons in their mouths," are, as we are taught to believe, "designed by a wise providence," and are certainly permitted by a wise people (?) to spoon up the riches and superfluities, which else would, by their very grossness, render said people dull of intellect, and sluggish in action; and yet I didn't think the young fellows looked like "spoonies."'—vol. ii. p. 34.

At Oxford Mr. Finnerty found a pretty young lady waiting for him—and in her presence the umbrella was again handled in a style so intolerable to Mr. Bamford, that he took his leave of the pair abruptly, and set off, late in the evening, to walk the rest of the way to London *solus*. Night overtakes him before he has got beyond Nuneham—and he seeks the shelter of a public-house on the way-side, where, among a group of village carousers, he finds a warm reception.

'Whilst we were chattering and enjoying ourselves comfortably with our pipes, some young fellows came into the next room, and called for ale. They were in high glee, and from their conversation, which we could not but hear, we learned that there had been a kind of battle-royal in the village, betwixt some of the lads of the place, and a party of collegians, and that the latter, after fighting bravely, which they allowed them the merit of generally doing, had been soundly thrashed, and compelled to retreat. Some inquiries, on my part, elicited an opinion from the company as to the general conduct of the young gentlemen at college; and it certainly, like all other human emanations, had its dark side as well as its bright one, only rather more of the former than should be expected, considering they were to become exemplars to, and directors of, others.

'They were represented as courageous fighters, generous remunerators, and profuse spenders; all of which most of the company allowed were good English gentlemanly qualities; but then, in their intercourse with those not of their class, they were represented as being arrogant, wilful, and capricious; and too prone to lay on hard, when they got the upper hand.

'It was not to be wondered at, said an elderly person who sat on the other side of the room—it was not the young gentlemen's fault, but the fault of their "Pa's" and "Ma's" at home, and of the institutions of the country. If Will was schooled to be an officer in the army, would he not begin by trying to domineer over, and command all who would submit to him? If Dick was to have his father's broad acres, how could he better prepare for the enjoyment of them, as things went, than by learning to drink, gamble, and box; by picking up stable-slang; and

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becoming a connoisseur in "dogs, horse-flesh, and women?" as they had it—and by an early imitation of that reckless self-willedness which he had seen practised by his class at home. If James is for the church, should he not learn to be combative when a boy; inasmuch as he would have to contend against "the world, the flesh," and—another antagonist; and in favour of tithes, preferments, and fat livings? And if Jack was preparing for the navy, what so natural as that he should practise with a bamboo, instead of a rope's-end, on the heads and shoulders of the King's subjects? Great folks, he said, sent their sons to college, and they came there tainted with the vices of their order, and the follies of their parents: they were here planted thick together like young trees; the rank and worthless dragged the others up; the vicious overshadowed the virtuous, and when they had become noxious or morally withered, they went back into the world, as their fathers had done, to prepare a new race to succeed them. All allowed that the elderly gentleman's remarks were about the fact; I begged leave to drink his health, the company followed my example, and the conversation then becoming general, and chiefly on rural affairs, I went to bed.'—vol. ii. pp. 37, 38.

That lost umbrella, it turns out, had not merely interrupted, but for ever destroyed, the friendship between Finnerty and the Lancashire poet. When he called at Peter's house in the suburbs of London, a few days afterwards, his reception was this:—

'He seemed, I thought, very mysterious and embarrassed in his manner; did not ask me to sit down, or take anything, but at last said, "Would you like a walk round the square, Bamford?" I, thinking he wished for more private conversation, said I would; and we went out, and walked round a large square hollow, like to those laid down for the foundations of houses, with a fence of deal boards all around. We paced once round this place, chatting about indifferent matters, I expecting him to introduce my business with the Morning Chronicle; and at last, on my mentioning it, he did say he had not been able to see Mr. Perry yet. We had then arrived at the angle from whence we set out, and were opposite his own door, when giving me his hand, he said, "Good morning, Bamford; I shall be seeing you in town some of these days;" and with that he went into the house, and shut the door. I was mute with astonishment: my first impulse was to send the pannel in with my foot; but then, I thought, neither the door nor its owner had done me harm, and at last consoling myself with the reflection that it was no place for a worthy honest man, and that I was better out of it than within it, I went away.'—vol. ii. pp. 45, 46.

We hear no more of Peter. Nor did Mr. Hunt give himself much trouble about his partner in misfortune. The 'great man' presented him to his Aspasia, a 'Mrs. V.'—'originally one of the finest of her species'—entertained him once or twice at breakfast, when, instead of tea or coffee, the famous decoction of 'roasted corn' was produced, not at all to the weaver-poet's contentment—and gave him a letter of introduction to 'that worthy gentleman

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gentleman and scholar, Sir Richard Phillips,' with a view to a metropolitan publication of the Lancashire Hymn and other lyrics, already celebrated at Middleton: but no pecuniary assistance was forthcoming. Neither did he obtain any advantage from an application to Mr. Alderman Waithman, 'at that time a dissatisfied, bilious-looking man—mind and manners soured.' There were sundry similar disappointments. At last Mr. Charles Pearson, who, as Hunt's solicitor, had met Bamford at Lancaster, kindly offered him employment in copying papers at his chambers; but a week of this new sort of labour was enough. He felt that to persist would break his health completely—his spirits had already sunk to the verge of despair—and he took to his bed in a nervous fever. A small supply from 'the Manchester Committee' set him on his legs again; and he then made the round of about a dozen publisher's shops, with his bundle of hymns and songs, which found no acceptance in any of these quarters. They 'did not suit' one Mæcenas—another said they were 'out of his line;' even the sympathizing Sir Richard Phillips would not meddle with them—'no volume of poetry could have any chance unless it were something astonishing;' which is, at least, as true in 1844 as it was in 1820. Before he made up his mind to return to Middleton he was advised to state his views concerning the Peterloo meeting, and its results to himself, in the Parliamentary petition already referred to; and 'in connexion with this,' he says, 'occurred an incident, which as it affords a glimpse, as it were, of the outer-court etiquette of the great in London, I will narrate:'—

'Earl Grosvenor was the nobleman selected to present my petition to the House of Lords, and Sir Richard went with me to his mansion. His Lordship was not at home, and we were directed to call on a certain day. It happened that Sir Richard was then engaged, and I went to his Lordship myself. The great burly porter, who wore a rich livery trimmed with gold lace, would scarcely admit me within the door, when he found I had not a letter of introduction. I explained to him my business with his Lordship, but it was of no use, he could not send my message up. A fine table, with pens and paper, was near the window of the hall, and in my simplicity I made a move towards it, saying, I could soon write a note to his Lordship; but he said he could not allow me to write there, it was contrary to orders, and would cost him his place if the other servants saw me. I accordingly bundled out, and went to a tavern, and wrote a note, which I took back; the porter then took the note, and told me to come again in about twenty minutes, or half an hour. It was raining, and I had nowhere to go under cover, save the tavern, so I went there again—not much liking, however, this mode of noble housekeeping—and waited with impatience the time for the interview. I again went; and now the folding-doors were thrown open long before I arrived at

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at the steps—the late surly porter received me with a respectful inclination and a smile, saying my note had been sent up, and his Lordship would see me. He then rang a bell, and a servant appeared, to whom the porter announced my name. The servant asked me to follow him, and he led me into a very grand room, where he left me, saying his Lordship would be with me in a few minutes. I had never seen anything like the richness of this place before—everything seemed almost too sumptuous and too delicate for a human habitation—and to me it seemed a little museum of curious and costly things, arranged but to look at, and not to use. There were mirrors, and pictures, and cushions, and carpets glowing like silk; and delicate hangings, and curtains, as fine as gossamer in summer: then the tables shone like glass, and the chairs with their high cushions trussed up, quite tempted one to sit. Well, I stood looking about me some time, and no one appeared; and at last I thought, "I 'll sit down at any rate; if his Lordship should come in, he cannot be so greatly offended at one taking a seat in his house." So I sat down, and was quite surprised—I almost sunk to my elbows in the soft downy cushion, and immediately jumped up again, thinking those seats could never really be meant for human bones to rest upon—and I would not for the world have been taken by his Lordship, sitting there, with the cushion up to my elbows, like a puff of soap suds. I began to make the thing right again, and was so busied, when I heard a slight creaking noise; immediately I resumed my posture of attention, and a tall, gentlemanly-looking person, forty or forty-five years of age, dressed in a blue coat with yellow buttons, undoubtedly of gold, entered and accosted me in a very courteous and affable manner, and immediately entered upon the business of my petition. I addressed him as "my Lord," which indeed he was, and told him somewhat about the subject of my petition, which I now showed him, and requested he would be so kind as present for me to the House of Lords. He looked at it a few minutes, and said he would present it. He then questioned me about the state of the country, and particularly of my own neighbourhood, to each of which I gave him brief and true answers, according to the best of my ability. He then questioned me about our new rector, at Middleton, the Rev. John Haughton; and as I was bound in truth, though not at the time over-partial to him, I gave his Lordship a fair and honourable account of the worthy clergyman, whereat he seemed much pleased; soon after I made my final bow, and was myself bowed out by the porter; and so I took my leave of that grand mansion and its immensely rich owner.'—vol. ii. pp. 42-44.

Mr. Bamford's petition having been duly presented and disposed of, he returned to Middleton, to prepare for the great trial at York. He and several of the other poor prisoners were without counsel; and though Hunt condescended to take plenty of assistance in private, he was too wise a man not to act as his own advocate in the court—over which Mr. Justice Bayley presided, Mr. Scarlett (then a leading Whig as well as leader of the Northern Circuit) conducting the case on the part of the Crown.

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We shall not re-enter on the serious part of the business; but some of Mr. Bamford's minor details are not to be passed over:—

'Every night Hunt retired with his friends, discussing the occurrences of the day, and preparing for the next; consequently, he came into court ready at all points, and, like a loaded gun, he only required a sudden impulse to make a grand discharge. Under these circumstances, it was no wonder that he performed so well; that he appeared to be so greatly talented, whilst his co-defendants had not credit for the talent which some of them really possessed. This was just the position which Hunt wished himself and us to occupy. He would be all in all; and he could not endure that the humblest of us should come betwixt the public and himself; that the smallest shadow should intercept one ray of his luminous presence. This intense selfishness was constantly displayed in all his actions. I saw it and was astonished; I could not account for it except by condemning him; and that was not to be thought of; though the facts came oozing out like water-drops, I could not harbour an unkind thought of our leader: "it was his way;" "it was the way of great folks;" "it was perhaps necessary that he should do so and so."

'Healey was one of the five defendants who had a seat at the barristers' table. On the second day, Mr. Scarlet had a smelling-bottle which he frequently used, and then laid on the table before him. Our friend the Doctor was seated nearly opposite to the learned gentleman; and I observed him once or twice cast very desirous looks towards the phial whilst the barrister was using it. Mr. Scarlet, however, did not, or affected not to notice our surgical friend, and at last, the patience of the latter being tried beyond control, he leaned across the table and very respectfully solicited the loan of the bottle, which was readily granted: "Oh yes, Doctor! by all means," said Mr. Scarlet, politely handing it to him, who immediately applied it to his nose, and evinced its pungency by very zestful sneezing, which obliged him to apply his handkerchief to his eyes. Of course there was some tittering around the table, and Mr. Scarlet was declared to have "taken the Doctor fairly by the nose." Hunt laughed till his eyes were brimful, whilst Healey sat quite unconscious and serious. Soon after the bottle was returned with compliments, and the trial claimed our attention. On the third day Mr. Scarlet did not bring the smelling-bottle, and the Doctor seemed disappointed. On the fourth day the Doctor lugged a long square smelling-bottle out of his pocket and laid it down before him. Mr. Scarlet took no notice. The Doctor smelled and laid it down. Mr. Scarlet took no notice. The Doctor smelled again. Mr. Scarlet did not see him. At length, determined not to be out-done in generosity, the Doctor thrust it towards Mr. Scarlet with a bow, and a request that he would use it. Mr. Scarlet coloured, but he good-humouredly took the phial, and, having smelled, he politely returned it with thanks, which the Doctor as politely acknowledged: the same ceremony was repeated once, if not oftener afterwards, and the Doctor then, perfectly satisfied, gave up the farce.'

'It became apparent towards the noon of Monday, the fourth day of the trial, that the prosecutors were about to close their case, and that the defence

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defence must be commenced on the afternoon of that day. Whilst we were talking of the matter, Hunt said, "Bamford, you will be called on to address the court the first of all the defendants." I said I thought that scarcely probable, as we should most likely be called in the order in which our names stood in the indictment. Hunt said he knew that was contemplated by the opposing counsel, and particularly by Mr. Scarlet, who wanted to bring him out in the evening when he was exhausted, the court wearied, and the public satiated and listless. But—with an oath—he said he was not to be taken aback that way; he was too old a bird to be caught by such a manœuvre. "Now, Bamford, by ——," he said, "I 'll tell you what you must do if called this afternoon." "Well, what should I do?" I inquired. "You must talk against time." "Talk against time!—what 's that?" "You must keep possession of the court an hour and a half," he said; "you must talk to put on time, in order to prevent them from calling on me, under any circumstances, to-night. I know well that is what Scarlet is aiming at, and we must play our game so as to put it beyond his power." "But I am not prepared with matter for an hour and a half's speech—I should break down if I attempted it." "Don't mind that—don't mind anything—only keep on." "I should make myself look like a fool; and they would be laughing at me, and stopping me."—"Pshaw! and suppose they did, you could listen, and, when they had done, begin again."—"But I should not know what to say."—"Say! say anything—the d——est nonsense in the world: never mind what you say—only keep on until they cannot call me to-day." Something like a glimmer of the naked truth flashed across my reluctant mind; and I replied, "No, Mr. Hunt, I will not do as you desire; I will not exhibit myself before this court as a fool; I will speak as long as I can speak to the purpose, and with common sense. I would speak until dark if that would serve you, and I was prepared for the task; but I am not, and I won't make myself ridiculous." "Very well," said Hunt, and looked another way, quite cool and distant.'—vol. ii. pp. 75-77.

Bamford acquitted himself well. Mr. Scarlett complimented him, in his reply, on the talent he had exhibited, and also on the respectful manner of his defence. The jury, however, had not the slightest difficulty in finding all the prisoners guilty of a seditious misdemeanour; and they were ordered to renew their recognizances, and appear before the Court of King's Bench in London on the first day of next term, to receive judgment.

Poor Bamford had naturally expected that the well-drilled Middleton patriots would supply their laureate and leader with funds for this trip to London—but he was disappointed. The contributions amounted in all to *one shilling*:—

'I took my way down Middleton and towards Manchester. I could not but reflect that when I went that way on the 16th of August, there were ten thousand with me ready to shout, sing, or do whatever I requested; now, as if they were afraid I should want something from them, not a soul came forth to say, "God be with you." One or two whom

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whom I saw on the road did, as they passed, ask if I was "going off," to which I replied by a nod. The words stuck in my throat; I was ashamed both for myself and them; ashamed of my past folly, and of their present faithlessness. Reader, that shilling was the only Middleton coin which I had in my pocket when I started for London to receive judgment. So much for the shouting, huzzaing, and empty applause of multitudes. A young aspirant to public notoriety may be excused if he feel a little tickled with the shouts of adulation; but whenever I see a grey-headed orator courting such acclamations, I set him down as being a very shallow, or a very designing person.'—vol. ii. p. 106.

On this occasion he walked all the way to town, and most agreeable is his description of the journey. For two or three days he travelled in company with a sturdy bricksetter and his very pretty wife, who were bound for her native place, Loughborough. On the last of these days the bricksetter, becoming footsore, accepts a cast in a waggon, and the young woman is left alone with our friend Bamford, who well knew how to shorten the way for his comely and intelligent fellow-pedestrian:—

'We were now in a right farming country, where large stacks, barns, and cattle-sheds were quite common on the road-sides. The roads were broad and in good condition, and there were very often wide slips of good land on each side, apparently much trodden by cattle. Occasionally we came to a neat, homely-looking cottage, with perhaps a large garden, and a potato-ground attached, and with rose-shrubs and honey-bines clustering around the door. These were specimens of our real English homes; there was no mistaking them; in no other country do such exist; and he or she who leaves this land expecting to meet with like homes in foreign ones will be miserably disappointed. In England alone is the term home, with all its domestic comforts and associations, properly understood. May it long continue the home of the brave! and eventually become the home of the really free!—

'There had been some rain a few days before; the Trent had been flooded, and of all the verdant pastures I have ever beheld, none have surpassed the rich, vivid green of the meadows betwixt Shardlow and Kegworth. As the sweet air came across them, cooling one's dewy brows, one almost felt tempted to stop and seek an abiding place in that delicious valley.

'During our walk we had a very agreeable chat: I entered into some particulars of my early life, and into matters always interesting to females —namely, the histories of some tender attachments which I had formed, but which had lapsed, either through my own indifference, or, as I was pleased to suppose, the faithlessness of the objects I loved. This seemed to touch a tender chord in my companion: she was all attention, and when I paused, she put questions which compelled me to resume my narrative. I spoke of the noble and exalted pleasures of true affection, and pictured the sickening pangs of love betrayed, and the unhappiness which must eventually haunt the betrayer, whether man or woman. I repeated some verses of poetry, which heightened the picture; and at last

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last, on looking aside, I found that her cheeks were glistening with tears. She now became more communicative, and informed me that she had somewhat to accuse herself of with respect to a young man, the first indeed whose addresses she had encouraged; that she now often thought she behaved coldly towards him, without any just cause, and that in consequence the lad enlisted, and joined his regiment before his friends knew what had become of him; that she soon afterwards was married, and he was killed in battle. Weeping freely, she added, that at times she accused herself of having been the cause of his death. I consoled her as well as I could, by the reflection that her conduct appeared to have arisen more from youthful carelessness than want of feeling. She said he was an only child, and his mother was still living; and she thought if she could get settled down beside the old woman, it would afford her some consolation to assist her, and be a child to her in her old age. I approved of this with all my heart; and now being at Kegworth, we stepped into a public-house and waited the arrival of the cart, which soon came up; and after a cup or two of ale betwixt John and myself, and a whiff of tobacco, we set forward, and a short journey through a pleasant neighbourhood brought us to Loughborough.

'Nothing would satisfy my fellow-travellers but my accompanying them to the house of the old folks, as they called them. I was not much averse to going with them, especially as I knew that I must stop somewhere in the town all night. I accordingly accompanied them along several streets and turnings, until we were in a humble but decent-looking thoroughfare, when, knocking at a door, the woman in a whisper told me her parents lived there. A tall venerable-looking dame opened the door, and in a moment our female traveller was locked in her arms. A cheerful clear-complexioned old man at the same time got up from his chair and shook John heartily by the hand; and on John mentioning me as a fellow-traveller, he gave me a like frank reception. He then embraced his daughter; and when the first emotions of tenderness were over, we sat down to a very comfortable but homely refection, and the family party became quite cheerful and communicative. Meantime, the news had got abroad amongst the neighbours, several came in, and in a short time we were joined by a fine-looking girl, a younger daughter of the old folks, who had been at work in one of the manufactories. In short, we had a joyful family and neighbourly meeting; liquor was sent for; a young fellow tuned up his fiddle, and the old couple led off a dance, which was followed by others; liquor was brought in abundance, and the hours flew uncounted.

'John and I, and the old man, were seated in a corner smoking and conversing, when I observed the younger sister come in somewhat fluttered. She took the old mother and her sister aside, and by the expression of their countenances, and the motion of her hands, I perceived that something troublesome and mysterious had occurred. In fact, she was explaining to them, as I afterwards learned, that in going to the public-house for more liquor, she had to pass a stage-coach which was stopped, and that, on looking up, she saw a young soldier getting off the coach, with his knapsack slung on one shoulder, and a foraging-

a foraging-cap pulled over his face; but she saw enough to convince her that he was Robert—the same who once courted her sister, and who, they had heard, was killed in battle. This news, as may be imagined, was soon known in the house, and caused a great sensation, particularly amongst the women. We had just learned the cause of their whisperings, when the door opened, and a young fellow, pale, slender, and well-formed, wearing regimentals and an undress cap, with a knapsack properly adjusted, stepped respectfully into the room, and, seeing the old woman, he put out his hand and took hers, and spoke to her affectionately, calling her mother. She gazed a moment on his face, as if incredulous of what she beheld. The company had drawn in a half circle at a distance around them; John, myself, and the old man, kept our seats; the younger sister stood beside her mother, and the married one was on a low seat behind her.

"I scarcely know what to say to you, Robert," said the old woman. "I am glad to see you have escaped death for your mother's sake; but I almost wish you had not called here to-night."

"And why not, mother? my *other* mother"—he said, trying to force a smile. "Why not call at a house where I left friends, and may-hap a little of something more than friendship?"

"Nothing beyond friendship now, Robert," said the mother, endeavouring to appear cool.

"Why, where is Margaret?" he said, "I hope nothing has befallen her?"

"Margaret is your friend," said the old woman; "but she is nothing more now. Yonder sits her husband," pointing to John.

'John advanced towards the young man and took his hand; and, looking towards Margaret, said he believed she had been his wife about two years.

'The soldier trembled, and staggered to a seat.

'Margaret got up and gave her hand to the young soldier, saying she welcomed him home with all the regard of a sister. She was now married, as he had heard, and was about to settle in Loughborough; and if he had never returned, his old mother should not have wanted the tender offices of a child whilst she lived.

"Thank you, Margaret," he said; "that is some consolation; you wouldn't neglect my old mother, I know." He put his hand over his eyes, and burst into tears.

"I would not, Robert," she said; "and if in former times I did not value you, as perhaps you deserved, I was willing to make the only atonement I could, by cheering the drooping years of your supposed childless parent."

"That is very good!" "very fair on both sides!" "very handsome!" said a number of voices. Neither of the interested parties spoke—they were both deeply affected.

'The old woman and youngest daughter then conducted Margaret into another room. The old man shook hands with the soldier, and endeavoured to cheer him. Meantime, information had been conveyed to Robert's mother, and she now entered the room, shaking and leaning

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on a stick. The meeting was most tender; it was such as could only take place betwixt a parent and child equally affectionate. The dancing had at first been given up; a warm substantial supper was in a short time spread on the board; Robert and his mother took some of the refreshment, and then went home; Margaret did not make her appearance. Shortly after supper I was conducted to lodgings at an inn, and spent most of the night in confused dreams of the strange scenes which, like those of a romance, had passed before me.

'The following morning I breakfasted at the old folks', according to promise. I asked not any question, nor did I hear anything further. Margaret's eyes appeared as if she had been weeping. John was attentive to her, and she seemed as if she valued his attentions; but could not entirely cast the weight from her heart. I left the family, to pursue my way, and John accompanied me as far as Quorn, where we parted, and I never saw him afterwards.'—vol. ii. pp. 112-117.

This little Loughborough Episode would have pleased Crabbe; and there is another, in a more comical vein, which might well repay the illustrating graver of George Cruikshank. The whole chapter is most diverting. On reaching London, Bamford renews his attempts on the booksellers. One potentate frankly told him he would rather have a 16th share in a good new cookery book than the copyright out and out of a new Paradise Lost. Another listened more leisurely—and at last said he felt interested and disposed to make a liberal offer—in short, he would run the risk of paper and print, and give the author 'half the profits, if any,' charging merely 'the usual commission.' These technical phrases conveyed to the weaver bard no idea except that some 'artful dodge' was meditated. He stepped eastward, westward, southward, and northward,—but Parson Adams with the portmanteau of Notes on the Supplices and Sermons for the Times, was but a type of the Middleton Tyrtæus. In general the shopman merely looked at him and said, 'Mr. —— was engaged.'

'To be sure, the booksellers were not entirely blameable; my appearance was, no doubt, somewhat against me. My clothes and shoes were covered with dust, my linen soiled, and my features brown and weathered like leather, which circumstances, in combination with my stature and gaunt appearance, made me an object not of the most agreeable or poetical cast. Still, I thought these booksellers must be very owls at mid-day, not to conceive the possibility of finding good ore under a rude exterior like mine. And then I bethought me,—and comforted myself therewith—inasmuch as others had trodden the same weary road before me—of Otway, and Savage, and Chatterton, and of the great son of learning, as ungainly as myself—Samuel the lexicographer—and I might have added of Crabbe, and others of later date, but their names had not then caught my ear.'

He was reduced to extreme distress.—

'I was half-inclined to believe that the people I met seemed as if they

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they knew I was pennyless. I had become quite wolfish, and the sight of good substantial meats, and delicate viands in the windows of the eating-houses, all of which I stopped before and contemplated, tended to increase the pangs of hunger, which were no ways allayed by the savoury fumes arising from the cooking cellars. At last I wandered round Fleet-market, and coming to the prison, I found a poor debtor begging at the grate. "Please to bestow a trifle on a poor prisoner," he said. "God bless thee, lad," I replied, "I am more poor than thyself." "How is that?" "Why," I said, "thou hast a room to retire to, and a bed to repose upon, but I have neither home nor lodging, nor food, nor a farthing of money towards procuring them!" "Why then God help thee!" he said, "thou art indeed worse off than myself, except as to liberty."—"And that I may not have long"—He asked me what I meant? and I told him that I was come up from the country to receive judgment for attending the Manchester meeting. "If that be the case," he said, "come back in an hour, and if I get as much as three-pence or sixpence, thou shalt have it." I thanked him sincerely, and gratefully, and promised I would come back if no better fortune befel me, and so, pleased that I had found one friend in the course of the morning, I bade him good bye, and went on towards Bridge-street.

'At sight of the bridge I recollected a gentleman on the other side of the river, who had behaved very kindly to me the last time I was in London, and I thought I might as well call upon him, for, at all events, I could not be more disappointed than I had been. I therefore passed over the bridge, and soon found the shop of my friend in the main thoroughfare, called Surrey-road, I think. Several young men were busy in the shop, and I asked one of them if Mr. Gibb was within? "Oh yes," he said: "Is that you, Mr. Bamford? Walk forward, he 's in the sitting-room at breakfast; he 'll be glad to see you; step in." I thought that was like a lucky beginning at any rate, and without a second invitation I entered the room. A glance of one moment brought the gentleman to his feet. He took my hand and made me sit down, and rang the bell, and ordered another cup, and more butter and toast, and eggs and ham. "You have not breakfasted, I suppose," he said. I replied that I had not; it was just what I had been wanting to do the last hour and a half. "Bamford," he said, as we went on with our repast, "What 's the matter with you? you don't seem as you did the last time you were in London."—"How am I changed?"—"Why the last time you were up, you were all life and cheerfulness when I saw you, and now you seem quite thoughtful. Are you afraid of being sent to prison?" "No," I said, "I was not." "What 's the reason you are so serious?"—I said, "I could not help being so." "What 's the cause?" he said; "Tell me the reason of this great change?" "Well then, to tell you God's truth," I said, "I have not a farthing in the world, and I could not have had a meal if I had not come here." "Oh! if that 's all, man," he said, "make yourself easy again. Come! take some more, and make a good breakfast," and I took him at his word—I did make a good breakfast. When we had finished, he took me to his dressing-room, where were water and towels to wash. He also ordered the servant to clean

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clean my shoes, and found me a clean neckerchief, and a pair of stockings. When I returned to the sitting-room, I was quite smart, comparatively. "Now, Bamford," he said, "this is my breakfast hour; at one we dine, at five take tea, and supper at eight; and so long as you are in London, my table is yours, if you will attend at meals. Take this one pound note," putting one into my hand, "and if there is not a change in your circumstances for the better, when that is done, come for another." I thanked him most sincerely. I never was more affected by an act of kindness in my life. He was, in truth, "a friend in need, a friend indeed." '

Before this kind baker's one pound note was expended, Bamford received a remittance of 10*l.* from some Reform fund—and thenceforth expected with resignation the day of judgment.

'The detection of Arthur Thistlewood and his companions took place, if I mistake not, during our trial at York; it caused a great sensation at the time, and the conviction of the same misguided men occurred soon after our arrival in London. It was the subject of general conversation, and particularly the intrepid bearing of the prisoners during their trial. Mrs. Thistlewood had an asylum with the family of our friend West the wire-worker in the Strand, and I frequently saw the unfortunate woman there. She was rather low in stature; with handsome regular features, of the Grecian cast; very pale, and with hair, eyes, and eyebrows as black as night. Still she was not what may be called interesting; she had a coldness of manner, which was almost repulsive. She seemed as if she had no natural sensibilities, or as if affliction had benumbed them. She wore her hair very long, and when she went to visit her husband, which she did with devoted attention, she was strictly examined, and, amongst other precautions, her long hair was unbound and combed out. Hunt frequently indulged in imprecations against Thistlewood and his party. He aspersed their courage, the fame of which seemed to have hurt him. But the worst thing I ever knew him do was his slandering of Mrs. Thistlewood, whom he represented as carrying on a criminal intimacy with West, during her husband's incarceration. A baser, more unfounded, or more improbable slander was never uttered. Its atrocity was its antidote. In fact, he would have said anything of any one, against whom he entertained a pique. My blind adherence to Hunt could not but be much shaken by such oft repeated instances of an ignoble mind.

'On the morning of the execution of the conspirators, I remained in my room, earnestly praying God to sustain them in their last hour; for though they professed not to believe in a future existence, I did, and could therefore sincerely say, "Father, forgive them! they knew not what they did." At noon, when all was over, I came down stairs.'

Bamford was shocked to learn that Dr. Healey, though as poor as himself, had paid a guinea for a seat in a window commanding a good view of the Debtors' door at the Old Bailey.

On the 15th of May—when all Hunt's affidavits, &c. &c., had been disposed of—sentence was pronounced: Hunt to be confined

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fined for two years and a half in Ilchester jail—and Healey and Bamford, among others, for one year at Lincoln. Mr. Bamford seems still to think he might have been more leniently dealt with, but for the peroration of his speech in mitigation of punishment, in which, after reasserting strenuously that he had preached forbearance and orderly behaviour to the Middleton men on the 16th of August, he added with fervour, that he would never again preach in such a strain until every drop of blood shed at Peterloo had been 'amply revenged.' At all events, this language could not have tended to the mitigation of his doom.

He met it like a sensible man. By the kindness of Sir Charles Wolseley (who was himself in trouble enough at the time) he was set at ease as to his pecuniary matters during confinement. He procured books, and read diligently—among other things he fagged at a Spanish Grammar—and by his submissive and regular behaviour conciliated the sympathy and esteem of the Lincoln magistrates,—insomuch that, when he was assailed with a threatening of pulmonary disorder, they allowed him to send for his wife, and allotted him and her a comfortable room to themselves in the jail. This indulgence had the best effects on Bamford's health, moral as well as physical. It, however, was heard of with bitter dissatisfaction at Ilchester—for Hunt had been refused the society of Mrs. V——; and he now turned against poor Bamford as if the kindness shown to him were an aggravation of the cruelty to himself. 'Surely,' says Bamford, 'there is some difference between being permitted to have one's own wife with one, and being permitted to have another man's wife with one, in a prison.' But Hunt could not see the reasonableness of this distinction, and Bamford prints sundry blustering, ungrammatical epistles, which at last 'dissolved their friendship.' It had been in a thawing condition for some time. It is impossible to conceive of a shabbier creature on the whole than Mr. Orator Hunt, as depicted in these volumes.

The cordiality between Bamford and Healey also came to a close during an early period of their confinement; but the details about the doctor are too dirty for quotation. It is obvious that he could not away with the superior attention which Bamford's superior talents and wiser demeanour could not but command from the visiting magistrates.

The hour of delivery came at last. Mr. Bamford's parting with the authorities at Lincoln was an affecting scene—he had been treated like an erring brother, and he felt accordingly. This over, he exchanges gifts of kind remembrance with jailer and turnkey, and in company with his faithful helpmate—the ever-tidy ever-pleasing Jemima, turns his face once more towards Middleton—a sobered man, with a fixed resolution to eschew demagogues

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magogues and agitation. Of the last and happiest walk here recorded we must take a paragraph or two.

'We continued our journey through a level country, full of woods and plantations, till the broad waters of the Trent suddenly appeared before us. A shout and a signal brought the ferryman over, and after some persuasion, with fear and trembling, my wife at length went on board, and we were ferried over, and landed in the county of Nottingham. A short and very agreeable walk through a rural country, with pretty English cottages embowered in gardens and fruit-trees, brought us to the village of Great Markham, where we entered a snug little public-house, and took up our quarters.

'We sat chatting over our tea until it was nearly bed-time, and when I requested that we should be shown to our room, the landlady gave an enquiring and dubious glance at us, and retired, evidently to take a second thought upon the subject. The servant-woman next came into the room, pretending to fetch something, but once or twice I observed her taking side-looks at us; and as I perceived there were misgivings of some sort, I ordered a glass of liquor and a pipe, resolved to amuse myself by watching the shifts and manœuvres of these simple country-folks.

'The mistress brought the glass, and the girl brought the pipe, and each gave a scrutinising glance, which we seemed not to notice. We were both ready to burst into laughter, only my wife was a little apprehensive lest we should be turned out of doors. I thee'd and thou'd her in their presence, as a man might do his wife—and talked to her in my ordinary careless way; and at last the landlady came, and begging we would not be offended, asked if the young woman was my wife? I now laughed outright, and my wife could not refrain, though she covered her face.—I assured the good woman that my companion had been my wife many years. "Nay, she had no ill opinion of her," she said—"only she looked so young."—"But young as she appears, she reckons to be my age within about three weeks, I said; and she was mother to a fine girl, now in the ninth year of her age." "Oh! she was sorry to have mistaken us," she said; "we should have a comfortable bed ready in a few minutes." And so saying, she left the room, satisfied, no doubt, with the explanation which had set at rest her troublesome qualms of conscience. We had most excellent lodgings; and in the morning we rose early and commenced our journey by lanes and shady foot paths—sweet with the breath of flowers and echoing the music of birds.'—vol. ii. p. 221.

'. . . . We stopped not at Whaley Bridge, for the sun was getting low, but hastened to Disley, and after a brief rest there, we again started, though neither I nor my fellow-traveller were so alert as in the morning. In fact, our feet began to be worse for our two days' travel, and when we got upon the paved causeway betwixt Bullock Smithy and Stockport, it was like treading on red-hot stones. Thus, long after night-fall, we went limping arm in arm into Stockport. We found the dwelling of our friend Moorhouse, at the lower end of the town, and knocking at the door were received with every hospitality.

'My friend and his wife bustled about, and did all they could to make us comfortable. We got a supper of good refreshing tea, and then essayed

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essayed to go to rest, but my poor little companion had to mount the stairs on her knees,—she would not be carried up—and when her stockings were removed, her feet were found covered with blood-red blisters. I got some hot water and soap,—washed her feet well,—wiped them carefully, till quite dry,—wrapped them in her flannel petticoat, and put her to bed. I then washed my own feet, for they were not much better than hers, and committing ourselves to divine care, we were soon oblivious of all weariness and anxiety, and on awaking the next morning, our feet were as sound, for anything we felt, as they were when we set out from Lincoln.

'Our walk to Manchester the next morning was a mere pleasure trip. We scarcely stopped there, but hastening onwards, we entered Middleton in the afternoon, and were met in the street by our dear child, who came running, wild with delight, to our arms. We soon made ourselves comfortable in our own humble dwelling; the fire was lighted, the hearth was clean swept, friends came to welcome us, and we were once more at home.

'"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."'—vol. ii., p. 230.

We have reason to believe that since 1821 Mr. Bamford has adhered to the good resolutions with which he left Lincoln—that his quiet course of industry has not been unrewarded, and that he is now looked up to as one of the most respectable seniors in Middleton. The little work, which we suspect has not until now been noticed in any journal likely to come before our readers in London, has, we see by the title-page, had a considerable circulation in his own province—and it has even attracted notice, by whatever accident, abroad. It has been translated into German, and made such an impression that a highly-distinguished Prussian traveller some weeks ago repaired to Lancashire, chiefly, as he assured us, for the purpose of spending an evening with Samuel Bamford.

We have in a sense enabled others to do so—but we hope our extracts will not satisfy very many of these. Mr. Bamford's narrative ought to be read as a whole; and however widely we must dissent from some of the political opinions even of his sedate retirement, there is a very great deal in his ultimate reflections on the state of England, and especially of English society, which deserves the most serious attention. We have quoted purposely not a few passages in reference to the manners of the wealthier classes, which must amuse, but ought not merely to amuse them. Let them see and consider in what aspects they are regarded by thousands upon thousands of their fellow countrymen—and—granting that these aspects are extremely distorted—ask deliberately whether there is no remedy within their own power for what they must feel to be about the worst

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mischief that could befall a nation—the habitual misunderstanding and misappreciation of certain comparatively fortunate orders of society by those less fortunate but infinitely more numerous, and including a great and rapidly increasing proportion of not merely vigorous natural talent, but talent cultivated and directed in a degree and a manner of which former generations could scarcely have anticipated the possibility.

Of Mr. Bamford's poetry we have read only the few specimens interwoven in this Autobiography; and we are forced to acknowledge that, judging by them, the London booksellers acted prudently in declining his advances. His verse is not 'astonishing.' He is no Burns—he is not even to be named with the living weaver-poet of Inverury, Mr. Thom.* But his prose surely is remarkable. With a sufficient spice of the prevailing exaggeration, and here and there a laughable touch of the bathos, his language is on the whole clear, lively, nervous—worthy of the man. That such English should be at the command of one who, it must be supposed, seldom conversed during his prime except in the dialect of Doctor Healey, is a fact which may well give pause to many of those whose 'houses are like museums.' But the great lesson is to be drawn from the incidents themselves of his story—the small incidents especially—and the feelings and reflections which these are seen to have excited in the narrator. No kindness, no mark or token of human sympathy and goodwill, appears ever to have been thrown away upon Bamford. He was betrayed by youthful vanity into unhappy and all but fatal delusions and transgressions: he still, according to our view, labours under the misfortune of a false political creed. But he never was, never could have been, at heart *a Radical*. We see no traces in him of anything like a cold rooted aversion for the grand institutions of England. There are, we sincerely believe, among the more intelligent of his class, few, very few, whose minds would not be found open to salutary impressions on the subjects as to which they have been most generally led astray, were they but approached and dealt with by their superiors in worldly gifts, with a little more of that frankness and confidence which made Samuel Bamford take leave of the Lincoln magistrates 'with tears in his eyes.' He himself admits in his closing chapter, that things are in this respect mended since 1820; and surely his book ought to accelerate the improvement which it acknowledges.

* We are sorry to confess that we have not seen Mr. Thom's book—but only some most touching stanzas of his, given in a generous article of the 'Examiner' newspaper for September 15, 1844.

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ART. IV.—*Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, His Britannic Majesty's Resident at the Court of Florence, from* 1760 *to* 1785. *Now first published from the original MSS.* Concluding series, Vols. III. and IV. London. 8vo. 1844.

WE have so recently* and so fully stated our views on the first *livraison* of this publication, and on the general character of the writer and his works, that our task on this occasion will be light; and might, perhaps, have been altogether spared, but that, looking as we do on Walpole's correspondence as the great reservoir whence future generations will draw the social and domestic history of his times—extending over half a century—we think it our duty not only to complete our readers' acquaintance with this important class of his letters, but to continue that course of general observations by which we have endeavoured to help posterity in sifting the grain from the chaff, and in measuring the very different degrees of confidence to which the several portions of Walpole's miscellaneous mass of evidence is entitled.

This is the more necessary from the extreme negligence and incapacity with which all his letters—except those to Lord Hertford, a few contributed by Miss Berry to the Collective Edition, and the first three volumes of Sir Horace Mann's—have been originally edited. The two first volumes of the series now before us were, as our readers will remember, the worst handled of all; and we suspect that our observations may have induced the publisher to give *these* another editor, for, although his performance is very far from satisfactory, it does not exhibit that extreme ignorance and absurdity that marked every note of the former. The main fault of the present editor is, that his explanations are neither sufficiently frequent nor applied to the proper objects. He explains occasionally topics of current news by extracts from other publications. This is convenient to the ordinary reader; but requires little research; and is, moreover, executed with little judgment or taste—as, for example, when Walpole happens to use the words '*grim repose*,' the editor thinks it necessary to give the whole stanza of Gray's 'Bard' where these words occur, and which every one has by heart. Again, when Walpole says that 'the treaty of peace [of 1782] is signed,' the editor takes that favourable opportunity of telling us that 'amongst the numerous distinguished individuals who had availed themselves of the recess to visit the continent was Mr. Pitt,' (iv. 119,) and then proceeds to extract from Tomline's 'Life'

* Quart. Rev., No. cxliv., p. 616.

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and Wilberforce's 'Diary' some lengthy details of the visit, which have no more relation to the matter in hand than to the siege of Jericho. Again; on the mention of the death of Lord Robert Manners in Rodney's action, we have extracts from the '*Annual Register*' misquoted as notes to Crabbe's 'Village:' and, again, when mention is made of Lady Lucan's talent for painting, the editor quotes a panegyric on some of her performances as from the '*Annual Register*,' which is in truth from Walpole's '*Anecdotes*,' and was only extracted into the 'Annual Register.'

We could produce many instances of this superficial and superfluous style of commentary. But what we most regret is, that with Walpole himself, his society, or even his times,* the editor seems little acquainted, and therefore is unable to help the reader where his assistance would be really useful in elucidating the hints, the inuendoes, the figurative allusions and latent satire, which are, we may almost say, the staple of Walpole's correspondence, and which—always somewhat enigmatical, as he himself was conscious, from the peculiarity of his style,—are by lapse of time growing obscure, and will by-and-bye be unintelligible to ordinary readers. Swift, at no greater distance than Dublin, complained to Pope that he could not understand the 'Dunciad,' when first published, for want of more copious explanatory notes; and Walpole himself, living in the very centre of fashion and politics, confesses that he himself needed a key to the '*Rolliad*:'—

'We have at present here a most incomparable set [of poets] not exactly known by their names, but who, till the dead of summer, kept the town in a roar, and, I suppose, will revive by the meeting of Parliament. They have poured forth a torrent of odes, epigrams, and part of an imaginary epic poem, called the Rolliad, with a commentary and notes, that is as good as the Dispensary and Dunciad, with more ease. . . . . I would send them, but you would *want too many keys; and indeed I want some myself;* for, as there are continually allusions to Parliamentary speeches and events, *they are often obscure to me till I get them explained.*'—vol. iv. pp. 245, 246.

Just so, without copious and judicious elucidation applied while the facts are yet recoverable, Walpole must appear even to

* There is an instance of this so strong that we cannot in justice omit it. The editor has chosen to reprint (vol. iv. p. 281), from the Selwyn Correspondence, a letter in which Walpole mentions 'the affair of the Parlement de Bretagne, and the intended trial of the famous *M. de Charolais*.' The Selwyn editor took no notice, it seems, of 'the famous M. de Charolais;' the Walpole editor suspects that there is something wrong, but does nothing more than query whether '*Charolais*' be right? It seems wonderful that neither of these editors should have known of the very important affair of *M. de la Chalotais* in the Parliament of Britanny, which had no small influence in preparing the Revolution—particularly as the name is correctly given in a contemporaneous letter in the Collective Edition.

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us, and still more to the next generation, shorn of much of his talent, and more of his wit. It is true, indeed, that *these* letters have, as we shall see presently, less of that anecdotic character which requires this sort of elucidation than any former batch, and that the editor's deficiency is proportionably of less consequence—but it is still frequently felt, and, as we see reason to believe that we have not yet exhausted the Walpolean papers, we press this important consideration on the attention of all future publishers and editors.

There is prefixed to these volumes an 'Advertisement by the Editor,' in reply to some observations in our late review, which, for the sake of historic truth, we think it necessary to notice:—

'In a late number of the Quarterly Review, in an article entitled "Horace Walpole," the reviewer, in the course of an estimate which he makes of the character and talents of Walpole, takes the opportunity of indulging in some strictures on what he calls "his scandalous attempts at increasing his already enormous sinecure income;" observing, "so completely had this man, so shrewd and sharp-sighted in detecting the follies of others, blinded himself, or fancied he had blinded the world, to his real motives, that we find that during the long life in which he enjoyed five sinecure offices, producing him *at least* six thousand three hundred pounds a year, he was not ashamed to inveigh bitterly against the abuses of Ministerial patronage, and to profess, with astonishing effrontery, that the one virtue which he possessed in a singular degree, was disinterestedness and contempt of money." *How far this censure was merited, both as regards the number of places held and the amount of public money received by Horace Walpole* (for the whole of which he was solely indebted to his father Sir Robert), and especially as regards the spirit in which he viewed the matter himself, *will be seen by the detailed account of his income given in the Fourth Volume of this series of letters.* As Walpole may fairly be presumed to be the best judge of the extent of his own ways and means, *his statement*, plain and straightforward as it is, will, we take for granted, be considered *quite sufficient refutation.*'—vol. iii. pp. v. vi.

This is really one of the most surprising things we have ever read! Who would not believe that this refutation thus referred to as forming a part of the present publication, was itself a new discovery *now* first published?—whereas it was, we believe, printed by Walpole himself at Strawberry Hill, and assuredly was published in the great quarto edition of his works in 1798. It was largely quoted by us in our article on 'Walpole's Memoirs,' in April, 1822, and is, in fact, our authority for that very statement of which the 'Editor' says that it is a '*refutation.*'

The matter is so directly important to Walpole's personal history, and affects consequently so many points of his literary character, that we shall recall to our readers' recollection some of the leading

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leading facts of the case. In Walpole's exculpatory paper (dated March, 1782), he says:—

'In my youth, my father, Sir Robert Walpole, then Prime Minister, gave me the two patent little places I still hold, of *Clerk of the Estreats* and *Comptroller of the Pipe*, which, together, produce about or near 300*l.* per annum. When I was about eighteen or nineteen, he gave me the place of *Inspector of the Imports and Exports* in the Custom-house, which I resigned in about a year, on his giving me the patent place of *Usher of the Exchequer*, then reckoned worth 900*l.* a year.'—vol. iv. p. 323.

Here was untruth at starting—the place was *even then reckoned* worth 1200*l.* a-year. See the 'Historical Register,' Feb. 1738. He proceeds—

'Before my father's quitting his post, he, at the instance of my eldest brother, Lord Walpole, had altered the delivery of Exchequer bills from ten pounds to an hundred pounds. My deputy, after that alteration was made, observed, that as Usher of the Exchequer, who furnishes the materials of Exchequer bills, on which, by the table of rates in the Exchequer, I had a stated profit, I should lose ten per cent., which he represented to my father, who, having altered them to oblige my brother, would not undo what he had done: but, to repair the prejudice I had suffered, ... my brother, Lord Walpole, engaged, at my father's desire, to pay me 400*l.* a-year. . . . . .

'King George the First had graciously bestowed on my father the patent place of *Collector of the Customs*, for his own life, and for the lives of his two elder sons Robert and Edward; but my father reserved in himself a right of disposing of the income of that place as he should please, during the existence of the grant. Accordingly, having afterwards obtained for his eldest son Robert the great place of *Auditor of the Exchequer*, and for his second son Edward that of *Clerk of the Pells*, he bequeathed, by an instrument under his hand, 1000*l.* a-year to me, out of the patent, for the remainder of the term, and devised the remainder, about 800*l.* a-year, to be divided between my brother Edward and me.'—*ib.* 324.

Thus then Walpole had *three* patent sinecure places, and *riders* (as such jobs used to be called) on *two* others, which he states as producing—even when he first received them—

The Clerk of the Estreats Comptroller of the Pipe	£300
Usher of the Exchequer	900
Rider on the Auditorship of the Exchequer	400
Rider on the Collectorship of Customs	1,400
	£3,000

This was the confessed value at that early period. But this is not all. We find in a letter to Conway in 1744, that the Ushership of

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of the Exchequer, instead of 900*l.*, was even then *almost* 1700*l.* a-year; and subsequently, when the tax which was laid on *places* caused an inquiry into such emoluments, Walpole returned the profits of the '*Usher of the Exchequer*' at 1800*l.*; but when, in 1782, the Commissioners of Public Accounts made their inquiry, it then came out, on the evidence of Walpole's deputy, that the Ushership of the Exchequer was not 900*l.*, nor even 1800*l.*, but 4200*l.*, clear of all deductions! (p. 329) and the main object of Walpole's paper is to exculpate himself from having made a fraudulent return of 1800*l.* instead of 4200*l.*, and his explanation is, that although the place had in truth grown to be 4200*l.* in the year 1780, yet that 1800*l.* was the average of the twelve years preceding the date of his return, which date, however, he does not mention, nor does he give us any hint whether the '*little places* of *Clerk of the Estreats* and *Comptroller of the Pipe*' had increased in the same proportion as the '*Ushership.*' We, in our statement of the case, took the income that he himself ultimately confessed to, viz.:—

The two little places	£300
The Ushership of the Exchequer . . .	4,200
The rider on the Auditor of the Exchequer .	400
The rider on the Collector of Customs . .	1,400
	£6,300

And these figures we extracted from the very paper which the editor thinks 'a sufficient *refutation* of our assertion that he enjoyed the profits of five sinecure offices producing *at least* 6300*l.*'! The editor must certainly have never read or have totally forgotten the paper thus referred to.

His next charge against us is as follows:—

'With regard to the assertion that "Mr. Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle forfeited his [H. Walpole's] favour by refusing to do a very profligate pecuniary job for him," it will be found that in the Memoir to which we have just been alluding, mention is made of this "job;" and certainly, as Walpole states it, we can discover nothing "profligate" in the character of the transaction.'—vol. iii. p. vi.

Again we appeal to Walpole's own evidence. He was a warm partisan of the Pelhams—so much so as to have moved the ministerial address on the opening of the session in 1751. In the course of that session, Walpole, already, as we have seen, in possession of three patent sinecure places, asked Mr. Pelham to grant him a life-interest in the fourth, on which he had a *rider*—that of Collector of the Customs, which had been originally granted for the lives of Sir Robert and his two eldest sons. This greedy and unreasonable request Mr. Pelham so far resisted as

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as to decline to *add* Horace's life to the patent, though he offered to *substitute* it for that of the other brother, who was eleven years older; so that the change would have been a great advantage. But as the proposition threw upon Horace the onus of negotiating the matter with his brother, he took it in mortal dudgeon: he immediately went into opposition to his own and his father's old friends, and thenceforward never ceased to persecute the Pelhams and their memories with the most rancorous hostility. This whole affair (which was attended with some minor trickery that we need not reproduce, see Quarterly Review, April 1822, p. 199) appears to us fully to deserve the description we gave of it as 'a profligate pecuniary job;' and particularly when this sinecurist and jobber had the effrontery to write of himself in the history of his times, 'that the *one virtue* which he possessed in a *singular degree* was DISINTERESTEDNESS AND CONTEMPT OF MONEY' (*Mem.*, vol. ii. p. 337). In a singular degree indeed!

The editor proceeds:—

'But inaccuracy of statement' [there being, as we have shown, not the slightest inaccuracy] 'is not the only defect to be found in the Reviewer's article. Speaking of the peculiarities of Horace Walpole's Letters, he likens them, among other productions, to the "Annual Register," and "Hansard's Debates!" And yet, in the very same page in which he institutes this strange comparison, he confesses that "no painter was ever more ready to sacrifice accuracy of details to a tone of colour than Walpole; and he carries this system of embellishment to a degree that diminishes, even in indifferent matters, our confidence in his veracity. Whenever he takes offence, he distorts facts, discolours motives, and disparages persons with the most ingenious and inveterate malignity." In another page it is added, "to look to Walpole for strict accuracy and impartiality would be to expect from a harlequin the gait and garb of an undertaker." Now, it is well known that the chief—and indeed the sole—merit of the "Annual Register," and more especially of "Hansard's Debates," is that they uniformly maintain a tone of scrupulous impartiality, and are mere matter-of-fact chronicles, nothing more; and yet the works of a man who, we are told, "sacrifices accuracy of details to a system of embellishment," and whose "veracity" cannot be relied on, are coolly and gravely compared to these two most rigidly faithful records of modern times!'—vol. iii. pp. vi. vii.

This misrepresentation is so gross and so absurd that we should not have thought it worth notice, but that it exhibits the shifts to which this indiscreet champion of Walpole's '*disinterestedness* and *impartiality*' is reduced. In sketching the vast variety of matters—high and low, gay and grave, trifling and weighty—which his correspondence deals with, we said—

'Posterity will assuredly know more of the manners, fashions, feelings, factions, parties, politics, private anecdotes, and general history of the latter

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latter half of the eighteenth century, from Horace Walpole's letters than from any other source—or indeed we believe we may safely say from all other sources together. They are the *Annual Register*, *Hansard's Debates*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Critical Review*, the *Morning Post*, and even the *Hue and Cry*, and *Newgate Calendar*, all in one.' —*Quart. Rev.*, No. cxliv., p. 519.

Why does the editor thus mutilate our statement? And how is our opinion that Walpole occasionally relates political events like the Annual Register, or reports speeches better than the Parliamentary Debates, inconsistent with the fact of his indulging, on other occasions, in gossip or scandal?—particularly when our enumeration of his various topics and styles was accompanied by the following *salvo*:—

'But this high commendation must be seasoned *cum grano*—or rather indeed with many grains of caution—for this spirited and rapid sketcher of scenes, manners, and characters, was, as indeed might be expected when one writes so much and so hastily, sometimes very *inaccurate*; and he carries his system of embellishment to a degree that diminishes, even in indifferent matters, our confidence in his veracity.'—*Ib.*

Is this passage inconsistent with the former? or are they not rather the lights and shades of the same picture—the one as necessary to the completion of the portrait as the other? And, above all, can the facts of his frequent inaccuracy, and still more frequent partiality and prejudice, be denied even by the blindest admirer?

Our readers will readily believe that we have entered into all this detail—*not* from feeling that any defence could be necessary on our part against such ridiculous criticisms, but—because this advertisement seems to us to have a certain importance of a different kind. We strongly suspect that it is *not* the production of '*the Editor*,' but is either written or suggested by another person, whose amiable partiality to Walpole must have extinguished all memory of the real state of the case. But be that as it may, we are, on the most mature reconsideration, satisfied that we have done Walpole no injustice—that we have seized the right clue to the more obscure points of his character—and that some of his merits and most of his faults (and they were many and serious), both as an author and a man, may be justly attributed to certain hereditary peculiarities of mind, which broke out alike in the vivacity of his talents and in many less amiable eccentricities of temper and taste. And it is on the whole highly satisfactory to us to find that in our detailed delineation of his life and character, there is, it seems, nothing which the most captious criticism or the most sensitive friendship can gainsay, except the very absurd items which we have just exposed.

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As to the letters themselves, contained in these volumes, they certainly exhibit a perfectly new feature in Walpole's correspondence. Such is the fertility of the writer's genius that the wind-up of two thousand letters is marked by an absolute novelty: they are, as compared with all their predecessors, *dull!*—downright heavy—hardly readable without an effort. Pope's celebrated distich would, *mutatis mutandis*, have been a good motto for them:—

> 'Accept a miracle instead of wit:—
> Lo, two dull tomes by Walpole's pencil writ.'

We had hinted, with reference to the former volumes, that the correspondence with Sir Horace Mann was growing less interesting, and we gave some reasons why it must naturally be so. Walpole had spent thirteen months of the year 1740-41, at Florence, 'chiefly for the sake of Mr. Horace Mann, the British minister' (vol. iv. p. 337), but they never met afterwards—the one never revisiting Italy, the other never returning to England; but Walpole, for five and forty years, wrote to Mann at least once a month, generally oftener, till the number of his letters amounted to upwards of eight hundred. Sir H. Mann's official character, the distance of his residence, and his ignorance of and indifference about London chit-chat, gave these letters, even from the outset, somewhat of a serious and historical cast. Walpole's chief object was to keep his diplomatic friend *au courant* of diplomatic and other public affairs; but in the earlier years this was accompanied with a great deal of gossip, liveliness, and wit. As time rolled on, the topics of these latter classes became more and more rare; Walpole and Mann gradually lost all common acquaintances; and, though Walpole still persevered in writing to a man whom he had not seen for forty years, and with whom he had hardly one mutual topic of correspondence, *except the gout*,* it is not surprising, to use his own words, that 'a correspondence between two sick bedchambers, at the distance of a thousand miles, should be very lifeless' (vol. iv. p. 295), and that even Walpole's copiousness should be at last drawn to the dregs. These letters are, in point of information, as he himself felt and ingenuously confessed, not much more than supplements to the newspapers of the day.

'Our newspapers are grown such minute registers of everything that happens, and still more of everything that is said to have happened, that

* There is indeed another that occupies almost as much space as the gout—a kind of litigation with a Cavalier Mozzi at Florence, who had been the *friend* of Lady Orford, his nephew's mother. The lady left the *friend* a considerable legacy, which the son disputed, and the matter was left to the arbitration of Horace Walpole, who seems to have taken an active, and it seems to us rather indecent, part in favour of the Cavalier. This stupid squabble is a very prominent topic throughout most part of the fourth volume.

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you would easily perceive if I omitted anything of consequence. I do little more than confirm the rare truths by mentioning them.'—vol. iv. p. 67.

They contain little of the wit that charms or the scandal that amuses in all the rest of Walpole's correspondence. We recollect, in the whole of the two volumes, but half-a-dozen passages which bear anything like the impress of Walpole's epigrammatic felicity. Once when, in lamenting the predatory spirit of the Spaniards in America and the English in India, he calls man 'an *aurivorous* animal:' again, when describing the effect of successive fits of the gout in preparing the mind for the final release, he said, 'when one has *tried on* death so often, it must be more familiar:' once again, when he calls 'Cunning the mimic of Prudence;' and says of London that 'it is wonderfully *curious*, though exceedingly *indifferent*;' and when he, by a happy antithesis, calls the French *philosophes*, whom he had the good sense to despise, '*over-bearing and under-bred.*' These are but scanty specimens of Walpolean wit, but they are really the smartest things that we have noticed in these volumes. In the dearth of higher matter, we are tempted to give a specimen of what Walpole seldom indulged in—the telling a story:—

'I must add a curious story, which I believe will surprise your Italian surgeons as much as it has amazed the faculty here. A sailor who had broken his leg was advised to communicate his case to the Royal Society. The account he gave was, that, having fallen from the top of the mast and fractured his leg, he had dressed it with nothing but tar and oakum, and yet in three days was able to walk as well as before the accident. The story at first appeared quite incredible, as no such efficacious qualities were known in tar, and still less in oakum; nor was a poor sailor to be credited on his own bare assertion of so wonderful a cure. The Society very reasonably demanded a fuller relation, and, I suppose, the corroboration of evidence. Many doubted whether the leg had been really broken. That part of the story had been amply verified. Still it was difficult to believe that the man had made use of no other applications than tar and oakum; and how *they* should cure a broken leg in three days, even if they could cure it at all, was a matter of the utmost wonder. Several letters passed between the Society and the patient, who persevered in the most solemn asseverations of having used no other remedies, and it does appear beyond a doubt that the man speaks truth. It is a little uncharitable, but I fear there are surgeons who might not like this abbreviation of attendance and expense; but, on the other hand, you will be charmed with the plain honest simplicity of the sailor. In a postscript to his last letter he added these words:—"I forgot to tell your honours that the leg was a wooden one."'—vol. iii. p. 12.

But even these small pleasantries are rare, and the main ingredients of the whole series are chronicles of the gout—*news-*

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paper news, and many not unamiable, but rather common-place, sermons on the old text from his namesake, *Non sum qualis eram*. Yet it is very remarkable that, while his letters to Mann thus gradually dwindle into this senile and *Nestorian* character, his contemporaneous and even much later letters to *other* correspondents are as full of vivacity and interest as those of his prime. Witness his letters to Hannah More and the Miss Berrys. The truth is that his correspondence with Mann was dying of exhaustion for want of its natural aliment; they had hardly a common topic but the gout and what we have called *newspaper news*, and, under all the circumstances, the real wonder is the indefatigable perseverance with which it was kept up, and the degree of interest, small as it is compared with the rest of his correspondence, which Walpole still manages to throw into it; and though he certainly persevered in this long correspondence with a view to its ultimate publication, and prepared the letters for the press, he seems to have been aware of their inferiority.

'As, by your desire, I write more frequently than formerly, you must be content with shorter letters; for distance and absence deprive us of the little incidents of common correspondence. I am forced to write to you of such events only as *one would write to posterity*. One cannot say, "I dined with such a person yesterday," when the letter is to be a fortnight on the road; still less, when you know nothing of my lord or Mr. Such-an-one, whom I should mention.'—vol. iii. p. 133.

'My friendship for you makes me persist in our correspondence; but I wait for events, that I may send you something; and yet my accounts are dry and brief, because I confine myself to avowed facts, without comments or credulity. My society is grown very narrow, and it is natural at sixty-three not to concern myself in the private history of those that might be my grandchildren.'—vol. iii. p. 272.

'I shall continue to send you any striking novelties; though, by the account I have given you of myself, I must become a less valuable correspondent. Indifference is not a good ingredient in letters.

'Adieu! my dear sir. Shall not we be very venerable in the annals of friendship? What Orestes and Pylades ever wrote to each other for four and forty years without once meeting?'—vol. iv. p. 30.

'Though my punctual conscience enjoins me to begin a letter to you, it will have a hard task to make me finish it. The Peace has closed the chapter of important news, which was all our correspondence lived on. My age makes me almost as ignorant of common occurrences as your endless absence has made you. . . . My common-sense tells me that I cannot belong to a new age; and my memory, that I did belong to a better than the present. Thus I interest myself in nothing; and whoever is indifferent, is ill qualified for a correspondent. You must make allowance for my present insipidity, in consideration of my past services. I have been your faithful intelligencer for two and forty years.

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years. I do not take my leave; but, in a dearth of events such as you would wish to know, do not wonder if my letters are less frequent. It would be tiresome to both to repeat that I have nothing to say. Would you give a straw to have me copy the Gazette, which you see as well as I?'—vol. iv. pp. 123, 4.

'When such subjects [elections] are on the tapis, they make me a very insipid correspondent. One cannot talk of what one does not care about; and it would be jargon to you, if I did: however, do not imagine but I allow a sufficient quantity of dulness to my time of life. I have kept up a correspondence with you with tolerable spirit for three and forty years together, without our once meeting. Can you wonder that my pen is worn to the stump? You knew me in my days of folly and riotous spirits; why should I hide my dotage from you?'—vol. iv. p. 155.

This, however, was not the exact state of the case; for to other correspondents he was, and continued for ten years more to be, as we have said, almost as lively as ever, but it is certainly a just appreciation of the general character of *this* publication. On the appearance of the former volumes we expressed an opinion that the letters to Mann appeared to be so distinct and consecutive a series, that it might be doubtful whether it would not be better to keep them in their separate shape than to distribute them, in any new collective edition, among the letters to other correspondents:—that opinion these last volumes oblige us to retract. They have not stamina to fill the space they would occupy in a separate shape. They are in number about 190, and arranged amidst the 150 much more interesting letters which occupy the same period of time in the Collective Edition, they might pass muster, and serve, at least, to complete the chronological series.

But notwithstanding their general inferiority, there will be found in whatever Walpole writes gleams of sagacity and good sense, and touches of manners and characters which will have an interest for posterity. Like Lucilius, even *cum flueret lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles;* and though his judgment of persons was habitually warped by prejudice and passion, his views of public affairs were remarkably clear-sighted and long-sighted. He was one of the first to disapprove of the aggressive policy against America of Mr. Grenville and Lord North, and to foresee with early sagacity the ultimate result of that most unjust and impolitic conflict. Even while Lord Chatham, hostile as he was to the ministry, was with his last breath asserting the unlimited sovereignty of England and the dependence and provinciality of America, Horace Walpole, with a judgment sounder or less disturbed by political ambition, was writing—

'As to America, it will certainly retain its seat among the sovereignties

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ties of this world: so, Columbus's invasion begins to be set aside; and one quarter of the globe will not be held *in commendam* by another! Imagination could expatiate widely on that chapter—but what have I to do with a *new æra in the annals of mankind?*'—vol. iii. p. 73.

In 1779 he contemplated, as one of the consequences of France's profligate intervention in the American contest, that

'She will one day rue it, when the *disciplined* hosts of Goths and Huns begin to cast an eye southwards.'—vol. iii. p. 208.

Before the names of Clarkson or Wilberforce were heard of, he had expressed his indignation against negro slavery:—

'Alas! how many of this age are swept away before me: six thousand have been mowed down at once by the late hurricane at Barbadoes alone! How Europe is paying the debts it owes to America! Were I a poet, I would paint hosts of Mexicans and Peruvians crowding the shores of Styx, and insulting the multitudes of the usurpers of their continent that have been sending themselves thither for these five or six years. The poor Africans, too, have no call to be merciful to European ghosts. Those miserable slaves have just now seen whole crews of men-of-war swallowed by the late hurricane.'—vol. iii. p. 279.

The following notice of the first dawn of Catholic emancipation in 1784 is curious:—

'There does seem to be a storm still brewing in Ireland, though a favourable turn has happened. The people of property have found out there is no joke in putting votes into the hands of the Catholics. They were Irish heads that did not make that discovery a little sooner. Can there be a greater absurdity than Papists voting for Members of Parliament? It will be well for those who invited them to that participation, if they can satisfy them without granting it! How often I reflect on my father's *Quieta non movere!* It seems to me, from all I have seen of late years, to be the soundest maxim in politics ever pronounced. Think of a reformation of Parliament by admitting Roman Catholics to vote at elections! and that that preposterous idea should have been adopted by Presbyterians!'—vol. iv. pp. 189, 90.

He was also an alarmed witness of the first broaching of that portentous change in our constitution, nicknamed Parliamentary Reform—generated by the reckless ambition of the first William Pitt, and produced into actual discussion by the youthful indiscretion of the second—an ambition and an indiscretion destined, we are reluctantly persuaded, to bear bitter fruits even to the overthrow of the ancient constitution of England, which, already, the most ordinary eye can perceive to be in a *transition* to something, we fear not better, but certainly different.

Its first serious appearance was in 1780, when some counties, under the influence of the Whig Opposition, began to form associations to forward that object, and is thus noticed by Walpole:—

'The Opposition, too, had thought to carry everything sword in hand, and,

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and, owing to their late progress to the country petitions, they affected to transfer Parliamentary power to the Associations, who were very ready to affect Parliamentary airs, and accordingly assumed cognizance of matters actually pending in Parliament. This has offended moderate men; and many, who approved the petitions, were alarmed at the associations—with good reason: for the deputation, composed of three members of each committee, which is assembled in London, are going to take large strides indeed, and intend to propose to their several counties to demand annual Parliaments, and to alter the mode of representation. The first would be an alteration of the Constitution, and the last a most dangerous violation of it; and very sorry should I be to see either attempted. Lord Rockingham, the Cavendishes, and that connexion, strenuously resist these innovations. Lord Shelburne and Charles Fox push them impetuously, though at first both opposed them: but the first *will* stick at nothing to gratify his ambition; and the latter *must* stick at nothing, *so desperate is his situation.*'—vol. iii. pp. 224, 5.

Walpole was a great personal friend and admirer of Mr. Fox, but we see he here admits him to have been actuated by the spirit and the motives of *Catiline*.

Mr. Pitt, just coming into public life, and in opposition, unfortunately associated himself with this movement, and on the 17th May, 1783, revived this question, more, we are authorized to believe, with a wish of embarrassing the Coalition Ministry, than with any hope, or even wish, of effecting 'one iota' of Parliamentary Reform;—of this attempt Walpole says—

'Mr. William Pitt's motion for Reform of the House of Commons was rejected at past two this morning by 293 to 149. I know no particulars yet, but from a hasty account in a newspaper; and to those intelligencers for the circumstances I refer you and him; as I shall not have time to-day probably to relate them after I have heard them, and must go to Strawberry Hill to-morrow morning to receive company, and this must go away to-morrow night.

'This great majority will, I hope, at least check such attempts. Indeed, when two hundred and ninety-three members dare to pronounce so firmly, it is plain that the spirit of Innovation has gained but few counties. . . . . The object of altering the Representation I think most dangerous. We know pretty well what good or evil the present state of the House of Commons can do: what an enlargement might achieve, no man can tell. Nay, allowing the present construction to be bad, it is clear that on emergencies it will do right. Were the House of Commons now existing the worst that ever was, still it must be acceptable to our Reformers: for which House of Commons, since the Restoration, ever did more than tear two Prime Ministers from the Crown in one year? In short, the Constitution of the House of Commons I see in the same light as I do my own constitution. The gout raises inflammations, weakens, cripples; yet it purges itself, and requires no medicines. To quack it would kill me.'—vol. iv. pp. 99-102.

The following notices of Lord Chatham's exit from the scene on

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on which he had so long played so great a part, is not unimportant to history, and confirms strongly the view which we were, we believe, the first to take (in our review of the Chatham correspondence) of his political character:—

'[11th May, 1778.] Lord Chatham died this morning! . . .

'[12th May.] Last night the House of Commons voted a funeral and monument to Lord Chatham at the public expense, and the members are to walk at the burial. . . . All England, which had abandoned him, found out, the moment his eyes were closed, that nothing but Lord Chatham could have preserved them. How lucky for him that the experiment cannot be made! Grief is fond, and grief is generous. The Parliament will bury him; the City begs the honour of being his grave. . . . . The Opposition and the Administration disputed zeal; and neither care a straw about him. He is already as much forgotten as John of Gaunt. . . . . Fanaticism in a nation is no novelty; but you must know that, though the effects were so solid, the late appearance of enthusiasm about Lord Chatham was nothing but a general affectation of enthusiasm. It was a contention of hypocrisy between the Opposition and the Court, which did not last even to his burial.' *—vol. iii. pp. 79-90.

Walpole winds up the whole with his own opinion—which we believe to be very nearly a just one—of this celebrated man:—

'Lord Chatham was a meteor, and a glorious one; people discovered that he was not a genuine luminary, and yet everybody in mimickry has been an *ignis fatuus* about him. Why not allow his magnificent enterprises and good-fortune, and confess his defects; instead of being bombast in his praises, and at the same time discover that the amplification is insincere? A minister who inspires great actions must be a great minister; and Lord Chatham will always appear so—by comparison with his predecessors and successors. He retrieved our affairs when ruined by a most incapable Administration; and we are fallen into a worse state since he was removed. Therefore, I doubt, posterity will allow more to his merit than it is the present fashion to accord to it.'—vol. iii. pp. 102, 103.

There are several slight sketches given of the hereditary rivalry between the sons of Lord Chatham and Lord Holland. Walpole, as a personal friend of Fox's, is inclined to depreciate Pitt, and to talk of 'the ignorance, inexperience, vanity, and insolence of our raw boy of a minister' (vol. iv. p. 215); and while we admit both the House-of-Commons talents and social good-humour of Mr. Fox, we detect both private and political partiality in the comparison which Walpole makes between him and his young rival:—

'Mr. Fox shone with new superiority; but even masterly eloquence is

* '"Lord Chatham's funeral," says Gibbon, in a letter to Mr. Holroyd, "was meanly attended, and Government ingeniously contrived to secure the double odium of suffering the thing to be done, and of doing it with an ill grace."'—Ed.

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not his first quality. All his conduct is manly, and marked with strong sense, and first-rate common sense, which is the most useful of all. In short, he has *that*, and frankness, and firmness, and the utmost good-humour; and, therefore, you will not wonder I am partial to him, and think him the only man I have seen who unites all those qualities like my father. I wish he may be minister as long.'—vol. iv. p. 126.

And though he admits that Mr. Pitt—just stepping on a stage which Fox had already occupied for above twelve years—exhibited not only great talents but laudable decency and candour, he adds to his eulogium of Fox,—

'His competitor, Mr. Pitt, appears by no means an adequate rival. Just like their fathers, Mr. Pitt has brilliant language, Mr. Fox solid sense; and such luminous powers of displaying it clearly, that mere eloquence is but a *Bristol stone* when set by [the side of] the *diamond Reason*.'—vol. iv. p. 137.

This only shows how reputation and personal partiality may dim the most acute vision; for assuredly, in the distribution of merits between these two great rivals, the voice neither of cotemporaries nor of posterity has awarded to Mr. Fox the praise of exceeding Mr. Pitt in '*solid sense*'—and even Walpole himself at this very time quotes, as one of George Selwyn's happiest sayings, that 'Pitt and Fox were the Industrious and Idle Apprentices.' Mr. Fox had, no doubt, great natural good sense; and, when he allowed himself to exert it, a very sound judgment; but his whole life, private and political, was passed in a successful warfare on the part of his passions against those better qualities, which, though never extinguished, were generally silenced or subdued: and it certainly was not a very felicitous guess at the consequences of Mr. Pitt's opposition to Fox's audacious India Bill, that—

'Mr. Pitt's reputation is much sunk; nor, though he is a much more correct logician than his father, has he the same firmness and perseverance. It is no wonder that he was dazzled by his own premature fame; yet his late checks may be of use to him, and teach him to appreciate his strength better, or to wait till it is confirmed. Had he listed under Mr. Fox, who loved and courted him, he would not only have discovered modesty, but have been more likely to succeed him, than by commencing his competitor. But what have I to do to look into futurity?'—vol. iv. p. 139.

Mr. Pitt second or third fiddle to Mr. Fox! Well might Walpole doubt the accuracy of his glimpses of futurity: but these notices are valuable as exhibiting the prejudices and difficulties which the great minister had to overcome; yet from the moment that he rose in his own unclouded majesty above the horizon, the star of Mr. Fox began to pale its ineffectual fire before him, was for a time totally eclipsed, and only reappeared in a disastrous

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twilight, when the shades of death had quenched the greater, the brighter, and the more beneficent luminary. England and Europe can never forget what they owe to the conservative policy of Mr. Pitt in the great revolutionary struggle; nor the dangers with which they were menaced by the factious imprudence of Mr. Fox.

Though we find these letters less brilliant and less important than any other parts of Walpole's immense correspondence, we beg to say that we have not the least objection to advance against their publication: on the contrary, we think that Lord Euston, who has given them to the public, had not merely a full right, but even a kind of obligation, so to do, inasmuch as Walpole himself had destined them for publication, and the very fact, if they had no other merit, of their continuing and completing so extraordinary a series, would have required their publication. Walpole himself says, in August, 1784,—

'I have been counting how many letters I have written to you since I landed in England in 1741: they amount—astonishing!—to above 800; and we have not met in three and forty years! A correspondence of near half a century is, I suppose, not to be paralleled in the annals of the post-office!'—vol. iv. p. 188.

We hope, and indeed we believe, that some other papers received by Lord Euston under the same circumstances will eventually see the light—the more the better: there has been already published much that perhaps might have been postponed, or at least not published without more corrective explanations than we have hitherto had; but as the case now stands, our wish is that *all* may be produced—let us have the whole Horace Walpole—and let posterity have the fullest means of appreciating the weight and veracity of the evidence of one who has chosen to appear in the character of *general accuser* of three generations of mankind.

We have already, besides his *works* distinctively so called, above two thousand letters; but we suspect that there are a great many more in existence. Of his letters, once a-week for fifteen years, to Madame du Deffand (vol. iii. p. 266), making a total of near eight hundred, nothing has appeared but a few extracts in the notes of the lady's letters to him. These letters we suppose are in the possession of the Miss Berrys, who edited Madame du Deffand's letters; but we have no great expectations from them: written under the constraint of a foreign language and for the amusement of a blind old woman at Paris, they cannot, we presume, be very interesting now-a-days. But large and probably valuable classes of his letters are still unpublished. Of the letters which he addressed (weekly) to the Miss Berrys during their

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their visit of thirteen months, in 1790-1, to Italy, we have in the collective edition not, we suspect, much more than half. We have but one letter, that we recollect, to any person of the name of Walpole; and it is certain that, of his letters to Lord and Lady Hertford, Marshal Conway, Mrs. Damer, the Waldegraves, and other members of his own family, we have only a proportion, and probably not a large one. He took great pains to have his letters returned by his different correspondents; and we have no great expectation that much of any kind will be found except whatever further letters and *papers* may be in the possession of Lord Euston and the Miss Berrys. Of these the papers in Lord Euston's hands will be probably the most valuable—they will certainly conduce most to the elucidation of Walpole's personal history and character; of which, as we have said in our former Number, we are, in spite of the two thousand published letters, in a state of, if not ignorance, at least very imperfect knowledge.

There have been added to eke out these volumes—a few additional letters reprinted from the Selwyn correspondence, and a few from Walpole to other persons. There has also been reprinted from the great 4to. edition of his work, his apology for his places, which we have already discussed, and the editor or publisher has been so unconscionable as moreover to reprint from that edition the 'Description and Catalogue of Strawberry Hill,'—a repetition wholly superfluous and worse than useless, unless he had been pleased to take the trouble of adding, as might easily have been done, the name of the purchaser of each article, and the prices which they respectively fetched at the late lamentable (we must call it) dispersion of that interesting collection. We are satisfied that Mr. George Robins would have willingly contributed his share to such a publication, and then Walpole's description of Strawberry Hill with the practical commentary of the *priced* catalogue would have been really worth republication. That none of the persons concerned or consulted, when they resolved on filling up the volume by reprinting the *Description*, which nobody wanted, should have thought of making so curious and appropriate an addition to it, would surprise us if we did not see in what a bungling *book-making* style the whole publication has been mismanaged.

We find, however, in the kind of Appendix which has been added to swell the volume, a few (twenty-four) pages which are new to the public—though not new to us, who had already seen a MS. copy—and which have some interest, and with regard to the personal history of Walpole, some importance. This paper is entitled 'Short Notes of my Life.' The editor says, simply enough,—

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'These memoranda were probably not intended for publication; but as they furnish dates and some other interesting particulars, it has been thought desirable to insert them here.'—Ed.—vol. iv. p. 335.

We have no doubt that these notes, and everything else of the kind which may be found in Lord Euston's papers, were written for the ultimate use of the public in some shape or other. We almost doubt whether Walpole ever, after his early youth, wrote a line—he certainly never, as far as we know, preserved one—which he did not merely intend, but carefully and often artfully prepare, for the press. These notes, indeed, tell very little that had not been told before; but they exhibit in a collected, and therefore stronger light, that appetite for literary fame,—and, in spite of all his affected humility, that curious anxiety and vanity about his most trifling productions, which were, we believe, the strongest passions of his life.

We must find room for a few short specimens of this dry, yet characteristic autobiography—beginning with the very few *events* which he takes the trouble to record.

He tells us that he was born in Arlington-street, on the 24th of Sept., 1717, O.S., and inoculated for the small-pox in 1724. In 1725, he, with his cousins, the four sons of Lord Townshend, was placed under a tutor at Bexley, in Kent, and in 1727 he was removed to Eton. We then find that—

'I was entered at Lincoln's Inn, May 24th, 1721, my father intending me for the law; but I never went further, not caring for the profession.'—vol. iv. p. 335.

This date is a blunder of the printer or editor—as he certainly was not entered at Lincoln's Inn at three or four years old. The true date is 1731. He left Eton for Cambridge in 1734, and in 1736—

'Wrote a copy of Latin verses in the *Gratulatio Acad. Cantab.*, on the marriage of Frederic, Prince of Wales.

'My mother [*Catherine Shorter*] died August 20th, 1737.

'Soon after, my father gave me the place of Inspector of the Imports and Exports in the Custom House, which I resigned on his appointing me Usher of the Exchequer, in the room of Colonel William Townshend, January 29th, 1738—and, as soon as I came of age, I took possession of two other little patent places in the Exchequer, called Comptroller of the Pipe, and Clerk of the Estreats. They had been held for me by Mr. Fane.

'My father's second wife, *Mrs. Maria Sherret*, died June, 1738.'—vol. iv. p. 336.

The reader will observe with some surprise that his father's *second* wife died within *ten months* of the decease of the first. The explanation of this enigma is that Sir Robert had, during his

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his first lady's life, an intrigue with and a daughter by Miss Skerret, who had been maid of honour to the queen; and within a few months of the first Lady Walpole's death he married, and in a few months more lost the second. By an extraordinary and scandalous stretch of power, when Sir Robert was created a peer, his daughter by Miss Skerret was granted the rank of an earl's daughter, and became the *Lady Mary Churchill* so often mentioned in Walpole's correspondence. The gossip of the day said that the infidelity of Sir Robert to his lady was reciprocated, and that our Horace himself was well known to be the son of the celebrated Lord Hervey, whom he certainly resembled in many points, in which he was the very reverse of Sir Robert. (*Lady M. W. Montague's Works*, vol. i. p. 34.)

Horace continued at Cambridge* till 1739, when 'he set out his travels with his friend [and tutor] Mr. Thomas Gray.' They spent thirteen or fourteen months in Florence, 'chiefly for the sake of Mr. Horace Mann, the English minister,'—a residence which we believe to have had a very mischievous effect on the after-lives of both Gray and Walpole. To the quarrel, which at the conclusion of the residence at Florence separated these friends, there is no allusion, nor has it ever been clearly explained. Walpole, with a kind of prudential magnanimity, used to silence all discussion on the subject, by taking, in a general way, all the blame on himself; but the details were certainly of a nature that Walpole was not willing to remember. On his return in 1741, he found himself member 'for Kellington' [Callington] of the Parliament which terminated Sir Robert's ministry:—

'February 9th, 1742, my father resigned, and was created Earl of Orford. He left the house in Downing Street belonging to the Exchequer, and retired to one in Arlington Street, opposite to that in which I was born, and which stood where the addition building to Mr. Pelham's house now stands.

'March 23rd, 1742, I spoke in the House of Commons for the first time, against the motion for a Secret Committee on my father. This speech was published in the magazines, but was entirely false, and had not one paragraph of my real speech in it.

'My father died March 28th, 1745. He left me the house in Arlington Street in which he died, 5000*l.* in money, and 1000*l.* a-year from the Collector's place in the Custom House, and the surplus to be divided between my brother Edward and me.

'In May, 1747, I took a small house near Twickenham for seven years. I afterwards bought it, by Act of Parliament, it belonging to

* We have somewhere read that, during his early residence at Cambridge, Horace Walpole had a fit of *seriousness*, and used even to visit convicts in the prison with a view to their religious edification. We have unfortunately mislaid our reference; but the story, if true, is a very curious one.

minors;

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minors; and have made great additions and improvements to it. In one of the deeds I found it was called STRAWBERRY HILL.

'One night in the beginning of November, 1749, as I was returning from Holland House by moonlight, about ten at night, I was attacked by two highwaymen in Hyde Park, and the pistol of one of them going off accidentally, grazed the skin under my eye, left some marks of shot on my face, and stunned me. The ball went through the top of the chariot; and if I had sat an inch nearer to the left side, must have gone through my head.

'January 11th, 1751, I moved the address to the king, on his speech at the opening of the session.

'March 20th, 1751, died my eldest brother Robert, Earl of Orford.

'About this time I began to write my Memoirs. At first, I only intended to write the history of one year.

'About the same time happened a great family quarrel. My friend Mr. Chute had engaged Miss Nicholl, a most rich heiress, to run away from her guardians, who had used her very ill; and he proposed to marry her to my nephew Lord Orford, who refused her, though she had above 150,000*l.* I wrote a particular account of the whole transaction.

'In 1752 I was appointed by Sir Hans Sloane's will one of his trustees.

'In December died Erasmus Shorter, Esq., the last and youngest of my mother's brothers. He dying without a will, his fortune of 30,000*l.* came in equal shares between my brother Sir Edward, me, and my cousins, Francis Earl of Hertford, Col. Henry Seymour Conway, and Miss Anne Seymour Conway.

'In 1754 I was chosen for Castlerising, in Norfolk, in the new parliament.

'About the same time I erected a cenotaph for my mother in Westminster Abbey, having some years before prepared a statue of her by Valory at Rome. The pedestal was carved by Rysbrach.

'In March, 1755, I was very ill-used by my nephew Lord Orford, upon a contested election in the House of Commons, on which I wrote him a long letter, with an account of my own conduct in politics.

'In February, 1757, I vacated my seat for Castlerising, in order to be chosen for Lynn; and about the same time used my best endeavours, but in vain, to save the unfortunate Admiral Byng.

'In September I erected a tomb in St. Anne's churchyard, Soho, for Theodore King of Corsica.

'1765. Sept. 9th. Set out for Paris.

'1766. April 22nd. Arrived in London from Paris.

'1767. March. Wrote to the mayor of Lynn, that I did not intend to come into Parliament again. . . .

'May 28th. My letter to the mayor of Lynn was first published in the St. James's Chronicle.

'Aug. 20th. I went to Paris. Wrote there an account of my whole concern in the affair of Rousseau, not with intention to publish it yet. . . .

'1777. In April my nephew, Lord Orford, went mad again, and was under

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under my care; but as he had employed a lawyer, of whom I had a bad opinion, in his affairs, I refused to take care of them.

'1778. Lord Orford recovering in March, I gave up the care of him.'—vol. iv. pp. 339-357.

These are, we think, all that he relates of the *facts* of his life down to 1779, when the notes terminate; but he is much more particular in enumerating his literary labours. The following extracts will show the microscopic vanity with which—having so many higher claims to literary reputation—he enshrined in the records of his life the most inconsiderable trifles:—

'1743. I wrote "Patapan, or the Little White Dog," a tale, imitated from Fontaine; it was never printed.

'1746. In July of the same year, I wrote "*The Beauties*," which was handed about till it got into print, very incorrectly.

'About the same time, I paraphrased some lines of the first book of "Lucan;" but they have not been printed.

'1748. I next wrote two papers of the "Remembrancer," and two more of the same in the year 1749. In the latter year, too, I wrote a copy of verses on the Fireworks for the Peace; they were not printed.

'1753. In November I wrote a burlesque poem, called "*The Judgment of Solomon.*"

'1761. June 11th, wrote an epigram on the Duchess of Grafton going abroad.

'Dec. 20th, wrote a few lines to Lady Mary Coke, on her having St. Anthony's fire in her cheek.

'1772. Sept. Wrote some lines to Lady Anne Fitzpatrick with a present of shells.'—vol. iv. pp. 339-356.

About some of these things and others similarly mentioned we know nothing and care little, but we dare say most of them will be found in Lord Euston's papers. There is one composition mentioned which excites our curiosity,—

'1766. Aug. 18th. Began Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third.'—vol. iv. p. 352.

These 'Memoirs,' we observe, are advertised as about to be published, in 3 vols. 8vo., under the editorship of Sir Denis Le Marchant. They are probably the contents of the celebrated box B.*

The following, which looks trivial, may not be without importance:—

'1761. July 16th, wrote the "Garland," a poem on the King, and sent it to Lady Bute, but not in my own hand, nor with my name, nor did ever own it.'—vol. iv. p. 349.

We know nothing of this piece—and should be glad if it were recovered; if, as may be presumed, it was a panegyric, it would

* See Lord Holland's Preface to the Memoires, and Quart. Rev., vol. xxvii., p. 179.

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afford a curious contrast with Walpole's subsequent rancour against George III. and Lord Bute. We really have a curiosity to compare the 'Memoirs of George III. in 1766,' with the 'Garland' of 1761. But upon this, no more than upon any other points of this autobiography, does the editor condescend to say one word; and we have not space, nor, we freely confess, materials to enter into researches on the present occasion. By and bye, or whenever there shall be reason to suppose that we have got to the bottom of the Walpole papers—these notes will probably be of value to the biographer who may endeavour to afford a full review of all Walpole's works and a fair estimate of his literary and personal character. We have on several occasions, but particularly in our recent review of the first two volumes of the Mann series, paid our contribution to this future biography; and we trust that the time is not far distant when the remaining mass of his papers may be given to the public, and that the whole of his works, but particularly his letters, may receive the elucidatory supervision of a competent, that is to say, well-informed, inquisitive, and communicative editor.

ART. V.—*Report of the Metropolitan Commissioners in Lunacy to the Lord Chancellor.* (Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.) London, 1844.

THE history of insanity exemplifies an observation frequently made, that in many of the greatest calamities that befal mankind the most poignant miseries are those which are superadded by human folly and ignorance to the dispensations of Providence. The loss of reason is one of the heaviest of these dispensations; and yet there are grounds for believing that the most acute sufferings which the insane have undergone have arisen in past times from the exaggerated fears and the cruelty of the sane. Lunatics had their golden age, before laws were made, when they wandered forth at large and were revered as saints, or as partaking of something holy or divine; but with laws and civilization their iron age began. It has continued almost to the present time. During the last half century, however, the treatment of the insane in the civilized countries of Europe has been greatly ameliorated. It is now thought right to exercise towards them the ordinary principles of humanity. We shall endeavour to trace the most remarkable events in the progress of this change. The subject of insanity, and numerous questions connected with it, have of late, owing to a variety of causes, occupied more than usual attention. The appalling attempts on the lives of persons high in office

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office and dignity, and other atrocities, in excuse or extenuation of which the plea of insanity has been urged, have excited a strong interest, and have given rise to inquiries as yet scarcely answered to the satisfaction of the public. The imposing appearance of lunatic asylums, generally erected in conspicuous situations, and from year to year multiplied, has spread abroad an apprehension that lunacy is to a fearful degree on the increase. The sympathy of the humane has been awakened; and Parliament will be invited, in the next session, to consider the whole matter with a view to decisive legislation.

Ancient legislation regarded merely the protection of the public against the dangerous acts of lunatics, and that of their families from the dissipation of property. Under the Roman law, if any offence was committed by a reputed lunatic, a formal inquisition was held by the magistrate for the purpose of determining whether madness was real or simulated.* When insanity was proved to be real and continued, and it appeared that the lunatic was dangerous to society, he was ordered, if of a certain rank, and possessed of wealth, to be shut up in his own house under the care of an appointed guardian, who was responsible for his safe custody. For madmen of an inferior condition no other receptacle was provided than a common prison, where it was expressly enacted that they should be bound, if the officer thought it advisable, with chains. Lunatics who were not dangerous were left to the care of their relatives or friends.

It was not till a comparatively late period that any improvement can be discovered to have taken place in the public provisions for the disposal of lunatics: while, indeed, no hospitals existed for the care of those who laboured under ordinary bodily infirmities, it can be no matter of wonder that none were devoted to the insane.

The era of the Reformation, which was the commencement of so many improvements affecting the comfort as well as the morals of the people of this country, was likewise the epoch of the establishment of the first hospital for lunatics in Britain. Shortly before his death, King Henry VIII. had given the priory of Bethlehem to the City of London. It was soon afterwards devoted to the care and safe custody of lunatics. In 1675, the old building having fallen into a ruinous state, the sum of 17,000*l.* was devoted by the Corporation of London to the erection of a fit edifice. This sum was augmented by a voluntary subscription. By a piece of extreme absurdity it was determined to raise the new building on the model of the Tuileries in Paris. Such was the great national lunatic asylum of those days, where, according

* Pothier's edition of the 'Pandects,' lib. 7, p. 444.—Bonfils, 'Essai sur la Jurisprudence Médicale relative aux Aliénés.' Paris. Quarto. 1826.

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to the expressions of a sensible writer of the present time (M. Ferrus), 'Pomp reigned without, and misery within; and where vanity was gratified at the expense of suffering humanity. The unfortunate inmates of this noble mansion were abandoned to the most revolting squalor and wretchedness. Their nakedness and filth were as disgusting to the beholder as the chains and fetters, with which both sexes were loaded, were horrifying and revolting.'

Such was the only noted receptacle for the insane that existed in England for more than two hundred years. It was not till 1751 that another asylum was found necessary, Bethlehem being no longer capable of receiving the number of lunatics that were to be accommodated. The hospital of St. Luke's was then founded for the reception of 300 patients. But here, as in Bethlehem, chains and fetters were employed without restriction for the coercion of the insane. No attempts at classification on any fixed principle appear to have been made; and the arrangements of both these establishments were similar to those of prisons.

It was not till a late period that any considerable number of hospitals were erected in Europe for the reception of lunatics. For the safety of the community they were to be confined; and when this object was attained, the duty of the magistrate and of the public in regard to them was supposed to be accomplished. If violent and dangerous, they were almost everywhere lodged in gaols; and even such as were placed in the lunatic hospitals of those days were loaded with chains, fetters, manacles, hobbles, gyves, and muzzles. They were flogged during their paroxysms, fastened naked in dark cells, in the most squalid and miserable condition; or they were exhibited for money in cages by their *keepers* (a term still retained), like wild beasts, or as objects of curiosity and ridicule. It was ignorantly supposed that lunatics are insensible to the ordinary causes of bodily pain, and this notion became a pretext for the barbarities that were exercised towards them.

The commencement of a more humane practice was made in France by the good St. Vincent de Paule, founder of the order of Lazarites, and originator of the Foundling Hospital of Paris. This ecclesiastic was one of the most zealous and active men of his age in all works of benevolence. He obtained benefactions for the hospitals of Bicêtre and the Salpetrière. In his exhortations he recommended, with great force and eloquence, kindness and gentleness towards the insane. From his time lunatics began to be admitted more frequently into hospitals instead of prisons.

In 1786, Ténon, a French physician, published an essay on the state of the insane, and on the method of treatment likely to promote their recovery. This attracted the attention of humane persons to the subject; and it was soon afterwards brought before the

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the Constituent Assembly of France, in a very striking memoir, by La Rochefoucauld.

It was during the Reign of Terror, and while all France laboured under a new form of insanity, that the idea was first conceived of setting loose madmen from their bonds. The good and wise physician, Pinel, seems to have been struck with the injustice of keeping his patients chained in the dungeons of Bicêtre, while so many hundreds of his countrymen, more mischievously distracted than any of them, were at large to work the bloody frolics of the revolutionary phrenzy. There were at that time upwards of 300 maniacs chained in the loathsome cells of the horrible Bedlam of France. Pinel formed the resolution of setting them free from their strict restraint, and he entreated permission of the Commune to that effect. Struck with the novelty of the enterprise, at that time a sufficient recommendation before any assembly in France, the Commune listened to the proposal, and deputed one of their body, the notorious Couthon, to accompany the physician to the spot, and judge of the propriety of carrying his undertaking into effect. They were received by a confused noise—the yells and vociferations of some hundreds of madmen, mixed with the sounds of their clanking chains, echoing through the damp and dreary vaults of the prison. Couthon turned away with horror, but he permitted Pinel to pursue his enterprise. The philanthropist resolved speedily to liberate fifty of the number by way of experiment, and he began by unchaining twelve of the most violent. The account of his proceeding has been recorded by his nephew, Scipion Pinel, in a lively narrative, which was read before the Academy of Sciences. The first man set at liberty was an English captain. He had been forty years in chains, and his history was forgotten by himself and all the world. His keepers approached him with dread: he had killed one of their comrades by a blow with his manacles. Pinel entered his cell unattended, and accosted him in a kind and confiding manner, and told him that it was designed to give him the liberty of walking abroad, on condition that he would put on a waistcoat that might confine his arms. The madman appeared to disbelieve; but he obeyed. His chains were removed, and the door of his cell was left open. Many times he raised himself and fell back; his limbs gave way; they had been ironed forty years. At length he was able to stand, and to stalk to the door of his dark cell, and to gaze, with exclamations of wonder and delight, at the beautiful sky. He spent the day in the enjoyment of his newly-acquired privilege; he was no more in bonds; and during the two years of his further detention at Bicêtre, assisted in managing the house. The next man liberated was a soldier, a private in

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the French guards, who had been ten years in chains, and was an object of general fear. His case had been one of acute mania, occasioned by intemperance—a disorder which often subsides in a short period under abstinence from intoxicating drinks, unless kept up, as in this case, by improper treatment. When set at liberty, this man willingly assisted Pinel in breaking the chains of his fellow-prisoners: he became immediately calm, and even kind and attentive, and was ever afterwards the devoted friend of his deliverer. In an adjoining cell there were three Prussian soldiers, who had been many years in chains and darkness: through grief and despair they had sunk into a state of stupor and fatuity, the frequent result of similar treatment, and they refused to be removed. Near to them was an old priest, harmless and patient, who fancied himself to be the Saviour of the world. When taunted by his keepers, who used to tell him that, if he was Christ, he could break the heavy chains that loaded his hands, he replied, with solemn dignity, 'Frustrà tentâris Dominum tuum.' After his release he got rid of his illusion, and recovered the soundness of his mind. Within a few days Pinel liberated fifty-three maniacs from their imprisonment. The result was beyond his hopes. Tranquillity and harmony succeeded to tumult and disorder, and even the most ferocious madmen became more tractable. This took place in 1792; and the example of Pinel was followed in various parts of France.

In England some improvements began about the same period as in France; but they advanced more slowly, and only as the state of public opinion gradually forced them on. Asylums had been increased in number: private houses for the reception of insane persons were found to be profitable speculations, and accordingly multiplied; and asylums began to be established by public subscription for the accommodation of lunatics among the lower orders. It is most remarkable that the estimated numbers were at this time so small. The York Asylum was set on foot in 1772. A public advertisement, signed by Archbishop Drummond and twenty-four gentlemen, stated that—'sensible of the deplorable situation of many poor lunatics in that extensive county, who had no other support than what a needy parent can bestow, or a thrifty parish officer provide, they recommend the erection of a public edifice for the reception of such unhappy people.' An inquiry was then set on foot as to the number of lunatics in the Three Ridings, and it was found *so alarming* that it was determined to erect a building capable of receiving *fifty-four patients*, with power of extending it by means of wings. For the care of fifty-four patients, one head keeper, one matron, and three servants of each sex were thought sufficient.

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It is remarkable that in 1813 the same number of attendants was thought sufficient for 200 patients. The explanation of this is the use of restraint and confinement in cells, that was the general practice in the York Asylum. For some time the establishment was inspected by regular visitors; and while this was done, and paupers alone were admitted, no complaints of improper treatment were heard; but when patients of a higher class were received, under the pretence of assisting the pauper establishment by larger payments, and the physician was allowed to take fees, abuses were introduced, the system of regular visiting was given up, and the York Asylum became the scene of most disgraceful disorder.

Not long after this several public hospitals were erected in different parts of the country. The Nottingham Asylum was built in 1791, the Glasgow Asylum in 1807. In 1808 the important Act for the erection of County Asylums opened a new era in the history of these establishments. It was by this Act that an adequate provision for the Lunatic Population of England was first projected. How far the object has yet been attained we shall have future occasion to show.

The commencement of improvements in the internal management of our lunatic asylums, and the actual treatment of their inmates, may be dated from the foundation of the Retreat by the Society of Friends. It is a curious coincidence that the origin of the Retreat was coëval with the liberation by Pinel of the lunatics of Bicêtre: the two events had no connection. The foundation of the Retreat was suggested by some complaints relative to a female belonging to the Society of Friends, who had been confined and died in York Asylum. It was opened in 1793, under the direction of the Tukes, of York, whose name will be handed down among those of the benefactors of mankind. The plan of treatment adopted from the first was that which humanity and common sense ought long before to have suggested. It was to manage the patients in the most gentle method, to soothe their feelings by kindness and compassion, and to gain their confidence by that mild control which firmness joined to gentleness and forbearance never fails to establish over the insane and the sane. The unostentatious accounts that were from time to time published of this institution made a strong impression on the public mind. It was well known that a different system was pursued in the old establishments, against which complaints had been continually gaining ground. In these places all things were as much as possible involved in mystery and concealment, and attempts to promote inquiry were resisted and resented as grievous affronts. The York Asylum, of which the management had fallen

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fallen into a few hands, interested in the concealment and perpetuation of abuses, was more especially the object of complaint, and of comparison with the Retreat, situated in its immediate neighbourhood. Dr. Best, physician to the Asylum, published some severe strictures on Mr. Samuel Tuke's account of the Retreat, in which he supposed that unfavourable allusions had been made to the Asylum. The controversy attracted attention; and some gross instances of neglect and ill-treatment having fallen under the notice of Mr. Godfrey Higgins, an active magistrate of the West Riding, a movement was with great difficulty made, and an investigation was set on foot. Scarcely any kind of abuse or indecency can be imagined that was not shown to have been perpetrated in the York Asylum. This disclosure gave rise, in the following session, to a Parliamentary inquiry into the state of all the public lunatic asylums, and many of the private houses for the insane.

The state of Bethlehem (Bedlam) was on this occasion exposed. In that hospital it had been the ordinary practice to keep patients, male and female, even some who were but partially insane, and for the most part intelligent, chained constantly by arm and leg to the walls of apartments, with no clothing but a blanket. Others were found lying in cells on loose straw, covered merely with a rug, and in a most filthy and disgusting state. And this was twenty-three years after the reformation of Bicêtre by Pinel, and in the royal hospital of Great Britain. The case of Norris stands out conspicuously. Norris was a shrewd intelligent man, who retained to the last the powers of his understanding, but was subject to paroxysms of fury. He was dreaded as a most dangerous madman. Mr. Haslam, at that time apothecary of Bethlehem Hospital, advised his confinement in a well-secured double cell; but the Committee determined otherwise, and after long deliberation gave minute directions for the construction of an apparatus of iron, under the load of which the unfortunate man was destined to pass the remaining twelve years of his life. A stout iron ring was riveted round his neck, and connected by a short chain to another ring, which was made to slide up and down a massive iron pillar six feet high: a strong iron bar, two inches wide, was riveted round his body, on each side of which his arms were pinioned down close to his waist: his right leg was chained to the trough on which he was placed. Norris was not in a state fitted to render him insensible to such miseries. While fettered as above described he read a great many books on history and biography: he read the newspapers every day, and conversed sensibly on the events of the time.

St. Luke's Hospital was found in a better state than Bedlam: a similar

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a similar method of management was there followed, but it was stated on evidence that there were not nearly so many persons '*under violent coercion.*' The naval maniacs at Hoxton were declared to be in a dirty miserable condition, without classification, and destitute of ordinary decencies and comforts.

This exposure produced a lasting impression. The fact having been demonstrated that a kind and gentle treatment may be advantageously substituted for harshness, a reformation of the old hospitals was carried into effect, and new asylums were set on foot, professedly on this principle. The managers of these establishments emulated each other in allowing more and more liberty to their patients, and in avoiding the use of severe and coercive measures. In county asylums, where adequate means of classification and employment were at hand, it was discovered, as soon as the experiment was made, that personal restraint may for the most part be dispensed with, if due vigilance is used to prevent accidents, and a sufficient number of attendants are at hand to overpower resistance when necessity requires. In proportion as restraint was discontinued it was observed that the inmates of lunatic hospitals became more tranquil, more cheerful, more disposed to give assistance to the superintendents, and less mischievous, irritable, and destructive. It was no longer impossible to cultivate gardens to which they had access, or to preserve glass-windows: these were no longer guarded with lattices, nor were the walls built so high to prevent escapes. In fact, moral principles were substituted in the government of these reformed asylums for physical force.*

This change of system has been chiefly carried into effect in some of the large county asylums, where no motive of parsimony interfered to prevent the attainment of all the requisite conditions. These are principally ample airing grounds, with the means of active occupation, and a sufficient number of attendants. In many of the private asylums, however, and even in some of the public ones, as we shall hereafter show, the old method has continued in force, with unmitigated severity, down to the period of the late visitation by the Commissioners. A controversy exists among the superintendents of the best conducted county asylums on the question how far the principle of abstaining from the use of mechanical coercion—which they term technically the non-restraint system—ought to be carried. One party (at the head

* Such is the statement given by Dr. Hitch, one of the most eminently successful among the superintendents of Lunatic Hospitals, and confirmed by the most intelligent of those who hold similar appointments. We have seen lunatics who had been ten or twenty years bound and coerced, and during that time irritable and violent, walking at large about the grounds of a lunatic asylum, having been restored to a state of perfect harmlessness and tranquillity on being released from their bonds.

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of which is that accomplished physician Dr. Conolly) abjures the use of mechanical restraints in managing even the most violent and destructive maniacs. The substitute adopted for ligatures and chains, and strait-waistcoats, is solitary confinement in padded rooms, lined with some soft material, so that the patient can sustain no serious injury even if he dashes his head or body with violence against the walls. Some intelligent persons are, however, of opinion that solitary confinement is not in all instances preferable to slight restraint; and that patients who have mischievous propensities, and make constant efforts, as many do, to destroy their clothes or strip them off, suffer less, both in health and feelings, if allowed to walk at large in the open air with their hands fastened in muffs or gloves, than if kept shut up in cheerless cells. They argue also that padded rooms afford no security in some extreme cases—as when a lunatic, during a paroxysm, attempts to tear out his eyes, gnaw his flesh, or bite off his tongue. Such instances actually occur, and the Commissioners have seen persons deprived of sight, or otherwise maimed, who might easily have been prevented from inflicting upon themselves these calamities by mechanical restraints of no severe kind. Examples have occurred in which destructive patients have killed some of their companions during a sudden outbreak. It is argued, moreover, and no satisfactory reply has been made to the observation, that some have depraved appetites, and propensities perverted by disease, the indulgence of which is destructive, and can only be prevented by mechanical restraint, or by the constant presence of an attendant. On these and similar grounds many humane and considerate persons are still found to disapprove the total prohibition of all means of restraint. In this number we must reckon, in England, the enlightened founder of the Retreat, Mr. Samuel Tuke, who is rightly looked upon as the author of the improved system; and, on the Continent, Dr. Foville, the distinguished successor of Esquirol at the Royal Hospital of Charenton. With such arguments and such authorities on both sides of this question, it is difficult to come to a decided opinion as to the propriety of prohibiting in all cases the adoption of restraint. But one result seems established by the consent of all parties; viz., that the least possible use should be made of such means. If we rest on this as an undisputed principle, and take into our account the fact that in several of the largest and best-conducted asylums in Britain, though the superintendents do not profess to refuse, should a case occur requiring it, to make use of restraint, they have in reality not applied it in a single instance during several years, it will appear that there is practically little difference between the two parties. In the mean time

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time it is to be hoped that the desire to maintain one rule of conduct, under all circumstances, may not occasion a relapse into the old system of confinement in dark cells. The instances on record, which prove the baneful tendency of solitary cellular confinement, as practised in the prisons of Pennsylvania, ought to be sufficient warning on this head.*

A series of parliamentary enactments has resulted from these discussions, with a view to the improvement of public and private asylums, and to secure their periodical visitation by magistrates and commissioners. We shall enumerate the most important of these Acts in the order of their succession; but our readers will be better prepared to form an estimate of their value and bearing when they shall have accompanied us in taking a brief but general survey of the remarkable facts illustrative of the present state of lunatics and asylums in this country, which the late Report of the Metropolitan Commissioners has brought to light. The appointment of this Commission, or rather the extension of its sphere of operation beyond the limits of the metropolitan district, is well known to have been the last act of Government in connexion with the treatment of lunatics. The Report was alluded to in Parliament by Lord Ashley, in the luminous and excellent speech in which that nobleman drew the attention of the House, shortly before the close of the last session, to the subject of lunacy, and the existing provisions for the insane poor. It brings before the public a great mass of information, for the most part new, on all the most important topics connected with insanity.

The principal heads of the Report are a description of the different classes of lunatic asylums; their construction, state, and the system of management pursued in them; a view of the principal evils and defects existing in these establishments, as detected by the Commissioners in their late visitations; an account of the state in which pauper lunatics are admitted into asylums; of the forms and varieties of mental disease prevalent among their inmates; of the classification and treatment, medical and moral, to which they are subjected; of the degrees and kinds of restraint practised in the different houses; of the visitations and inspections which, according to law, ought to have been carried on; and of the manner in which these visitations have been actually practised in the different houses. The Report contains also remarks on a

* On the baneful effects of this system of solitary confinement in cells in the penitentiaries of Pennsylvania, see the 'Compte rendu des Séances et Travaux de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.' This subject has been discussed at several meetings of the Institute during the present year, and it seems to be a result established beyond doubt, that a considerable number *per cent.* of cases of insanity are produced yearly in the Pennsylvanian penitentiaries.

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variety of particulars connected with the state of the houses, which bear on great practical questions. To these details is added a copious digest of materials for the statistics of insanity in England, a subject of great national interest, and one on which there have existed hitherto no sources of correct information.

The total number of lunatic asylums in England and Wales is stated to be 166. Among these, 17 are county asylums, 11 are asylums supported partly by subscription, 1 is a military and 1 a naval hospital, and 136 are licensed houses or private asylums. Of these last, 99 are in the provinces, and licensed by magistrates; 37 are within the metropolitan district, and licensed by the Commissioners in Lunacy. Of the licensed houses, 44 receive paupers as well as private patients, and 92 private patients only.

It appears from the enumeration that although county magistrates have been empowered by the Act passed in 1808 (a power continued by 9 Geo. IV. c. 40) to erect county asylums wherever they thought fit, only 16 of 40 counties in England, and 1 of 12 in Wales, have been provided with such establishments. Neither has the recommendation of the Committee of the House of Commons in 1807, for the combination of counties with a view to the erection of joint asylums, been acted upon, with the exception of one instance, and that a comparatively unimportant one. It cannot be said that there has been no want of public asylums in the districts where none have been established.

The most erroneous notions have prevailed as to the numbers of the insane in this country, and in fact no sufficient data existed for drawing any conclusion on the subject. These are for the first time furnished by the Report of the Commissioners, and it appears that great care has been bestowed in collecting and arranging materials for the statistics of insanity. They form a most valuable public document. The following table gives the number of insane persons, of all classes, in England and Wales, on the 1st of January, 1844:—

Where confined.	Private Patients.			Paupers.			Total.		
	Male	Female	Total.	Male	Female	Total.	Male	Female	Total.
County Asylums	130	115	245	1,924	2,231	4,155	2,054	2,346	4,400
Ditto, under Local Acts	..	..	..	38	51	89	38	51	89
Military and Naval Hospitals	164	4	168	..	..	..	164	4	168
Bethlem and St. Luke's Hospitals	178	264	442	86	35	121	264	299	563
Other Public Asylums	249	287	536	177	166	343	426	453	879
Licensed Houses:—									
" Metropolitan	520	453	973	360	494	854	880	947	1,827
" Provincial	748	678	1,426	947	973	1,920	1,695	1,651	3,346
*Workhouses and elsewhere	..	..	..	4,169	5,170	9,339	4,169	5,170	9,339
Single Patients under Commission	172	110	282	..	..	..	172	110	282
Totals	2,161	1,911	4,072	7,701	9,120	16,821	9,862	11,031	20,893

* Including 30 Male and 3 Female Criminal Lunatics, in Gaols, according to the Parliamentary Return for April, 1843.

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It appears that there are 20,893 persons in South Britain ascertained to be insane: 4072 are maintained either wholly or in part at their own cost, or that of their families; while 16,821 are objects of charity, and supported at the public expense. Besides these, there are large numbers of persons shut up and confined as single patients, of whom no account is given in any public document.

The following table displays some interesting facts. It shows that the proportion of pauper lunatics and idiots to the population is greater in Wales than in England, and that in both the number of females is greater than that of males:—

PROPORTIONS PER CENT. OF PAUPER LUNATICS TO POPULATION, JANUARY 1ST, 1844.

		Population.	Pauper Lunatics.	Proportion per cent.	One Pauper Lunatic to Persons Living.
England .	Males.....	7,589,659	7,159	·094	1,060
	Females....	7,945,962	8,442	·106	942
	Total...	15,535,621	15,601	·100	1,000
Wales . .	Males.....	463,985	542	·117	856
	Females....	480,476	678	·141	709
	Total	944,461	1,220	·129	775
Total England and Wales..		16,480,082	16,821	·102	980
Deduct Criminal Lunatics.....			279		
Total Pauper Lunatics not Criminals.....			16,542	·100	1,000

We discover, on inspecting the former of these tables, that the number of lunatics and idiots confined in workhouses and elsewhere is more than double of the total number of those in county lunatic asylums. It likewise appears that the number of paupers sent to private asylums is more than half as many as the number in county asylums. The evils resulting from this state of things will appear when we consider that most workhouses are in a great measure unprovided with those resources which are found to promote the recovery of the insane, and tend therefore to lighten the public burden of their maintenance, and take into the account the fact shown by the Report, that a great many of the licensed houses admitting paupers are scarcely better provided in this respect than workhouses. The following consideration will show how great a calamity to the country is this defect in the public provisions regarding lunacy.

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Insanity is curable in a very large proportion of cases, but the cure is almost entirely dependent on the early application of remedial means. The table printed in page 189 of the Report will prove that the cures, during the last five years, have in four county asylums been 30, in four others 40, in four others 50, and in three 60 per cent. At St. Luke's the permanent cures, during 1842, are stated to be 70, and in 1843 to be 65 per cent. It must be observed that at St. Luke's scarcely any cases are admitted except recent ones, while the proportion of such admitted into some of the county asylums is comparatively small. In one county asylum, out of 37 cases admitted in 1842, only 6 were received within three months of the attack, and 5 of these recovered within three months: the rest, being old cases, were incurable. It is a fact long ago established by the Reports of lunatic hospitals in this and other countries, that the disorder is curable, in a very great proportion of cases, during the first year of the attack, and that recoveries after that period are comparatively rare. From a table drawn up by Mr. Tuke for the Retreat, on the accuracy of which we may place the utmost reliance, it appears that out of 63 cases admitted within three months of the attack, 51 recoveries took place; out of 65 cases admitted more than three but less than twelve months from the attack, there were 28 recoveries; in 101 cases admitted after the termination of the first year, only 31 recoveries are recorded.

When we take into consideration the great probability of recovery in the early stages of insanity—which, as we must not fail to observe, is restricted to cases placed under circumstances calculated to promote cure—and the almost total hopelessness of protracted cases, which is a fact fully established by the statistics of lunatic hospitals, we are forcibly impressed with the importance of some provisions that may ensure the removal of patients to properly constituted asylums as soon as possible after the onset of the disease. No such provisions are at present afforded by the laws of this country. Even where there are county asylums it is a constant complaint that, although the medical officers are ever calling the attention of magistrates to the importance of early admissions, the pauper lunatics are almost everywhere detained so long in workhouses that the chance of cure is rendered extremely small. Such has been the report given to the Commissioners in most of the county lunatic hospitals, and in very many of the private asylums which receive pauper patients.

We have observed that several of the asylums belonging to counties furnish great advantages for promoting the recovery of the patients consigned to them. The same observation is applicable

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able to the public subscription asylums, and to some of the licensed houses admitting pauper patients. We must now proceed to notice the deplorable deficiencies which the Report of the Commissioners shows to exist in other receptacles for the insane. It will be hardly beyond the limit of ascertained truth if we should say that more than half of the pauper lunatics in this country are shut up in places calculated to protract their disorder and to render it hopeless, and to consign the unfortunate sufferers as a perpetual burden to the community. This remark applies with full force to the cells or small rooms in the ordinary workhouses, where so great a number of lunatics are detained. It applies to the confined and gloomy apartments in the Birmingham workhouse licensed for the reception of lunatics, and where not fewer than 71 insane or idiotic patients were seen by the Commissioners. The lunatic wards of St. Peter's Hospital at Bristol are liable to the same observation. But the worst instance of the kind, and one of the most flagrant examples of abuse detected by the Commissioners in their circuit through England and Wales, was the county asylum belonging to the town and county of Haverfordwest. The condition of the place was, indeed, scarcely better than that of Old Bedlam or the York Asylum, as displayed in the memorable investigation above related. It is, in fact, an old prison converted into a lunatic asylum without any proper alteration or repair. In the description given of this place in the Report, it is said to be

'Deficient in every comfort, and almost in every convenience; the rooms being small and ill-ventilated, and some of them almost dark, and the interior of the building altogether out of repair. There was no seat, table, or article of furniture in the women's apartments, and nothing except a table in the men's room. The men were standing; the women standing or sitting on the floor. There were large holes in some of the walls and ceilings. The airing-courts were very small and cheerless, particularly that belonging to the men, and they were both strewn with large stones, which had fallen or been forced from the building.

'The dress of the patients was, in almost every instance, dirty, ragged, and insufficient. One of the female patients pulled off her shoes and stockings, which were nothing more than rags. The Commissioners were informed that there was not a single change of linen (either for the beds or for the person) throughout the asylum. There were only 16 single beds for the 18 patients confined in the asylum. One patient (a boy of 19) slept on loose straw, on the stone floor, in a small dark cell.

'The Commissioners caused many of the beds to be uncovered, and found that there were no sheets or blankets, and little more than a single rug to cover the patients. The matron stated that she had applied repeatedly for more bed-clothes, and for linen, but without effect.

'The refractory patients were confined in strong chairs, their arms being

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being also fastened to the chair. Two were thus confined, separately, in small rooms, into which scarcely any light entered through the gratings. One was the boy before mentioned, who slept at night on the floor of the same room; the other was a woman, who was entirely naked on both the days on which the Commissioners visited the asylum, and, without doubt, during the whole of the intermediate night. Both of these were dirty patients. In the woman's room the stench was so offensive that it was scarcely possible to remain there.

'During wet weather there was no place whatever for exercise; and at other times there was not sufficient space for the purpose. No attempt was made to employ any of the patients, and no books or other amusements were provided. Prayers were never read, and no clergyman ever visited the asylum, although one of the female patients, who was occasionally depressed, and imagined that she had not done her duty to a child who had died, appeared especially to require such consolation as a clergyman might afford.'

Among the facts stated in the Report, none has excited so much surprise as the condition in which the Commissioners have found a large number of asylums licensed by the magistrates. It is asserted that not only irregularities and abuses, but cruelties of a very flagrant character have been observed in many of these establishments. The observation refers to asylums of that class which admit pauper patients. In several of these licensed houses, it is stated that the treatment of the patients is harsh and cruel, and calculated to destroy their bodily health and aggravate their mental disorder. One licensed house, that at Box, near Bath, had been described before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1815, as being in a very similar state to that in which it was found by the Commissioners in 1843 and 1844. Many other licensed houses are described as being very defective in their accommodations, and very unfit for the reception of lunatics. They are a disgrace to the country in which they exist. The following passages, extracted from the Report, seem fully to bear out these remarks:—

'The asylums at West Auckland, and at Wreckenton, in the county of Durham, are reported to be wholly unfit for the care of insane persons.

'At West Auckland, in the small cheerless day-room of the males, with only one window, and that unglazed, five men were restrained by leg-locks, called hobbles, and two were wearing in addition iron handcuffs, and fetters from the wrist to the ankle. They were all tranquil. The reason assigned for this coercion was, that without it they would escape. One powerful young man who had broken his fetters was heavily ironed, and another was leg-locked and handcuffed, who was under medical treatment and in a weak state. One woman was leg-locked by day, and chained to her bed at night. Chains were fastened to the floors in many

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many places, and to many of the bedsteads. The males throughout the house slept two in one bed.*

'At the licensed house at Derby, first visited on the 21st of October, 1842, the straw in the paupers' beds was found filthy, and some of the bedding was in a disgusting condition from running sores, and was of the worst materials, and insufficient. Two cells, in which three sick epileptic paupers slept, were damp, unhealthy, and unfit for habitation. The beds of some of the private patients were in an equally bad state. Nearly all the provisions of the law were violated. A lady was found confined in this house, who was represented to be a visitor, and not a patient; but who, upon investigation, was proved to have been brought from another lunatic asylum, where she was a certified patient. Her name was entered in the private account book of the proprietor as a patient, and he had given a certificate that she was confined in his asylum, for the purpose of authorising her trustee to pay over to her husband dividends to which she was entitled, only a few days previously to the visit of the Commissioners. The magistrates of the borough, who are its visiting justices, had not visited the house for the space of a year, minus eight days. This lady had been, during the whole of her residence in this place, from the month of May until October, anxious to see some magistrate, with a view to demand her liberty. She was afterwards liberated upon our remonstrances.

'At Box, near Bath,' the Report states, 'there being only one day-room and one airing-court for each sex, the noisy, violent, refractory, dirty, and dangerous patients, were crowded together in the same small space with those who were clean, convalescent, and quiet, and the noise and confusion were extreme. There were seven females under restraint; two had strait-waistcoats, two had their arms fixed in iron frames, not allowing the freedom of hand-locks; and three had iron leg-locks; one female was chained by her legs to a wooden seat in a paved passage, to prevent her, as it was stated, hurting herself in her fits. Eight or ten of the females were fastened by straps and chains to their beds at night. One male was chained by his leg to a seat in the yard, and another male was chained to his bed at night. At our last visit on the 24th of April, 1844, a trifling enlargement had been made in the yards, one of which was covered with macadamized stones, but the house was in the same unsatisfactory state, and the same harsh and cruel system of restraint was in practice.'

With respect to the asylum at Plympton in Devonshire, the Commissioners state that—

'At the third visit to this house, on October 2, 1843, three women were found chained by their legs to the benches. One of them, mentioned in the previous Report, had, besides the chain to her leg, another chain

* The magistrates visited this place the same day on which it was visited by the Commissioners, and made the following entry in the Visitors' Book:—

'5th Dec. 1842.

'We this day visited the Asylum, and found that the Commissioners had just left it. We found every thing in good order.'

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passing round her waist, to which were fixed, by an iron ring, two hand-locks, in which both her hands were confined. Besides this restraint, there were twenty-one patients who were chained to their beds at night: two of these were private patients, and the others were male and female paupers. The three sleeping-rooms in the women's cottage could not, in the judgment of the Commissioners, have been cleaned for some days; the wooden cribs were filthy; the floor was in holes, and soaked with filth, and in parts covered with dirty straw. In a crib in one of these wretched places, a female private patient, who was cleanly, had been compelled to sleep. She implored us only to remove her to a better part of the house.

'In one of the cells in the upper court for the women, the dimensions of which were eight feet by four, and in which there was no table, and only two wooden seats fastened to the wall, we found three females confined. There was no glazing to the window, and the floor was perfectly wet. Two dark cells, which adjoin the cell used for a day-room, are the sleeping-places for these three unfortunate beings. Two of them sleep in two cribs in one cell. The floor in the cell with the two cribs was actually reeking wet, and covered with straw and filth; and one crib had a piece of old carpet by way of bedding, besides the straw, but the other appeared to have had nothing but straw, without any other bedding. In the other cell the patient who slept in it had broken her crib to pieces, and a part of it was remaining in the cell; but the straw was heaped up in one corner, and, as far as we could rely upon what was said, she had slept upon the straw upon the ground at least one night. The straw itself was wet and filthy.

'The whole of these cells were as damp and dark as an underground cellar; it was scarcely possible to endure the offensive smell. We sent for a candle and lantern to enable us to examine them.

'So far from any good having resulted from the previous remonstrances of the Commissioners, the house was found, at this third visit, even in a worse condition than at the previous visits.'

We have selected a few instances of the abuses still existing in the lunatic asylums of this highly civilized country; and we must now turn to another chapter in the history of similar cruelties exercised on the most unfortunate of our species by those whose especial duty it is to alleviate their calamities. One circumstance which in a peculiar manner aggravates the hardships of insanity, and demands for its victims more than ordinary protection from the legislature, is, that it dries up the springs of human sympathy and natural affection, and renders man an object of disgust to his fellow-men. It was well observed by the noble philanthropist who has devoted his time and labour to the mitigation of human sufferings, that insanity appears to be a visitation of Providence so overwhelming as to produce a withering and deadening effect upon the mind not only of the unhappy patient himself, but of all those who are connected with him; that it renders

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renders his nearest relatives anxious not only to get rid of the insane, but to wipe out, if possible, all traces of his memory.* The influence of this tendency is to be recognised in cruelties which have been inflicted, not only in asylums, or under the mercenary care of strangers in private dwellings, but under the roof of parents. Of these abuses it will be necessary to give some instances in order to furnish our readers with a tolerably complete view of the insecurity in which our laws still leave the lunatic.

On the 18th day of May, 1844, Harriet Eleanor Pelham was brought up before one of the metropolitan magistrates, accused of gross cruelty towards her son, a lunatic, who was entitled to a dividend of 6000*l.* This was received by the mother. An inspector of police stated that on entering the house at Chelsea the most revolting scene that had ever come within his view, during a very lengthened experience, burst upon him. On a small straw bed lay a poor creature of the male sex, without one morsel of clothing more than an old and filthy rag which might be termed a shirt, and a small piece of flannel or blanket. Beneath him was a hole rotted through the dank straw of the bed (we need not say *how*), and maggots and loathsome vermin of every description were crawling on his body, which was so obscured by filth that it was almost difficult to discover in him a human being. His beard reached nearly down to his middle, and his nails protruded some inches beyond his toes. This was a son under the roof of his mother!

On the 28th day of November, 1843, Anne A. was sent from near Brecon, in Wales, to an asylum at Hereford, where she died on the 30th of January, 1844. She was in so shocking a state that the proprietor wished not to receive her. She had been kept chained upwards of eleven years, sometimes to the fire-place, and sometimes to a post; and, from her being fastened in a crouching posture, her knees were forced up to her chin, she sat wholly upon her heels and her hips, and much excoriation had taken place where her knees pressed upon her stomach. When she died it required considerable dissection to get her corpse pressed into a coffin.

On the 12th of January, 1843, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland (in *Re* Spread, a lunatic) said—

'I could hardly have believed that such an outrage on humanity as is disclosed by the affidavits could have been perpetrated at the present day. A gentleman of a highly respectable family, who is afflicted with insanity, was put under the care of a committee of his person. Afterwards one of his brothers was appointed committee, and he placed the lunatic in a house in Cork. He was found in an out-house belonging to

* Lord Ashley's speech in the House of Commons, on the Lunacy Bill, in 1842.

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the man with whom he had been placed; and from the state of the roof there was access for the weather and the rain; and though it was in the latter part of the year, he was stark naked, his legs chained and clenched together, and fastened by a chain not more than two feet in length, without even straw, and not able on account of his chains to lie down in such a way as to rest himself, and without power to move beyond the limit of the narrow circle which the chain would describe. I have felt bound to have the case fully investigated and exposed, because I am afraid the evil exists to a considerable extent.'

In 1841 a commission was taken out by Dr. Burman of Henley to inquire into the insanity of a patient who had been sent to him by his brother in 1805. The lunatic's property amounted to more than 460*l.* a-year. Only 120*l.* a-year was allowed for the lunatic's maintenance, which was not paid. The brother presented himself to a living belonging to the lunatic; sold his commission in the army; cut down his timber, mortgaged and sold part of his property, received the proceeds, and died insolvent.

Such is the manner in which, in the years 1843 and 1844, lunatics have been treated by a mother, a sister, and brothers in England, Wales, and Ireland. The highest legal authority in Ireland has stated that he believes that the evil exists to a considerable extent in that country; and we have no doubt that it exists to a great extent both in England and in Wales.

Sir James Graham has stated in the House of Commons that the condition of pauper lunatics shall be taken into consideration in the next Session of Parliament; and he is reported to have said:

'With respect to the detention of single lunatics by their friends in private dwellings, it was only necessary for him to remind the House of the caution necessary to be exercised in this respect, as the rights of relatives in these matters deserved some consideration.'

We hope the condition of all lunatics, without exception, will be considered; and that nothing will be allowed to find shelter beneath the cloak of affectionate relationship. It is not necessary, in providing protection for these unfortunates, to invade the privacy of domestic life, or to add publicity to the pangs of those who kindly and properly take charge of their afflicted relatives; but for the purpose of putting an end to outrages such as we, with Sir E. Sugden, believe now to exist to a very great extent, we would make it severely penal to detain any single lunatic without giving *immediate* notice to the Lord Chancellor, or to the Commissioners in Lunacy; and we would, if the Commissioners are not to visit such persons, require that the medical attendant of the family should certify from time to time that the lunatic is properly treated. It suffices not that we enforce a mild and humane system of treating the insane in our public and private institutions, if we admit the

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rights of relatives to keep their lunatic kinsmen in a worse condition than brutes, and to chain and cripple their limbs, and deprive them of their property, in private dwellings.

It is no easy task to suggest a remedy for these evils, or any means of effectually preventing their perpetration. So long as concealment is possible they will exist. It was some time since observed by Mr. Samuel Tuke, who is known during a great part of his life to have devoted his attention to this subject, and whose strong sense is conspicuous in all his writings, that no system of visitation by local guardians or overseers, or even by magistrates, can be fully relied upon; and it is remarkable that the plan which he recommended seems to be almost an anticipation of the Metropolitan Commission, with extended powers. We shall cite his words:—

'I do not hesitate to say that it is a most imperfect and unsatisfactory system of visitation [he is alluding to the visits of local magistrates]—as I know that it is felt to be by some who act under it. We shall not, I apprehend, secure efficient visitation until we have an appointment of a number of competent persons to visit, under the authority of Government, all places of whatever description, private or public, chartered or unchartered, in which the insane are confined—to compare the degrees of human misery in these abodes—to ascertain how it may be most effectually provided for and alleviated—to collect information under uniform heads from all these institutions, and to report annually to the public the result of their observations and inquiries.'

Nothing can be more obvious to every person who considers the real state of the insane, than that the laws which regard the protection of lunatics require an entire remodelling on a principle very different from those which have directed former acts of the legislature of this country. The subject, as we have before remarked, is to be brought before Parliament in the ensuing Session, and we shall do an acceptable service to some of our readers by setting before them a brief recapitulation of the principal measures which hitherto have been adopted with reference to the object alluded to.

No provision had been made for the regulation of lunatic asylums in this country till the Act of 14 Geo. III. c. 49.

In 1763 a Committee of the House of Commons reported that it was the constant practice of husbands and of mothers to shut up their wives and daughters in the madhouses near London, without any proof of their insanity, and that the superintendent of one such house avowed the fact, and declared that he was in the practice of shutting up any person who was brought to him. He declared that during six years not one of the persons brought to him and admitted into his madhouse was really a lunatic. Notwithstanding

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Notwithstanding the notoriety of these abuses, it seems that no remedial measure was introduced until 1773, when a bill was brought in by Mr. J. Townshend, the Chairman of the Committee of 1763. This passed the Commons, but was rejected by the Lords. It, however, became law in 1774, under the title of 'An Act for Regulating Madhouses.'

In the year 1807, at the instigation of Mr. Wynn, a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the state of lunatics. From the evidence of Sir G. O. Paul, it appeared that pauper lunatics 'were then chained in the cellar or garret of a workhouse, fastened to the leg of a table, tied to a post in an outhouse, or shut up in an uninhabited ruin, or left to ramble half-naked, and half-starved, the jest of the vulgar, ignorant, and unfeeling.' The Act of 48 Geo. III., first establishing county asylums, was introduced by Mr. Wynn upon the Report of this Committee. In the years 1812, 1815, and 1816, other Committees were appointed to consider provisions for the better regulation of madhouses, and in these years were disclosed those hateful and foul abominations perpetrated in the public asylums of York and Bethlehem, and in various private madhouses. Sir Vicary Gibbs had given an opinion that, however disgracefully a proprietor conducted a house, he could demand a licence under the Act of 1774, that there was no power to refuse it, and that the Act did not extend to hospitals such as York and Bethlehem, or to paupers.

Notwithstanding the mass of evidence published by Parliament in 1815 and 1816, nothing was done by the legislature towards providing a remedy. Several bills were introduced in the Commons, but were rejected in the Lords. In 1827 a Committee of the House of Commons was again appointed upon the earnest intercession of Mr. Robert Gordon, Lord Robert Seymour, and Lord Granville Somerset, to inquire into the state of pauper lunatics. Mr. Gordon, on the 19th of February, 1828, brought such a statement before the House, respecting Bethnal Green, that he and Lord Ashley, after much opposition from the lunatic hospitals at Exeter and Oxford, were enabled to carry the Act of the 9th Geo. IV. c. 41, to regulate the cure and treatment of insane persons in England and Wales. This Act repealed the Act of 1774; established the discretionary power of licensing houses for the reception of the insane, and the present system of visitation, and of requiring proper medical certificates and orders for the admission of patients; and first introduced the power of liberation.

These were only temporary acts, and their renewal was postponed to so late a period of the Session of 1842, that all the receptacles

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receptacles for the insane throughout the kingdom were on the point of being wholly left to the tender care of their proprietors, without any visitation whatever. Lord Ashley urged the House to continue these Acts for three years, and to extend the visits of the Metropolitan Commissioners to the whole of England and Wales. Mr. Wakley said, 'It is heart-rending to contemplate the sufferings of the miserable lunatics who are incarcerated within the walls of places of confinement appropriated to the reception of the insane. For the last fifteen years no improvement has taken place.'

Sir G. O. Paul, in 1807, thought that there was a 'ministerial insensibility' as to the condition of the insane. Whatever has hitherto been accomplished for the improvement of their personal treatment has been obtained by the persevering efforts of individuals—never, that we are aware of, with the assistance of Ministers, and generally in opposition to them. Mr. Townshend, after ten years' efforts, procured the Act of 1774; and Mr. C. Wynn introduced, in 1808, the first Act which established county asylums. Mr. Robert Gordon and Lord Ashley, with the assistance of Lord Robert Grosvenor and Lord Granville Somerset, and a few others, after repeated Parliamentary inquiries, and the repeated rejection of various measures, at length induced the two Houses to pass, in the year 1828, the Act of the 9th Geo. IV., for Regulating Private Lunatic Asylums.

We have given these details for the purpose of convincing Lord Ashley and Mr. Gordon that, if any really adequate measure is to be carried, it must be by their own personal exertions, aided by all the assistance they can obtain from other humane and benevolent individuals. It is, however, of good omen that Lord Granville Somerset is now in the Cabinet.

The condition of criminal and dangerous lunatics during confinement, and under trial, is a subject which deserves particular attention. It was recommended by the Committee of the House of Commons, in 1807, 'that a building should be erected for the separate confinement of all persons detained for offences committed during a state of insanity.' At that period they were generally confined in gaols, and great evils resulted from the practice;—for example, 'Aaron Bywater, a lunatic confined in the gaol for the county of Montgomery, was allowed, during an apparently lucid interval, to escape out of the gaoler's sight, and murder one of his fellow prisoners.'* The confinement of maniacs who have perpetrated atrocious deeds, and are dangerous in asylums destined for harmless lunatics, is felt by the proprietors of establishments, and by the insane themselves, to be a serious hard-

* Report of House of Commons, 1807.

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ship. At the Chester County Asylum a maniac is now confined, amongst the ordinary paupers, who has committed murder, and is so desperate that he is always chained. The proprietor of the private house at Nunkeeling applied to the magistrates of the county, and to the Secretary of State, without effect, for the removal from his house of a man who has escaped three times, and had twice nearly succeeded in killing his keepers, and once in setting fire to the asylum. At a small establishment in Norwich is one man who has murdered his wife, and another who has murdered his wife and child; and the magistrates are apprehensive that the man who was tried at the last assizes for murdering his four children will be sent to the county asylum. There are now 257 criminal lunatics in the kingdom; and the schedule in the Report discloses a catalogue of frightful offences which have been committed by them. The Commissioners recommend the erection of a separate establishment by the Government for these dangerous and formidable persons, who require a control which is severe and quite unnecessary for other lunatics.

The practice pursued in courts of justice in the trial of persons accused of atrocious crimes, when a plea of insanity has been set up in the defence, has excited great alarm, and has given rise to many inquiries difficult of solution. An appeal was made to the opinions of medical men as to the existence of unsound mind. Ray, in his work on medical jurisprudence, has observed that an enlightened and conscientious jury, when required to decide in a case of doubtful insanity, which is to determine the fate of a fellow-being, fully alive to the delicacy and responsibility of their situation, and their own incompetence unaided by the counsels of others, will be satisfied with nothing less than the opinion of those who have possessed unusual opportunities for studying the character and conduct of the insane, and have the qualities of mind necessary to enable them to profit by their observations. If they are obliged to decide on professional subjects, it would seem but just, and the dictate of common sense, that they should have the benefit of the best professional advice. This, however, they do not always obtain, and consequently the ends of justice are too often defeated by the assumptions of ignorance and vanity. The extraordinary medical evidence that was given upon M'Naghten's trial has made a strong impression upon the members of the medical and legal professions. Apothecaries and surgeons, without experience in insanity, volunteered their evidence; and physicians and proprietors of lunatic asylums—*who had never seen the man until after he knew he was to be tried for his life*—were allowed to give evidence which excited the greatest surprise. Ray has remarked that, instead of the unqualified and irresponsible

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irresponsible witnesses now too often brought forward to enlighten the minds of jurymen on medical subjects, it would be far better if there were a class of men more or less like the '*experts*' of the French, peculiarly fitted for the duty by a course of studies expressly directed to this end. It is indeed apparent to every one conversant with insanity and jurisprudence, that witnesses are frequently examined, on trials of great public importance and difficulty, who are unqualified to give an opinion upon the case. The misfortune in these cases is, that witnesses are summoned by parties on both sides expressly to further the views of those by whom they are employed; and the jury, unprepared for such discrimination, are called upon to decide a professional and scientific question of a most delicate nature, and involving the highest interests of society.

The mode of treating criminals after they have been convicted, where the plea of insanity has been set up, is also extremely perplexing and unsatisfactory, not only to professional persons, but to the public at large. A person was accused and convicted, in the present year, of the commission of an act which excited the deepest horror throughout the kingdom. A mission of medical men, the proprietors of private lunatic asylums, was deputed to visit *the convict*, and on their report his sentence was set aside. Pardon is properly in the discretion of the sovereign, but defence is matter of evidence and of law; and the public anxiously inquire what was the evidence, that they may judge of the law. Missions of this kind should consist of authorized persons, sworn before a judge, and their evidence should be made public.

In the Report of the Select Committee of 1807 there are some excellent remarks of Sir G. O. Paul upon the manner in which criminal lunatics should be dealt with:—'Although it is palpably unjust to punish those who are irresponsible, we cannot altogether throw out of our consideration that the penalties of the law have other objects besides the mere punishment of offenders—the protection of society by the prevention of offence.' Sir G. O. Paul says,—'I am myself disposed to think that a degree of punishment following the acts of violence of a lunatic, may tend to prevent such acts being committed by them.' There are many other humane persons who think that in some of these cases example would have great effect in preventing violence. The knowledge of the fact that there existed a place of confinement for those lunatics who have perpetrated atrocious acts would doubtless have a beneficial operation in preventing similar attempts, even over really insane persons, since lunatics are by no means beyond the influence of motives, or of the apprehension of punishment.

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In the existing regulations for liberating dangerous lunatics there are some palpable anomalies. A lunatic, however dangerous he may be, unless he had been found to be insane by inquisition, may be set at large by his friends; and even if a pauper, he may be liberated, unless confined in a county asylum. An extraordinary case of the liberation of a lunatic by magistrates is mentioned in the Report. A man had been long addicted to intoxication, and for some months had scarcely ever been sober. During his intoxication he had frequently declared that he would kill his wife, who he thought had been unfaithful, and a child of which he said he was not the father. Delirium tremens is the common result of a series of drunken excesses; and there are numerous instances reported of maniacs *à potu* murdering their wives and children, and other persons, and extremely nice points of law have been raised upon the responsibility of these maniacs. John Brisdell and William M'Donough were both tried for murdering their wives under paroxysms of insanity brought on by drinking. The wife of the lunatic mentioned in the Report, two of whose brothers had died insane, was under the greatest apprehension of his murdering her and her child. Notwithstanding these facts, and the remonstrances of the proprietor of the asylum, the visiting magistrates liberated this man—an act for which they were not legally empowered, unless in Quarter Sessions.

The power of liberating insane persons was first granted under Mr. Robert Gordon's Act in 1828, and it appears from the evidence of Dr. Powell, that of two women who were first set at liberty under the Act, one hanged, and the other drowned herself. A power to liberate ought to exist; but its exercise requires matured experience and severe caution. The remarks and suggestions in the Report upon the liberation of lunatics are evidently the result of great care and experience.

Great misunderstanding exists among persons not conversant with the insane, on the question what lunatics are really to be deemed dangerous. It is often assumed that persons who have delusions or insane propensities, neither apparently threatening nor interfering with the lives or property of others, are entitled to be considered harmless. An inquisition was held last year before Mr. Commissioner Winslow, upon a young gentleman of fortune, and of mild manners, whose insane propensity was connected with windmills. He would go any distance to see a windmill, and would sit watching one for days together. He was removed by his friends to a place where there were no mills, in the hope that the strange propensity would wear away. The youth, however, formed the resolution to commit murder, in the hope that he should be removed as a punishment to some place

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place where there would be a mill, and he accordingly got a child into a wood, and in attempting to murder it, cut and mangled its limbs with a knife in a horrible manner. No mad propensity could apparently be less likely to lead to consequences dangerous to the lives of others than the fondness of this young gentleman for windmills. Much caution and observation are necessary, before it can be pronounced that any insane delusion will not render a lunatic dangerous.

Among the subjects noticed in the Report, none have, we believe, created greater surprise than the *extraordinary privilege* possessed by certain asylums—and the extremely unprotected state of the property of lunatics, who have *not* been found lunatics under commissions issued by the Lord Chancellor.*

The medical or other officers of the asylums of Exeter, Oxford, Northampton, Lincoln, York, and others of the same class, which receive large numbers of patients who pay very highly for their care, are allowed by law to confine persons without any certificate of insanity, or any written order. These asylums are also exempted from all visitation. Both exemptions are, we believe, entirely attributable to the medical officers and others connected with the two asylums at Exeter and Oxford.

Upon the renewal of Mr. Gordon's Bill in 1832, the persons connected with these two institutions opposed it, and procured the omission of the clause which previously subjected them to the general law as to admission. A pauper cannot be sent to a county asylum without previous certificates of his insanity; and yet ladies and gentlemen, paying highly for their board, may be shut up in these asylums without any proof of insanity, and without any written or other authority whatever.

We can understand why medical officers attached to an asylum are jealous of visitations from other medical persons living in their own neighbourhood; but we cannot comprehend the motives which induce the benevolent and humane patrons and supporters of these charities, to withdraw them from those regulations which have been found necessary to secure the insane from abuse, and to protect the sane from improper and illegal confinement. It is understood to be the opinion of the medical officers of nearly all the other public asylums, except those of Exeter and Oxford, that they should be subject to the same laws that govern other asylums, save only that their visitors should not be medical men living in their immediate vicinity. The founders and supporters of that admirable institution, the Retreat, near York, have always in

* A particular provision has been made in favour of lunatics under similar circumstances by the new French law on Lunacy. See 'Projet de Loi sur les Aliénés,' &c. Jan. 1838.

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their evidence before Parliament, and on other occasions, expressed an opinion in favour of public visitation to every asylum for the insane, 'whether public or private, chartered or not chartered.'

We have already noticed the wretched condition of lunatics whose persons have been left to the uncontrolled care of their own kindred. The Report produces numerous instances in which these unfortunate beings have been deprived of their property by their own relatives while they have been in confinement; and they have thus become paupers and burdens upon the public, or on the bounty of those under whose care they have been placed. Great improvements have lately taken place with respect to that class of lunatics who have been declared to be of unsound mind by a jury, and are more especially, on account of the nature or extent of their property, under the protection of the Lord Chancellor. By an Act introduced by Lord Brougham, and passed in 1833, two physicians are appointed to visit every person found a lunatic by inquisition, at least once in every year, and to report upon his state of mind and bodily health, and his general condition, care, and treatment. These visitors also ascertain whether every lunatic has those comforts which are suited to his property, and the allowance made for him. Until 1842, inquisitions to inquire into the state of mind of persons alleged to be insane, were taken before three commissioners, who were different in each case, and were barristers and solicitors. If a person was declared to be of unsound mind upon an inquisition, all subsequent inquiries as to his care and the management of his property were referred to one of the ten Masters in Chancery, and each proceeding was to be confirmed by the Lord Chancellor. Inquiries held upon commissions so constituted were unsatisfactory, and the subsequent proceedings were expensive and dilatory. In 1842, Lord Lyndhurst introduced an Act which appointed two permanent Commissioners in Lunacy. One of these Commissioners presides at all inquiries in England and Wales, and personally ascertains the condition of each lunatic, the fitness of the individual who is to have the care of him, and the extent of his property; and the two Commissioners superintend the management of the estates, audit the accounts of the lunatics, and learn from the medical visitors whether or not they have proper care and attention. There are 535 lunatics under the care of the Lord Chancellor:—the value of the property belonging to them is upwards of a million; the annual income has been reported to Parliament to be 356,711*l.* 17*s.* 11*d.*—and the annual sum allowed for their maintenance to be 161,151*l.* 12*s.* These circumstances alone show the importance of a permanent commission; and we believe that, as well on account of the care of the lunatics themselves, and their property, as of the great saving

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saving of expense to parties, few legal changes have given more universal satisfaction than this measure of Lord Lyndhurst. But there are upwards of 4000 lunatics confined as private patients in England, who are *not* under the care of the Lord Chancellor; and as the person and property of every individual lunatic is placed by express authority from the Crown under his charge, we think that the estates of these lunatics should not be left to the absolute control of their relatives. Although it must be quite unnecessary to hold commissions in the case of every one of these 4000 lunatics, still some intermediate inquiry and protection, as suggested by the Report, appears to be urgently called for.

It appears from the Reports of Committees that there were in the metropolitan district, in 1807, 17, and in 1815, 24, and in the provinces in 1807, 28, and in 1815, 38 *licensed houses* for the reception of the insane. The Report of 1815 notices that 'no returns had ever been received from any part of Wales.' There are now in the metropolitan district 37, and in the provinces 99, making together 136 licensed houses. The Reports of 1815 and 1827 contain accounts of abuses and cruelties of the grossest character in the houses then licensed. Although the county and large public asylums, and the better classes of licensed houses for private patients, are in general well conducted, it is manifest from the present Report, that, with few exceptions, the *licensed* receptacles for the insane poor are, notwithstanding the visitation to which they have been subjected from the year 1828, now wanting in almost everything that is essential to preserve the bodily health of their patients, and quite unfit for the relief or cure of mental diseases,—nay, that the system of treatment in many of them is at this day wantonly cruel. When we consider the numbers of the lunatics in these disgraceful establishments, the forlorn condition of the insane poor in those numerous counties which have provided no proper receptacles for them, the state of those counties which, having erected asylums, have permitted them, from being crowded with incurable cases, to become almost useless for the purposes of cure, and the very large expenditure at which county asylums have hitherto been erected and conducted, we feel confident that these and other matters which have been submitted by the Commissioners to the consideration of the Lord Chancellor must henceforth cease to be subjects of interest for a few private philanthropists alone. The comments of the Commissioners have, as might be expected, given offence to a few individual magistrates. We trust that the country and Parliament will disregard all inferior considerations, and will calmly and seriously contemplate the importance and magnitude of the subject which has been submitted to them.

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Asylums are filled with the wrecks of human intellect, and of the dignity and happiness of man. Those whom rank, and wealth, and grace, and loveliness, and almost every gift of fortune had apparently formed for happiness and delight, here seek at best a sad shelter from the storms and agitations that have made shipwreck of their noblest endowment. Many whose gallant acts have exalted their names, whose genius has illumined the age in which they lived, whose writings have cheered and improved mankind, are found in these abodes. Let those who boast of 'man, so noble in reason, so infinite in faculties, in form and movement so express and admirable,' visit him in these receptacles of his desolation.

The disorders which deprive men of their reason and self-governing power, and render it a matter of necessity that they should be separated from society, are many and various; and it is a mistake to suppose that they can be described in a single definition, or with accuracy included under one name. A few pages in the Report are devoted to the description of these different trains of phenomena, which are, however, so briefly characterized that some persons have expressed disappointment who remember the treasures of knowledge which Esquirol collected from the limited ground of two or three asylums in France. It has been said that, with so ample a field of observation before them as all the public and private asylums in England have opened to the view of the Commissioners, a rich store of facts and inductions might have been expected for the extension of pathology and the history of mental disorders. It must be remembered that this document is a Report addressed to the Lord Chancellor, and that it is designed, not for the augmentation of science, but for practical and legal purposes—in short to present such a view of the actual condition of lunatics as may enable Parliament and the public to determine what alterations are called for in the existing provisions. We are, however, enabled to collect, from a section of the Report relative to the forms of mental disease, that nearly the same disorders of the understanding prevail in England as those which have long ago been recognised in foreign countries, and that they are found nearly in the same proportions, and produced by similar causes.

It is a matter of complaint in most of the large asylums that so great a proportion of space is occupied by cases of *dementia*. Dementia is not insanity properly so termed. It is the hopeless result of insanity; that final obliteration of the faculties which ensues on a long continued excitement of disordered feelings and disturbed processes of thought. To the head of *mania* and its sequel *dementia* may be referred two-thirds, and often three-fourths,

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fourths, of the cases in the great lunatic asylums. The instances of partial madness, whether included under *monomania* or *moral insanity*, are much less numerous. Insane persons have disordered intellects; but the demented, using the term in the technical sense, have no intellect at all. They are the mere outward shapes of men—moving bodies without minds. In the large hospital of Bicêtre a hundred such objects crowd round a stranger who happens to visit the place, and gazing at him with a vacant, unmeaning stare, remind him of bodies half re-animated from the grave. Physical activity in many of these instances survives the loss of intellect, and assumes the appearance of trick or habit. Some jump or run to and fro, or walk round perpetually in a circle. Some dance or sing; many talk incessantly in the most incoherent jargon, muttering half sentences and broken expressions, in which it is scarcely possible to discover any glimpse of meaning. Many sit in silence with a sedate and tranquil look, or a vacant smile, and scarcely pronounce a syllable for weeks or months, or even for years. In the last stage they become scarcely conscious of existence; unable to perform the commonest animal functions—even to eat, if food is not put into their mouths. Dementia, when it reaches the degree of complete fatuity, is often complicated with paralysis in some modification. How strange that great numbers of persons reduced to the state above described, or to one approaching to it, should be found to occupy, in nearly all the large asylums of this country, a great part of the space which ought to be allotted to recent and curable patients; while the latter, owing to this defect in the regulations respecting pauper lunatics, are detained in the confined and ill-adapted apartments of workhouses—till their disease, in the early stage one of the most curable, has passed into approaching, if not confirmed, dementia.

Cases of mania and melancholia, or excitable and desponding madness—which sometimes alternate with each other, and both terminate in dementia when protracted—comprehend, with the demented, perhaps nine-tenths of the inmates of asylums. Instances of monomania, properly so termed, are comparative rare phenomena. This term is correctly applied only to cases in which the intellect is sound, unless when exercised in a particular train of thoughts. There are many in every asylum whose minds are generally occupied by some favourite illusion, who fancy themselves kings or queens, or ministers of state—but most of these persons are in all other points equally insane: they are excitable and irritable, and are but one class of maniacs. Real monomania, according to Esquirol, who invented the term, is a disease like that of Baron Swedenborg, who was capable of performing the

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the duties of his office as minister to the King of Sweden, though he was so mad as to pull off his hat and make obeisance to Moses or Elijah in a crowded street, and fancied that the twelve apostles sat by him on twelve chairs in his apartment.

No other variety of mental disorder is calculated to occasion so much difficulty to commissioners, or other visitors of lunatic asylums, or to give rise to so much perplexity in courts of justice, as that unsoundness which is termed in the Report 'Moral Insanity.' It is defined to be an affection 'in which the sentiments, habits, and, generally speaking, the moral feelings, rather than the intellectual faculties, are in a preternatural and disordered state.' The common distinctive character of all these cases is of a negative kind, viz., that the faculties of the understanding remain apparently unimpaired, and that no delusive impression can be detected in the mind of the patient, which may account for the perversion of his moral dispositions. Cases of this description were formerly looked upon as unaccountable phenomena. They are, however, now recognised as a distinct form of mental disorder, in nearly all the public asylums. They are characterized by a total want of self-control, with an inordinate propensity to excesses of various kinds—among others, to intoxication. 'This is often followed by an attack of mania, which, however, speedily subsides when the patient is confined, but is generally reproduced by the same exciting cause soon after he is discharged.'

Many of the inmates who are apparently convalescent, whose conversation betrays no trace of intellectual aberration, and who present themselves to the Commissioners as having a right to their release, are still so far disordered in their moral dispositions and habits, that nothing but the control implied in their detention within a lunatic asylum keeps them from displaying their disease. Some of these persons are still extremely dangerous, and the discrimination of their state is one of the greatest practical difficulties connected with the management of the insane. The following instance is recorded in the Report:—An epileptic lunatic, sufficiently recovered to be allowed to work on the farm of the proprietor, escaped from Gateshead Fell. He was pursued, but the wife of the patient interceded, and, as he was apparently rational, he was allowed to remain at large. Only two nights after his escape he murdered his wife and daughter in a most horrid manner. A case recorded in the Report of an American asylum is not less striking:—A black man, a lunatic, who was confined in an asylum, had followed the trade of a butcher. He had been confined many years, but from his showing no violence was considered harmless, and allowed the range of the asylum. One night the black butcher secreted a knife: he induced another patient

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patient to enter his cell, prevailed on him to lie down, and then cut his throat; he calmly cut him in quarters, and distributed the joints around his cell, as he had been in the habit of arranging his meat in his shop. He solicited the custom of his comrades, and to those who were chained he carried such portions as they desired. The keeper was disturbed by the cannibal rejoicings. On examining the cells he found one man missing. He asked the black butcher if he had seen him, and the latter replied that he had just sold the last joint. This is an extreme case, but instances are known in every large asylum, displaying a total perversion of all moral feelings and social affections while the sense and intellect survive, nay, are even lively and astute—a fact which ought to convince us that illusions and other palpable defects of the understanding are not the most essential and necessary concomitants of insanity.

ART. VI.—*Fresco Decorations and Stuccoes of Churches and Palaces in Italy, during the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, taken from the principal Works of the greatest Painters, drawn and engraved by Thurmer, Gutensohn, Pistrucci, Gruner, and others, with English Descriptions.* By Lewis Gruner. *And an Essay on the Ancient Arabesques, as compared with those of Raphael and his School.* By A. Hittorff. With forty-six plates, &c. Folio. London, 1844.

THE century we live in is not more remarkable for its railways and marvels of science than for a re-action from preceding barbarism in matters of taste. In architecture the age is doing for London what Augustus did for Rome: 'gloriatus marmoream se relinquere quam *lateritiam* accepisset.' We have the finest street and the finest bridges in Europe, and the Corso is brought into Pall Mall. In painting and sculpture it is the same. It seems as yesterday when we had no National Gallery, and when admission to the British Museum was as difficult as to the gallery of a private nobleman. All the fine arts are on the advance; and as one art leads to another we are still to seek. We find it is not enough to build houses of parliament and palaces. They must be decorated as well as built, not by upholsterers, but *secundum artem, i. e.* by artists, and how to get them is the problem which our legislators and Commissioners of Fine Arts are endeavouring to solve. This necessity has given to fresco-painting a precedence in public notice and a pre-eminence of patronage it never before enjoyed, and raised an expectation that such liberal prizes, productive exhibitions, and efficient schools of design, all directed

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directed to that one branch of the art of painting, must end in something creditable if not considerable. Royalty itself has not been backward in seconding the public feeling, but has set the example of exercising the invention and skill of our native artists upon a *definite* locale.*

Yet it is singular enough that this is the first time such a stir has been made and such results anticipated. We are not aware that any such peculiar stress has been laid upon fresco-painting by academies of art; and, in the first course of lectures delivered before *our* Royal Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds confined himself to directing the student's attention to works in fresco as 'the productions on which the fame of the greatest masters depends,' without however adding a syllable of recommendation to practise it as an elementary method. Raffaelle's works in fresco, he says, 'ought to be the first object of our study and attention. His easel-works stand in a lower degree of estimation;' and of Michael Angelo he repeats the well-known sneer, that oil-painting is an employment only fit for women and children. We are left therefore to conclude that he did not take quite the same view of fresco-painting as his successors now do. Either he thought the age presented no fit occasion for its employment, and no hopes of its encouragement, or he viewed it as an evidence and fruit rather than as a productive cause of the highest style of art. Certain it is that no man ever rated its excellence higher, and so far therefore his silence as to its adoption in this country is the more significant. At the present day there does appear to prevail an undue reliance upon it, simply as a method or *procédé*, irrespective of the adaptation and general effect; yet it has been remarked that, so far is it from producing *of necessity* breadth and freedom, the qualities particularly looked for, that we have all over Italy examples of very poor and mean frescoes with as much dryness and want of harmony as the stiffest early oil-pictures.

The plan too of inviting artists to furnish so many pictures, painted in one place and hung up in another, as if fresco consisted only in substituting wall for canvas and another vehicle of colour for oil, narrows and delays it at the outset. None of the great works of former days were composed first, and a locale found or made for them afterwards; and at this day in Italy painters do not commence a random course of fresco-painting before some apartment or roof is entrusted to them: if their general training has been sound, they can set to work *pro re natâ*.

* We allude to the little Casino in the garden of Buckingham Palace. We look forward with much interest to the result of the experiment, as showing what *can* be done, and thus defining the true starting-point of an English school of fresco-painting.

But

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But here it seems more caution is needed—they must feel their way first, for fear of breaking down, to the grief of the too-confiding employer; and not only that, but they must find their own walls, as if all our edifices, public and private, were long ago so charged with decoration that a blank wall or ceiling could not be found in all London. Surely when we look to the renown and station of the exhibitors, greater confidence might be reposed in their abilities, and every variety of locale offered as fields for their display. There seems no reason *à priori* why artists of the pretensions of ours should not be as successful as foreigners in their FIRST attempts at fresco. Overbeck had never tried his hand at fresco when he painted in the Casa Bertoldi his 'Year of Famine in Egypt,' nor Führick when he painted in the Villa Massimi his 'Scenes from Tasso,' nor Conzoni and many others, when they decorated the Villa and Palazzo Torlonia. These are works that have maintained their ground (in Rome itself too) from the first. Are we justified in expecting the same of the first attempts in our late exhibition?* The fact is, we exaggerate practical difficulties, and mechanical skill, needful as it is, reaps too much credit. The hitch is not in the hand, but in the head. As mere practitioners in the lower excellencies of *handling, brilliancy,* and *clearness,* Michael Angelo and even Raffaelle must yield to Luca Giordano. No doubt there are many respects in which the works of Michael Angelo might have been *forwarded* and *got out of hand* more to the *satisfaction* of the tradesmanly mass of English who leave their card on him at the Capella Sistina; and he, who had well learnt to estimate patrons, public or single, and knew that 'popularity,' as Sir Joshua observes, 'always accompanies the lower styles of painting,' which were not his forte, long and oft protested, 'Io ho pur detto a Vostra Santità, questa non è mia arte; ciocch'io ho fatto è guasto, e se nol credete, mandate a vedere.' But his modesty once overcome, he girt himself up to his mighty task,

* Not, if we credit the *eulogies* of the newspapers. Take the first which occurs:—'Of the fresco department of the exhibition it is satisfactory to know that, considered as following up the experiment commenced with the cartoons, the works sent in are pronounced by the Commissioners *highly satisfactory*. The specimens of fresco drawing do not exceed 60 subjects, but *some* of them are *exceedingly well finished*, and among the contributors are found no less than 14 artists who received prizes varying from 300*l.* to 400*l.* on the occasion of the recent cartoon exhibition. This fact alone exhibits the *successful* manner in which the artistical talent of the country has been developed through the instrumentality of the Commissioners; but in addition to these gentlemen other *distinguished names* are found in the catalogue, among which may be mentioned that of * * * *, who contributes a *large* subject, *finished* in his *most perfect style*, and displaying a *brilliancy* of *colouring* scarcely exceeded by some of his oil pictures.'—June 29, 1814. What must strangers conclude from these praises, phrases rather, bestowed on finishing, colouring, and the inferior qualities common to oil-painting? As to the higher excellencies, invention, grandeur, expression, dignity, beauty, purity of taste and judgment exhibited in the composition, oh, no, we never mention them!

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and laboured alone, shut up with his pots and his washes and his own great mind. And the consequences of his temerity might have been foreseen. Our countrymen, the above-mentioned *highly respectable* and *most valuable practical men,* brought their *excellent common sense* to the *business,* and saw at once that they were inky, dingy, shady doings, terribly faded, and as unintelligible as ill-executed. Of course it is now understood that none but *odd* people, such as artists and connoisseurs, who *know nobody* at Rome, waste more than ten minutes upon them.*

Far be it from us to despair of producing the equal to Michael Angelo—'Exoriare aliquis;' and if ever we reproduce any Raffaelles and Titians, so much the better. But we must not expect to extemporize them. The highest point of productive excellence in art has ever been reached gradually, and the whole age has ripened into one glorious harvest. But what resemblance has the spirit of *this* age to the cinque-cento? Art with us is a simple superfluity, not a necessity; learnt, not felt; a symptom of the full habit induced by a long peace, a token of the wealth rather than the taste of our great ones. Above all, would that it entered with better success into our manufactures, not merely into our saloons and exhibitions, so as to become, as at Athens and Florence, an element of downright commercial prosperity, developed not less strikingly in the whole range of the mechanical arts than in the achievements of a Michael Angelo and Raffaelle. The *masonry* of the Parthenon, the *callida junctura* of the blocks, is less wonderful only than its architecture. At Florence we succumb of course to Ghiberti and Cellini, but an exquisite lock or handle startles us; and in passing the Strozzi Palace we are not more arrested by its massive grandeur than by the elegance of the torch-irons by Il Caparra. The Perseus, or the Notte, recalls *the artist* to the mind, but a common tile by Luca della Robbia brings the whole '*Secolo di Leon Decimo*' before our eyes. In those days the knives and forks were wrought by Maso Finiguerra, and the gallypots and ewers by the scholars of Raffaelle and Giulio Romano. When *our* public are served by such artisans, then may we augur that such a *renaissance* is not far off. Meanwhile may we not strive to rear new schools of

* Our accounts from Rome say,—'There has never been so bad a year for art in Rome. There are plenty of rich and liberal English, but English fox-hounds, horses, grooms, races and steeple-chases, balls, dinners, concerts, ices, champagne, have absorbed all their cash. No commissions to artists, no sales by dealers, beyond cameos and Roman pearls! I dare say many of both classes will starve ere next winter. Indeed Rome has this year been a little London, or Melton Mowbray, and the sights and interests of the place have been quite neglected, except however the Holy week ceremonies, which are now more than ever crowded, and which are said, in crushing and mobbing, to equal an English contested election.'

'Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.'

artists,

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artists, and instil into the race of patrons some little knowledge of the principles of art, some slight feeling for the beautiful as well as the *valuable?* By all means; provided impossibilities are not attempted, or miracles expected from any of the various nostrums of the day, each and all to be extolled for their several uses, such as academies, government schools, lectures on the principles of art, and patronage, whether individual or combined, as in Art Unions and other institutions. A change must first come over the *spirit* of the age. One who held a post of labour in our Royal Academy saw deeper into the malady. Fuseli (Lect. xii.) says truly,

'Private patronage, however commendable or liberal, can no more supply the want of *general* encouragement, than the conservatories and hotbeds of the rich the want of a fertile soil or genial climate. The efficient cause, therefore, why higher art at present is sunk to such a state of inactivity and languor, that it may be doubted whether it will exist much longer, is not a particular one which private patronage or the will of an individual, however great, can remove, but a *general cause* founded on the bent, the manners, habits, modes of a nation, and not of one nation alone, but of all who at present pretend to culture. *Our age*, when compared with former ages, *has but little occasion for great works, and that is the reason why so few are produced.*'

And with respect to academies, when speaking of the origin and formation of such associations,

'All,' he says, 'whether public or private, supported by patronage or individual contribution, were and are *symptoms of art in distress*, monuments of *public dereliction and decay of taste.* But they are at the same time the asylum of the student, the theatre of his exercises, the repositories of the materials, the archives of the documents of our art, whose principles their officers are bound now to maintain, and for the preservation of which they are responsible to posterity, undebauched by the flattery, heedless of the sneers, undismayed by the frown of their own time.'*

More

* It is a sad coincidence to find a President of the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice forced to avow truths in apparent contradiction to the institution over which he presided. The opinion of that eminent authority, Count Cicognara, upon the question, whether the funds which academies cost to maintain would not do more good to art if spent upon premiums and orders for works executed, is, that the method of those institutions might be altogether varied with advantage by only assisting the early struggles of indigent merit, and, in lieu of subsequently granting pensions and gratuities, laying out in so many actual works of art the sums swallowed up by such multifarious establishments. Yet fearful, apparently, of giving too much force to these verities, he would warn us against playing into the hands of a parsimonious government—quick to abolish, slow to replace. All must allow that privileged mediocrity is an abuse, and that distinctions should be earned by real merit rather than favour and canvassing. Still, if this cannot be wholly realised, many good purposes remain. The apparatus and locale afford means of instruction which our youth cannot find elsewhere. We would not interfere to prevent their following out the bent of their genius, but up to the age of eighteen it is clear that the aid and discipline of an academy are absolutely necessary.

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More than this, we are intimately convinced that the unintended good indirectly wrought by our Royal Academy should entitle it to the nation's permanent support. As long as the body consists of so limited a number, the distinction of belonging to it will be eagerly sought, even by those who have appeared the most to undervalue its decisions. Apart from the productive merits of the actual Academicians, the institution elicits talent generally, and it is an excellent sign when so many disappointed claimants beset its doors. The angry complaints of excluded genius prove that there is a supply of good blood ever ready to be infused into its veins. Let the *emeriti* wear its laurels.

What, however, academies cannot do, becomes the province of individuals.* Studios and ateliers have produced all the great artists, and in them apprenticeships were served. Michael Angelo began in the gardens of Lorenzo de' Medici and the studio of Ghirlandaio—not in the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence, which was only founded two years before the close of his long life, and was the signal for a total decay of art.† Whenever our artists imitate the ancient system of forming schools, and living in an interchange of talent, like brethren of the commonwealth of art, and cease to aim at being approached through a livery-servant as the summit of *respectability*, they will be no losers either in proficiency or character. It will no longer be the wonder of foreigners that they lock their doors and keep to themselves, like artisans whose handicraft is a mystery, instead of opening their atelier, as the custom is on the Continent with all who would pass for masters of their art. Besides all this, foreign artists must be invited and encouraged to form schools in conjunction or in friendly competition with ourselves.‡ There are arts not yet introduced; and others, like fresco-painting, in which the assistance of foreigners is required of necessity, not merely for improvement, but in order to practise it at all in most instances. Why, then, not acknowledge and benefit openly by them, without even the appearance of any illiberal jealousy, and educate pupils in their ateliers as well

necessary. But, above all, the purely mechanical arts require the help of an academy to furnish them with the elements of design.—'Si riconosca per ultimo l'immensa utilità che tante arti puramente meccaniche possono trar sempre dagli elementi del disegno, e che non saprebbesi donde ottenerla fuori che dal soccorso delle Accademie.' The present struggles of whole classes of our industrial artisans to keep their ground against the continent, owing entirely to their deficiency in the elements of design, add weight to the observation of this illustrious writer.

* 'The nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.'—*Pope.*

† They celebrated his *esequie* with much solemnity, and Varchi pronounced the funeral oration, in most pompous but beautiful language.

‡ We understand there are twenty-four Germans now painting in the Royal Exchange. Our complaint is not that they never *assist* in the execution of works like that, but that more are not encouraged to set up to teach.

as

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as in the academy? To expect an English academy to teach a confessedly foreign art, newly imported, is the height of absurdity.

But, after all, is there anything derogatory in our inviting over foreign artists? Has it not been the practice of all times, and of every country, including our own, to import the artisan and artist?* In the time of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. we had scholars of Ghirlandaio, Giorgione, and Raffaelle; we have welcomed Holbein, Zuccaro, Rubens, Vandyck, Lely, and Kneller, down to Ricci, Zuccarelli, Cipriani, Canaletti, Zoffany, Angelica Kauffman, and Fuseli. Scarcely a piece of sculpture do we call our own until the days of Flaxman, Bacon, and Chantrey. It is said that the statuary which encrusts many of our cathedrals is the produce of an old English school of sculpture. The fact, if so, evinces either a great lack of national pride or a great carelessness about art, since their countrymen have not deemed their names worth preserving, though we hear enough of Torregiano's bronzes, Holbein's terra-cottas; Hubert le Sueur, and Fanelli's statues, under the Stuarts; Roubiliac and Rysbrack, in the last century; and the matchless resemblances by the Fleming Nollekens in the present. It had even come to this, that an English surname sounded strange in a sculptor, so Mr. Turner became Signor Turnerelli. In France the same practice of adoption may be observed, tending rather to the development than the hindrance of native talent. Leonardo da Vinci, Cellini, and the whole school of Fontainebleau, stored the cabinets and châteaux of France with materials of study and improvement. Giulio Romano supplied Francis I. with his painters, and his scholar, Primaticcio, with decorators in stucco and fresco.† Bernini formed a new school of sculpture in France; and the honours with which he was received bore a striking testimony to the estimation in which art and artists, of whatever country, were held by Louis XIV. In Spain, which had painters of her own, the patronage of Titian and Pellegrini by Philip II. proved both his taste and his freedom from national prejudice.

On the other hand, the example of that country may serve to warn us that second-hand art is a lottery, and only good at the

* The translator of De Piles has subjoined an Essay towards an *English* school of painters. Of the 102 whose lives he gives, scarcely 48 are true Englishmen; none above Dobson and Cooper in merit. The remaining 54 foreigners comprise Holbein from Germany; Vandyck, Cornelius Jansen, and Vander Velde, from the Netherlands; Peter Vander Faes, alias Sir Peter Lely, from Westphalia; and Sir Godfrey Kneller, from Lubeck. But it is contended that we have a title to all these, and even to Rubens, as English painters. Be it so. Then there is an end of the objection to the employment of *foreigners*. The moment they are eminent, we make them Englishmen by employing them, as we make their works our own by paying for them.

† 'I primi stucchi che si facessero in Francia e i primi lavori a fresco di qualche considerazione, ebbero principio dal Primaticcio.'—*Vasari.*

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right season, and for a well-considered purpose. When Philip II. enriched Spain with the great Italian pictures, which he imported at prodigious cost, he was nearly the only person in the country capable of appreciating them; and, by the time that a taste for the highest style of Italian art had taken root there, those Spaniards who went to study it at head-quarters unfortunately arrived in Italy when the Bolognese school was triumphant, and taste declining. Velasquez, who stands single, like Truth herself, may be said to have escaped *this* taint. A slight influence from Rubens is by some observed in him, but nothing from Italy. Then came Luca Giordano, whose success and favour at the Spanish court had a most baneful effect (may no *Luca fa presto* visit our shores)—his facility in the execution of vast fresco-works, with little other merit but facility, set the fashion, and called forth a tribe of insipid followers. His brilliancy and clearness of colouring they never could surpass; whilst they lost, in the pursuit of a foreign excellence, the nature and originality of their own schools.

Italy has ever been freer than any country from a jealousy of foreign artists: to be sure she can afford it. One proof may suffice—the employment, namely, at the Papal Mint for nearly a century of that celebrated series of artists, all of the Bavarian family of Hameran Hermanskerker. Under fifteen pontificates their papal medals were unrivalled for workmanship. They formed, of course, a school; and the Italians wisely profited by it. Louis XIV. in vain made them the most splendid offers.

How eminently the Germans are indebted to the agency of foreign influences may be shown by tracing out their actual taste and proficiency in art. Their æsthesis of the most subtle graces of Raffaelle is certainly no inspiration of Albert Durer, nor transmitted to them through his countless pupils. Their profound refinements on the theory and principles of art, which baffle our practical understandings, are not based on native productions, but rather are metaphysically begotten through an intense appreciation of the Greek *chefs-d'œuvre* at Munich and the pictorial treasures at Dresden; while their extended intercourse with Italy has not only co-operated with all this, but given rise, by a happy chance, to their present achievements in fresco. A few young German painters living in Rome at the period of the suppression of French tyranny conceived the noble project of reviving the art of fresco-painting. The first fruits of this union were some paintings in the Casa Bertoldi and the Villa Massimi. Subsequently they dispersed; and Cornelius, the first who crossed the Alps, founded at Dusseldorf what became afterwards the school of Munich. Historical painting now began to occupy a larger field. The Halls of the Glyptothek were embellished with a body of mythological

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mythological compositions brought into the happiest union with architectural purposes. Other considerable works, too numerous to detail, arose in Munich under the impulse given by Cornelius to that branch of art. It was a happy combination of circumstances that Cornelius met with such a patron as the King of Bavaria, who during his long stay at Rome, when Crown Prince, lived on terms of the greatest intimacy with artists, and, on coming to the throne, called to the execution of his vast plans Cornelius, Julius Schnorr, Hesse, and an assemblage of eminent artists who have immortalized his patronage. These men furnished out the various departments—Hesse the sacred, Cornelius the severe historical, Schnorr the romantic and decorative—rendering the school unusually complete. There was even some danger to the supremacy of Cornelius from Kaulbach, who joined to his skill in drawing a somewhat higher sense of the beautiful. The next who brought this art from Rome was Philip Veit; but the mercantile genius of Frankfort proved unpropitious, and the Stedel Institute, over which he was called to preside, responded so ill to his efforts, that, after forming some ripe scholars, he retired from its direction altogether. He left, however, on its walls some compositions of a high excellence, and approved himself, as he was, a man of sound taste and knowledge, and well grounded in his art. Schadow succeeded Cornelius in the Academy of Dusseldorf, but pursued a totally opposite system. Every style of painting obtained his encouragement, according to the various dispositions of his pupils, whose chance of success and material welfare he seemed principally to consult; whereas Cornelius directed all his energies to the promotion of the highest style, and would have made all of them *frescanti*. The consequence was that their productions were not merely multifarious, but were assuming a middle style between history and *genre*, nicnamed romanticism, and a modern fashionable *tournure* inconsistent with the classical severity of 1817, and to be remedied only from the fountain-head. Accordingly, the pupils of Schadow had to go back to Italy ere they regained the track of Cornelius. Foremost among these reformers was Deger, who was indebted to Schadow only for his academical education, but imbibed at Rome a taste for the primitive Italian masters, whose style he aimed at carrying out in its utmost purity, and on his return from Italy was enabled to exemplify in some frescoes he was commissioned to paint for Prince Fürstenberg, at Apollinarisberg, on the Rhine. At Dresden, some of Schadow's best pupils, Bendemann and Hübner painted in fresco, finishing, however, too highly, though of great merit in other respects; and under the able direction of Semper, the architect, a very fine theatre was built, and richly decorated in the style of the Loggie.

Little

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Little remains to be added about Prussia, in which the arts and sciences were protected rather than promoted, until the accession of Frederick William IV. He may be said to have made Prussia the country of the fine arts; and, had Schinkel lived, great things might have been achieved. Imbued with the spirit of the antique, and familiar with the sources of the beautiful, he was peculiarly fitted to re-produce the fanciful creations of Pompeii and the cinque-cento in fresco; nor would he have fallen into those improprieties which, if any principles at all are to regulate the alliance between historical painting and architecture, must ever attend their neglect or violation. The consummate taste of the King himself, and the master-mind of Cornelius, have in this respect done much good.

It cannot be necessary to exemplify more fully the free interchange of art and its influences among nations, and the reasonableness of inviting foreigners to teach or to exercise, on terms of equality, such arts as they peculiarly excel in; nor should we have dwelt so long on this point, and also adverted to the respective uses of ateliers and academies, had they not been among the appliances which would most naturally occur to the promoters of the arts of design as seasonable, if a *school* of fresco-painting is to be established. To a certain extent, and as a decorative art at any rate, we may fairly anticipate success; and we hail systematic teaching, and the application of design, so taught, to purposes of manufacture, as one of the very best modes of eliciting talent. That the principles thus inculcated will be more generally carried out is a consequence sure to follow; and we do not share the impatience of many who seem to overlook the exceedingly low point from which we start, and the very elementary training of the hand and eye with which we commence. How far the spirit of the age may admit of a revival of the highest style of historical, or sacred composition in particular, is an inquiry which would lead far beyond the scope of the work which we propose to notice, which does not profess to exhibit fresco decorative painting in that highest walk chosen by Michael Angelo and Raffaelle (except as its handmaid), but as a purely decorative art, and subservient to architecture. Owing its very existence to the exigencies of the sovereign art, and deriving its appropriate locality, scale, and effect from the edifice, it no less assists the architecture in return, by its arabesques and other tasteful accessories. Our unvaried cold mass of stone was unknown in the best periods of antiquity. Colour was considered a rational adjunct by the Greeks, and traces of it have been observed on the Parthenon. Great subjects in fresco enlivened the Pœcile at Athens and the Lesche at Delphi, most interesting descriptions of which may be found

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found in Pausanias; and in Egypt temples remain at this hour with coloured figures of great size on their walls.*

But authorities and examples, however plentiful, demand a due attention to their original place and adaptation, without which they only serve to mislead. Italy, for instance, offers us a choice of many elegant and easy ways of getting rid of our heavy blank ceilings and papered walls, which we may borrow with propriety for country residences and well-lighted aspects, but which are utterly lost under the *malign light* of a London day,

'Ubi cœlum condidit umbrâ
Juppiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra *colorem*.'

What can be more absurd than to expose decorations, which in Greece or Italy preserve their freshness for a thousand years, to the action of the London air, which destroys that quality, on which their charm so much depends, in half as many hours? It is true the Munich method of *encaustic*, if free from the hateful quality of gloss, might be adopted to protect and keep the surface clean, or rather cleanable, but what can clean the air itself? Sites, therefore, must be selected with care, impossibilities left alone, and ingenuity exerted in varying the procedure according to the means. Costly failures, servile imitations, crude and forced inventions, details ill understood and worse executed, ever betray the hurry and presumption of ignorant wealth refusing to bend to circumstances, and forgetting that not *mere* money, but, as Macheath guardedly has it, 'money, *well-timed* and *properly applied*, will do anything.' Even Lorenzo de Medici fell into this delusion of monied men. A painter, one Graffiani, ventured to observe to him that he had not artists equal to some work he was anxious to have executed. 'We have money enough to make them,' replied Lorenzo; to which the artist rejoined, 'Eh, Lorenzo, i danari non fanno i maestri, ma i maestri fanno i danari.' This is still true.

We have no doubt that Mr. Gruner's work will open the eyes of many to the inutility of carrying fresco-painting in this country beyond certain bounds, while at the same time it suggests many untried paths within our range. The practical remarks, and numerous notes illustrative of the combination and harmony of the colouring, lay open a fund of resources in the general arrangement, juxtaposition, scattering or massing of colours, and facilities for ascertaining on what principles depend agreeable contrasts, harmony, variety, solidity, lightness, sobriety, gaiety, or any other qualities. Several of the plates (xxvi. xxvii. Part I.; v. x. Part II.) offer an assemblage of details on a larger scale, obviously applicable to all branches of upholstery, and even jewellery.

* See the beautiful pictures and drawings of the Academician Roberts.

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These, we trust, our practical artists will avail themselves of—not as so many new leaves of a pattern-book, but to school the eye and refresh the invention. Our artisans are not behind-hand in diligence and sterling work. It is not in productive skill—it is in design, and taste, and delicacy, that they are to seek. It is from their notorious deficiency in those higher requisites that our manufacturers, in not a few branches, can scarcely make head against the more attractive goods of their continental rivals. In vain they imitate or rather *repeat* each novelty and pattern from Lyons and Paris. The French draw from nature, and compose upon settled principles; *we* have so long neglected the cultivation of taste in the artisan, and the systematic education of native designers, that we are often obliged, from sheer necessity, to call in foreign designers, not to teach, but to do the mere work: so far, therefore, we follow, when we ought to lead. When will it be understood that the dearth of designers is starvation to Coventry, Manchester, and Spitalfields; whilst invention, fancy, originality—the creative faculties, these are bread to the million—we may choose to neglect them—

'Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed.'

Fashion is supplied from these: without them, the cunning of the hand is paralysed.

We know there is a large class of Utilitarians enemies to the fine arts generally. Instead of handying arguments, we invite them to ruminate on the following pithy questions proposed by a truly enlightened Utilitarian, Bishop Berkeley, in his *Querist*:—

'Query—Whether human industry can produce, from such cheap materials, a manufacture of so great value by any other art as by that of sculpture and painting?

'Query—Whether pictures and statues are not in fact so much treasure? and whether Rome and Florence would not be poor towns without them?

'Query—Whether they do not bring ready money as well as jewels? Whether in Italy debts are not paid, and children portioned out with them, as with gold and silver?

'Query—Whether, if the arts of sculpture and painting were encouraged among us, we might not furnish our houses in a much nobler manner with our own manufactures?'

We have these maxims feelingly developed in a paper read in March last at a meeting of the Decorative Art Society, to which we may refer as a clear and striking exposé of the peril awaiting our commercial interests entirely owing to the blind neglect of design in our manufactures. The author, Mr. Crabbe, is professionally acquainted with all the branches of domestic decoration. He does not mince the matter:—

'We, the chief of manufacturing countries, have stood alone in a contempt

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tempt for cultivating taste: we have utterly neglected every means of procuring it. Our whole system has now to be changed. . . . . Germany, in connexion with France, is likely to engross our house-decorative trade by exporting to us their *educated artisans*. We have only to compare the productions of those countries with our own, and we shall find that their staples are all connected with *taste*, and that our staples are those of *quantity*. Theirs tend to elevate the whole people in mental enjoyment, ours simply aim at an increase of wealth. . . . . Design has, in fact, been understood neither by the manufacturer, the public, nor the designer himself; and the extent of our national as well as individual deficiencies, in everything approaching to systematic information or education in art, subsequently to be applied to manufacture, can at present alone be understood by comparison with the continental nations. The steady but constant improvement and extension of their manufactures will be found to be progressive with their schools of design.'

This melancholy and instructive avowal follows upon an interesting review (pp. 28-39), too full to quote from, of all that France, Belgium, Switzerland, Bavaria, Prussia, and the rest of Germany are doing to teach the true principles of design, as compared with ourselves; and is preceded by an historical review of the art of design (pp. 12-28), remarkable for a liberal and just appreciation of the great and beautiful in other times and countries.* In particular, Mr. Crabbe specifies the palaces and villas of Italy, where the greatest artists produced works of infinite beauty:—

'Galleries and apartments in which the richest architectural arrangements were embellished with skilful dispositions of colouring; beautiful arabesques and gilding; fine distinctive effects were produced through different combinations and proportions; harmony, and rich solidity of magnificence, only to be obtained by a thorough knowledge and skilful adaptation of the sound unerring rules of art. In the magnificent folio work just published by Mr. Gruner, upon the fresco arabesques and painted decorations of the churches and palaces of Italy, we shall have opportunities for enjoying and studying the brightest gems of decorative art. The examples of this extraordinary work of labour (forty-six in number) are coloured by hand, with a value and effect unprecedented. It expresses the mode of using the enrichments of painting and gilding, in unity with the architecture and with the sculpture—causing the entire to be viewed as one—neither perfect without the other. This work is exactly what we most required, reflecting the highest honour upon Mr. Gruner, and is likely to create a complete revolution in British decorative design.'—p. 26.

This business-like account of the subject-matter and execution of Mr. Gruner's work not only testifies to its solid utility, but may help to remove a misgiving not unlikely to arise, whether

* Evident marks of haste must be allowed for: *e. g.* that Lionardo da Vinci 'became as great in sculpture as in painting.' The observation is truer of his rival, M. Angelo.

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such a species of decoration is not beyond and beside us, inapplicable to *our* domestic or public constructions—a sort of exotic too tender for our climate—a troublesome novelty—a refinement for which our artists have no feeling—and which very clever and very rich people may take up, but plain, sensible folks will let alone,—' Quod supra nos nihil ad nos.' If, as Mr. Crabbe anticipates, a desire for the universal embellishment of interiors should arise, and the axiom be recognised that architecture, painting, and sculpture are all equally incomplete without each other, there will be no ground left for the objection, and the value of Mr. Gruner's work—as setting before the eye the *chef-d'œuvres* of Italian art, with every help to use and adaptation—will be understood; as will also the reason why the style of the sixteenth century in particular has been more carefully collected and represented, the predominance, namely, of sacred subjects in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which, though of the highest interest and beauty, are not so fitted for imitation. It will also be seen, that the branch of art here illustrated is an every-day use, always in sight, not like the rare and costly purchases of the amateur, framed and glazed, but of all sorts and sizes, in churches or villas, palaces or summer-houses, gorgeous or simple, exhibiting at will the amene, the festive, or the magnificent, with appliances of every calibre, one while overpowering with a splash of colour, then again, by a judicious bit here and there, enlivening, as by a magic charm, some unambitious retreat.

Of a work which appeals to the eye any description must be tedious and inconclusive; added to which its extent forbids more than a partial notice of the contents. Mr. Hittorff, the celebrated architect, introduces us to it in an able comparison between the arabesques of the ancients and those of Raffaelle and his school. Here the palm of superior judgment must be conceded to the ancients, and if the specimens extant do not seem to entitle them equally to the prize of beauty, it may well be ' because the paintings of that description which have come down to us from antiquity, are neither the productions of a distinguished epoch of the arts, nor, strictly speaking, of similar application; at all events, not like works conceived by the mind of the greatest painter of later times, and carried out by masters only second to him, or produced by artists whose position was similar, and whose merit was in many respects equal.' (p. 1.) The dimensions of the houses at Pompeii at once reveal to us the principle upon which this species of house-painting was chosen—it is ' to widen the vista to the utmost,' and by multiplying architectural forms, such as twisted and variously-shaped diminutive colums, trellices, &c., to produce the illusion of perspective,

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spective, and remove from before the eye the immediate boundaries of the space. Very inferior and very imperfect were the remains of antique decorations found in the baths of Titus, but they are said to have given to Raffaelle an idea of the art in a higher application, and also to have suggested the use of stucco. To attribute to them more than a modified influence upon Raffaelle and his contemporaries is to go too far. The Italian painters who preceded him had already gleaned from the marbles and fragments of ancient sculpture a goodly and useful store of such accessories. Foliage, flowers, clusters of fruit, genii, and animals, both in their natural and blended forms, tablets, compartments, and other strictly plastic elements abound in the early schools of Italy. In fact the Loggie of Raffaelle exhibit not more a reminiscence of antique art than of the former practice of the Italian masters. Nay, in many instances, we have a repetition of cassoons, antique ceilings, and archivolts, for which there is no prototype in the Baths. Dealing with materials so inexhaustibly various, and so alluring, as compared with the limited decorative system previously existing, is it surprising if in the Loggie that great artist revived the application of ancient arabesques, rather with reckless profusion than discreet variety? The criticism of Mr. Hittorff, as to this *copiousness*, is most valuable:—

'In this respect the first impression of the Loggie in the Vatican is certainly less favourable than that of its prototypes. The ancient arabesques have in almost every instance all their parts kept upon a reduced scale, in order to favour the apparent extent of the locality; and they show a predominating general proportion. They never present such striking differences between the principal subjects as we find in the arabesques of Raphael,—which are sometimes uncommonly large, sometimes as unreasonably small, beside and above each other, thereby affecting us like dissonances, and being the more offensive inasmuch as the very choice of the decorations is frequently deficient in symmetry and proportion. Thus, close to the richest arabesques—presenting on a reduced scale elegant and manifold combinations of flowers, fruit, animals, human figures, and views of temples—we find calyxes of flowers putting forth twisted stalks, leaves and blossoms: all which, with reference to the former, are of colossal proportion, thereby not only injuring the accompanying decorations, but also destroying the grandeur of the whole architectural design. Lastly, on examining the choice of subjects with respect to the association of ideas indicated thereby, and the decorations in the symbols and allegories employed to convey them, we find that the works of the ancients, who employed no other source but their mythology, appear to great advantage in point of unity when compared with the prevailing intermixture in the Loggie of that imaginary world with the symbols of Christianity.'—p. xiii.

Admitting this imperfection, arising from the temptation to which

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which Raffaelle was exposed, at once from the spirit of his time and the bias of his mind towards the stores of ancient art, we are still justified in saying that in these works 'taste and richness of resource have reached their climax.' Let those who have never visited the incomparable Loggiato of the Vatican (plates 1 to 5), where the genius of Raffaelle has decorated the architecture of Bramante, turn to the fairy vistas of the first and middle Loggie, and, above all, to the lofty open corridor of the third or uppermost Loggia, with its rich and stately colonnade, and the view, of indescribable grandeur, which it commands over Rome and Latium.

In passing from the master-works of Raffaelle to those of his immediate scholars we gain instead of losing. The vestibule of the Villa Madama on Monte Mario (plates 6 and 7) is harmony and proportion itself; and the magnificent roofs of its three symmetrical partitions (plates 8, 9, 10), notwithstanding the multiplicity of their ornaments and almost oriental assortment of colours, form perhaps the most faultless and splendid specimen of that class of embellishment in existence.

'If we adopt the general opinion, and look upon this beautiful work as a second undertaking, conceived by Raffaelle in the spirit of the Loggie, and executed by Giulio Romano and Giovanni da Udine, we see how the favourite pupils of the incomparable master succeeded in avoiding what he and his contemporaries most assuredly found faulty in his former work; and in this respect Raphael may be said to deserve the immortal fame of being the acknowledged creator of modern arabesques from their first introduction to their last perfection.'—p. xv.

The Villa Poniatowski, and the Montalto and Altieri palaces, furnish ceilings of less pretension, which, from their graceful simplicity, are particularly adapted as models for imitation. These are inedited. The Villa Farnesina, the very model of architectural propriety, follows next, with elevations (plate 16) of its beautifully proportioned fronts, plan, and details (plate 17), and a general view of the vestibule, so well known for Raffaelle's frescoes of the story of Psyche, to show the arrangement. A very rich effect is produced by the ceiling of the Sala di Galatea, boldly designed by Baldassar Peruzzi, the architect of the palace itself. But here, as in Raffaelle's contiguous performance, the placing the upright compositions, which form the two principal paintings in the centre, in a horizontal position, is an abuse which attracts the more attention from the larger size of the panels. In the Villa Lante are two coved ceilings of great beauty, in which are introduced heads of four poets and the four objects of their love. The Palazzo del T., at Mantua, shows Giulio Romano's powers as architect, painter, and sculptor, applied in one harmonious combination. Besides a plan (plate 21), the

decorations

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decorations of the Hall of David (plate 22), though given on rather a small scale, convey a most splendid idea of this beautiful vestibule; and in the arrangement of the Casino (plate 23) Giulio Romano has, in point of classical taste, exquisite execution, and unity, surpassed not only himself, but perhaps all other painters of modern times. This specimen of decoration is adapted to the limited size of modern town-houses, and the arrangement will admit the introduction of works in the higher branches of fresco and oil-painting in convenient positions. But we are most indebted to Mr. Gruner for bringing us acquainted with the old Ducal Palace at Mantua, the residence of the Buonacolsi and Gonzagas, and fraught with recollections of the amiable Isabella d' Este, whose apartment is still called 'Il Paradiso.' It is an edifice of enormous extent, and an endless magazine of details, inestimable to the artist:—

'In fact, for the grandeur of its masses, for propriety, invention, and decorations of every kind, for the solution of the most perplexing problems in architectural and pictorial arrangement, for the skilful adaptation of designs to the most uninviting and embarrassing spaces, we know no edifice of the kind either in or out of Italy which approaches this imperial residence, or which displays such varied resources to the student of decorative art; but, we lament to say, that none has been made so little use of for that purpose.'—p. 38.

One of its rich ceilings (plate 24) is painted by Mantegna, and accompanied with lunettes expressing the pleasures of the chace, which are among the most elegant inventions of Giulio Romano. The deer overtaken by the dogs while crossing a river reminds us how suitably such a species of decoration for some analogous locale might be confided to the unrivalled pencil of our Landseer. Correggio's fanciful bower in the Camere di S. Paolo at Parma (plate 28) is particularly valuable, as the previous well-known publications of it are inexcusably incorrect. The room of portraits in the Palazzo Martinengo at Brescia (plate 29) is inedited and singularly elegant; full-length figures of eight daughters of the family are represented, two on each wall of the room, sitting on a low garden-wall overlooking the country beyond—the work of the celebrated Moretto, of Brescia. This instance affords a beautiful model for imitation in a country in which the domestic affections render portrait-painting the most cherished branch of art. If the Vandyck room at Petworth charms us with its family assemblage of small oil-paintings, what should we say of full-length portraits in fresco of those graceful ladies handed down to us in the very apartment they had inhabited?

Part II. is limited to decorations of sacred buildings. Of these there cannot be a more magnificent example than the Certosa of Pavia, founded by Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, in 1396, but continued,

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tinued, improved, and embellished with equal taste, spirit, and means, through a space of more than three centuries, so as to become a practical history of the progress of the fine arts in Lombardy (plates i. to x.). 'On a critical examination of the interior, the traces of the various ages in which this edifice was erected become obvious. The most ancient portion dates from a period when the fundamental rules of architecture were by no means settled, and the romantic style was no longer satisfactory: then follows the style of the revival; then, as the building became more advanced, the proportions of Bramante were adopted, and more attention was given to the ornamental part; and thus, age after age, each leaving the imprint of its characteristics. But thanks to the ruling taste of the monks, this variety, far from producing the effect so often felt in works of different epochs, is an inexhaustible source of pleasure and instruction' (p. 54). The series of painters extends from Ambrogio da Fossano, Luini, and Pietro Perugino, down to Guercino. 'Endless are the arcades adorned with the finest terra-cottas; numberless the works of stained glass, Florentine mosaic, bronzes, carvings, and marbles. In short, there is such a combination of perfection in this Certosa, that, instead of being, as it too generally is, hurried over by travellers as the last object of their curiosity, or omitted altogether, it ought to be one of the chief points in a visit to Italy, and should be considered by artists a means of acquiring in many branches of art the utmost finish and refinement' (p. 52).

Plates iii. to vi. give admirably drawn and detailed views of the exquisite lateral vestibule, painted by Luini and others. The half-figures there introduced, and also the patriarchs in the ceiling (plate viii.), probably painted by the same hands, create a bold effect, which is quite startling. But the section of the transept (plate ix.), with its many painted openings, saints and angels standing on the entablatures, and mural decorations of the most fanciful kind, carries the romance of church architecture further than any example—even beyond a similar section (plate xi.) from the Monastero Maggiore at Milan, which is most elegant, and Bramantesque in the truest sense. The general interior view (plate ii.) is the least satisfactory, the unassisted outline being inadequate to the perspective effect, and the crowded minutiæ of the roofs deceiving the eye as to the real dimensions and distances. The exterior view (plate i.), though in outline also, has more air, and is splendid. After all, no such complete detail of the Certosa has ever before been given; and Mr. Gruner deserves the gratitude of every lover of the arts for rescuing this matchless monument from oblivion and barbarism.* The

* Let it never be forgotten that its dilapidation dates from the removal of the leaden

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The series closes with two specimens by Pinturicchio—viz., the ceiling and accessories to that celebrated suite of frescoes representing the life of Pius II., in which Raffaelle assisted him, in the library of Siena (plate xiii.), and the ceiling to the choir of Santa Maria del Popolo, at Rome. In this last, sibyls, evangelists, and the fathers of the Church, enthroned in niches, are given with striking effect and judgment; and it furnishes one of the richest pages of this rich and admirably executed work.

It is evident that Italy is the only country from which such a volume could have been compiled. The art of fresco-painting, in all its styles, there reached its point of perfection; and thither must artists betake themselves for the best materials of study and improvement. Innumerable treasures are unknown and inedited merely because they lie out of the beaten track. The ordinary tourist devotes but a few minutes' observation to the cheerless dismantled walls of the Villa Madama and the old Ducal Palace at Mantua—

'A fading fresco there demands a sigh'—

and nothing more. Yet no other country, however well-conditioned, can supply the artist with examples so teeming with instruction: in Italy, 'beato chi ha un' occhio.' In France there is nothing to be gleaned. Little, if anything, remains of the original frescoes of Rosso and Primaticcio at Fontainebleau. We know them only from drawings and contemporary prints; for the French, 'qui n'ont soin de rien,' have let the works themselves go to ruin. Judging from a small portion which many years ago had escaped restoration, the mode of their execution is quite unsuited to our imitation: the adoption of stucco to give relief is there carried to an abuse; the image-painting, life-size, is intolerably gaudy, and brought near the eye in an apartment, becomes overpowering. One of the latest considerable works in fresco which France possesses is the dome of the Val de Grace, by Mignard, a kind of apotheosis of Anne of Austria, consisting of many hnndred figures; but, although a noble work, and more worthy the title of 'La Gloire du Val de Grace,' than the verses of Molière in its celebration, it may be doubted whether even French vanity would again require any similar performance. The loss, through decay, of such examples as England possessed is not much to be regretted. At Magdalen Chapel (the Capella Sistina of Oxford) there existed within our memory a Last Judgment in fresco, entirely filling the eastern wall. It was celebrated in a poem by Addison; but, in common with other similar performances of Isaac Fuller, its merits were not such as to ensure its pre-

leaden roofs in 1797 by the French, who are said to have pocketed about three millions of francs by this piece of brigandage. Heidelberg and Batalha do not exemplify more happily their *tact* for destroying the beautiful.

servation.

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servation. Whether the decorations, 'en grisaille,' from the life of St. Paul, by Sir James Thornhill, are among the 'non existentibus' or 'non apparentibus,' and whether it will ever be worth while to replace them 'a buon fresco,' is very doubtful. Many persons *point* to them in the dome of St. Paul's, but as for *seeing* them, the monster city—

> 'Faucibus ingentem fumum
> Evomit involvitque *domum* caligine cæcâ,
> *Prospectum eripiens* oculis: *glomeratque sub antro*
> *Fumiferam noctem*———'

And this reminds us of the common remark, how unsuitable our damp climate is to fresco-painting *—particularly when, as in our great cities, smoke lends its aid to obliterate it. But surely this is rather an advantage than otherwise. The ceaseless demand for fresh efforts of genius to replace the *departed shades* will keep artists on the *qui vive*, happy and flourishing, and ready to begin over again: our public edifices will look smart and new at short and regular intervals; and as novelty is the soul of fashion, the patronage of the beau-monde will be kept in constant exercise. Of the propriety, under such an atmosphere, of covering *exteriors* with delicate sculpture there has never, within our recollection, been the slightest doubt. Have we not built twice over, or at least overlaid with a new black lace veil of elaborate pattern, King Henry VII.'s costly Chapel? And are we not offering up, hard by, a still more splendid *holocaust* in the shape of that cubic pile of profuse workmanship, that mine of future restorations, by which Parliament has provided for its own comforts and those of future carvers of heads and escutcheons, certain that in less than twenty years the storied exterior of Mr. Barry's really grand edifice will form one undistinguishable *sooterkin* of art? Meanwhile these lessons from the Architecture of the West have not been thrown away on the Painting of the East, where the gay hues of fresco, as offering a speedier destructibility than sculpture, are wisely lavished on the exterior surfaces of the new Royal Exchange. By such spirited, well-considered, and fruitful outlays have we earned the *wonder* of foreigners, and the gratitude, 'sua si bona nôrint,' of the artist tribe. No longer dependent on the impure breath of public favour, they will prosper *as the sparks fly upward;* the course of nature, the change of the wind, will waft them good-luck, wealth, and renown,

> 'FUMUM et OPES, STREPITUMQUE Romæ.'

* The Venetians who, like ourselves, had *damp* to contend with, abstained from fresco in the great historical decorations of magnificent halls in the Ducal Palace, and ordered oil-paintings on a gigantic scale.

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ART. VII.—*The Life and Correspondence of T. Arnold, D.D.* By Arthur P. Stanley, M.A. London. 2 vols. 8vo. 1844.

'WHEN I look round, there seems to me some one point of quality which distinguishes really noble persons from ordinary ones; it is not religious feeling; it is not honesty or kindness; but it seems to me to be moral thoughtfulness; which makes a man love Christ instead of being a fanatic, and love truth without being cold or hard.' This sentence of his own would give, indeed, a very imperfect idea of Dr. Arnold's character, but it may express the first general view that serious and good men of every party will take of it, and the reason why a faithful Life of him should be extensively popular. Mr. Stanley has produced the loving and honest picture of a most amiable and most efficient man who, in the unconscious autobiography of a large correspondence, gives us without reserve his feelings on those four or five points of social and theological interest of which every one now is wondering what the end will be. Intense energy in a profession which, important as it ever was, he was the first to raise to its true dignity—an enthusiasm which, if sometimes restless, was never sentimental, but always practical in behalf of his church and country—the gentlest and warmest affections to his friends and family—and withal an almost boyish playfulness and freshness lighting up and relieving the naturally stern earnestness of an enthusiastic temperament—these are qualities which strike us at first sight, and which (whatever we may think of his opinions) ought to spur us to imitate his actions. 'The only question,' Mr. Stanley says, 'which I allowed myself to ask in each particular act or opinion, that has come before me, has been not whether I approved or disapproved of it, but whether it was characteristic of him;' and he has certainly steered himself ably 'between the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and No,' as to expressing agreement or disagreement with any of the peculiar tenets of his friend. We cannot profess so complete a neutrality—but generally it is our wish, in this necessarily brief notice on a large and pregnant subject, to describe and develope rather than criticise;—well content if our readers, finding our sketch most inadequate to the subject, shall be led to study for themselves in his own writings, and in Mr. Stanley's modest and elegant pages, the life and character of Dr. Arnold.

This character and life have no claims to the romance of passion, poverty, or ambition: but they have all that Dr. Arnold called the true poetry of common life. We have here the picture of a mind of great capacity and energy, but with an early stiffness and dryness which home affections transformed into poetry and gentleness,

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gentleness, severe at once and lively, indolent and ambitious,—a mind that overcomes its natural faults and elevates its excellences, by expanding and strengthening to meet circumstances, which to common eyes would have seemed likely to dull rather than to quicken, to oppress than to exalt, but which, to his quick sight of duty, showed as materials containing a precious metal, which his vigorous unwearied hand was able to work to the uttermost. We see here just the character that would be formed (as he wished to form it) on 'Aristotle and Thucydides and on the Bible;' which aiming to bring Christian principles to bear on everything in life, combined a quick perception of moral and political truths with a thorough boldness in stating and following them out; a mind which, penetrated through and through with the reverence for law of the old Greek philosophers, yet felt that we often owe a duty of change to the present still more than of preservation to the past, and while hating Jacobinism with a perfect hatred, fiercely denounced those merely selfish opponents of change whom he held to be the bane of an aristocracy,—who (as he described them), 'being themselves well off and with all their desires contented, do not trouble themselves about evils they cannot feel, and complain of the noisy restlessness of the beggars in the streets while they are sitting at ease in their warm and comfortable rooms.' We see that in action he had at once a religious sense of the duty of good hard work, and withal a perpetual elasticity of thought, and a liveliness and joyousness of temperament which strengthened and grew with his growth, and kept him fresh under every labour, and impervious to abuse or disappointment. Finally, if we cannot hide the clouds which, lighted up as they were by his goodness and kindness, sometimes threatened a storm; if he was a little narrow and one-sided in his admiration and dislikes, and too apt to 'shot his discourse' with fierce denunciations—yet all this (which must strike every one in his letters) was as nothing compared with his truly noble qualities, and with that clear-sighted honesty, uprightness, and fearlessness of the mere opinion of the world, which worked as a talisman on all around him—making those who knew him feel that good and evil would as soon change their natures as Arnold become capable of anything timid or ungenerous.

Thomas Arnold was born on June the 13th, 1795, at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight; the son of a gentleman of moderate means, long collector of the customs there. He was sent early to a school at Warminster in Wiltshire, and transplanted thence to Winchester and (while still a mere boy) to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The strong home and local attachments, the quick historical fancy and memory, the love of poetry, and the remarkable fondness for geography, which were such leading

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leading qualities in his maturer mind, all showed themselves in the child. 'When in later years he was left the head of his family, he delighted in treasuring up every particular relating to his birthplace and parentage, even to the great willow-tree in his father's grounds at Slattwoods, from which he transplanted shoots successively to Laleham, to Rugby, and to Fox How;' he ever retained the liveliest affection for the kind aunt, Mrs. Delafield, who had been his earliest teacher, and whom on every recurring birthday 'he had thought of and loved for as many years past as he could remember;' and he would recur with glee to his boyish sports of sea-fights, to his 'early familiarity with the flags of half Europe at the Isle of Wight,' and his keen enjoyment and benefit from the manly discipline and old customs of Winchester. He was indeed an hearty Wykehamist; he would often tell of the mysteries of that somewhat Masonic brotherhood; and he 'envied Moberly the downs and the clear streams and the associations of Alfred's capital with its tombs of kings and prelates, as compared with Rugby and its thirteen horse and cattle fairs.' At Winchester were his first full draughts of history: Gibbon and Mitford, Russell and Priestley, he read again and again with indiscriminating ardour —and at fourteen years old, with a zeal which half reminds us of Wilberforce's juvenile wrath against the slave-trade, the young Hannibal Niebuhr devotes himself to the extermination of half the Roman history, which 'he verily believes is, if not totally false, at least scandalously exaggerated.' Thus, in spite of a strong constitutional tendency to indolence, he was already full of life and energy; his boyish letters, we are told—we wish Mr. Stanley had given us some of them—abound with bursts of political enthusiasm on passing events: with amusing gravity he afterwards writes of his early changes from Toryism to Jacobinism.

'When he came to Oxford,' says Mr. Justice Coleridge, 'he was a mere boy in appearance as well as in age, but we saw in a very short time that he was quite equal to take his part in the arguments of the Common Room. As he was equal, so he was ready to take part in our discussions; he was fond of conversation on serious matters, and vehement in argument; fearless too in advancing his opinions,—which, to say the truth, often startled us a good deal; but he was ingenuous and candid, and, though the fearlessness with which, so young as he was, he advanced his opinions, might have seemed to betoken presumption, yet the good temper with which he bore retort or rebuke relieved him from that imputation; he was bold and warm—because as far as his knowledge went he saw very clearly, and he was an ardent lover of truth—but I never saw in him even then a grain of vanity or conceit. In truth there were those among us calculated to produce an impression on

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on his affectionate heart and ardent ingenuous mind, and the rather because the more we saw of him, and the more we battled with him, the more manifestly did we respect and love him. The feeling with which we argued gave additional power to our arguments over a disposition such as his; and thus he became attached to young men of the most different tastes and intellects; his love for each taking a different colour, more or less blended with respect, fondness, and even humour, according to those differences; and in return they all united in love and respect to him.'—vol. i. pp. 11, 12.

We are fortunate to possess such a sketch,—though an extract does it small justice,—from the pen of one who was among his dearest friends from first to last, his letters to whom characteristically combine strong disagreements with the most ardent attachment, and to whom he always said that he owed more at the critical period of Oxford life than to any other man in the world. But it is hard to get a very lively idea of his Oxford character. We want more anecdotes and sayings, and these were not likely to be remembered where a man has ripened slowly, and was at first neither brilliant nor imaginative. Yet the few that remain are characteristic and full of life,—and the writer of the Roman legends would have forbidden us to record those days in the sober tone of historical narrative. His own language would doubtless have taken an Homeric or Herodotean tinge when he told of the vigorous 'spearing battles,' and no less vigorous war of words,—when describing the rich glades of Bagley Wood, or the heights of Shotover, or the wild upland of Cumnor Hurst, he would have tarried awhile at his 'pretty field' near Hincksey, where Oxford, with the hills for her background, and her meadows, groves, and river in front, stretches out at once her long line of gorgeous towers, and domes, and pinnacles—a sight unrivalled in its kind in Europe. While in itself as lovely (so he judged) as Mola or Terni, its associations were far more to him than all those with which his historical imagination could people the country of Campanians or Sabines. For his life there had been hearty, joyous, simple, the foundation of all his after strength. If the morning was given to Aristotle and Thucydides, in the afternoon a party, led by a future judge, or poet, or historian, or archbishop, was 'deserting the road, crossing fences, leaping or tumbling into ditches;'—'skirmishing,' as Arnold called it. In the evening, after dinner, even in his 'donnish days,' there was not seldom 'a battle of French and English,' when backs were mounted, and chairs and tables upset within the grave precincts of the Oriel Common Room itself. Nay, in these matters he 'grew the worse for getting greater.' It was his wish, even in his last year,—pardon, O grave professors, the indecorum of your brother,—

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brother,—'to see his boys and girls well bogged in Bagley Wood.' But, in fact, he came up a boy, and as he had never the misfortune to be devoted to good coats or well-cut trousers, or to be eaten up by cautions and proprieties, he kept his boy's heart to the last. Mr. Stanley speaks truly of the elastic step and open countenance which made the Master of Rugby's appearance so conspicuous in the streets and halls of Oxford in February, 1842.

No one who knew the man can wonder that the young Oxonian should be described as generous and somewhat headstrong in his impulses, a little hot in his words, a little awkward and shy in his manners, with a spice of pugnacity, which made him always inclined to be an opponent, already gibbeting Napoleon, already denouncing Mr. Pitt, and proclaiming that 'Guerre aux Châteaux, Paix aux Chaumières,' which was the symbol of his hatred to a corrupted aristocracy, and at once (he thought) the watch-word and the moral of the first French Revolution. But his liberalism was as yet only skin-deep. He had come up almost a Jacobin, but, as he tells Mr. Justice Coleridge, 'all the associations of the place, which I loved exceedingly, yours above all, blew my Jacobinism to pieces, and I became again a Tory.' For a while, he could read Clarendon with all the sympathy of a thorough Royalist, and spoke strong Toryism at the 'old Attic society.'

But though many and long were the conflicts which in the Junior Common Room of Corpus succeeded the 'Port and Prejudice' of a former generation, Oxford was not to him the scene of mere political disputation. He became a Fellow of Oriel in a marked time, in the first burst of university life, after more than an hundred years of deadness; and his contemporaries in that Society have, like himself, for the last twenty years done their full part to stir the waters of English thought and theology. Copleston, Whately, Davison, Hampden, Keble, Newman, Pusey, were among them. But controversy had not yet awaked, and his early studies were shared between his favourite Greek masters, and some of those mighty volumes of middle age chroniclers which generally repose undisturbed on the shelves of the Bodleian. His attachment to the great historian whom he edited was life-long; and he never lost that familiar and fond use of his 'dear old Stagyrite,' which oozed out in every letter and every conversation. 'I could not consent,' he said long afterwards, 'to send my son to an university where he should lose the use of him altogether.'

He stayed at Oxford nine years, and to his life's end it was the place nearest his heart, bound to him by associations of gratitude and admiration, which surpassed even his sense of her defects. His letters express every change of feeling, for he loved

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loved her as we love a wayward child, full of excellences and faults, constantly attracting us and constantly disappointing. His first pangs at parting when he felt that if he lived to eighty he should never forget the delights he had lost,—the burst of grateful remembrance when he rejoiced that an old pupil should so love Oxford as 'to feel what he had felt himself, sympathy even for her extravagances,'—alternating with the bitter thought that in his struggle for the holy cause of Christian education, Oxford felt little sympathy for a Whig and a low Churchman,—are all well compared by Mr. Stanley to the 'passionate sympathies and antipathies of the exiled Italian poet, towards his ideal and actual Florence.' And still it was to Oxford that he always turned with longing and affection; it was there he wished to pass his last years of unimpaired faculties: in Oxford, finally, where for so many years he had been misunderstood and undervalued, it was given to him to receive from the whole university, without distinction of party, a testimony of respect to his ability and earnestness, which has had no parallel there in the present generation. And then, 'with an emotion the more touching for its transparent sincerity and simplicity,' he declared 'how deeply he valued the privilege of addressing his audience as one of the professors of Oxford,'—how there was no public 'honour or reward which could be to him so welcome.'

Arnold was still only twenty-five when he left Oxford, to settle at Laleham, near Staines. In the next year he married, and the succeeding nine were spent with pupils at Laleham. To us this period is one of the most interesting in the work, as the peaceful, thoughtful scene for those quiet efforts of self-mastery, moral and intellectual, which in every man of this order precede his going forth to the real business of life, to the conflict of good and evil: and we could long 'to dwell on these years, the profound peace of which is contrasted so strongly with the almost incessant agitations of his subsequent life, and to remain awhile on the high ground where the waters which are hereafter to form the separate streams of his various social and theological views lie as yet undistinguished in the parent lake.' It was still the morning with him; the sun was not yet mounted in the heavens, and he was preparing himself for that toil which none ever felt more keenly or welcomed more heartily as the appointed lot of man.

The turn that his mind then took is most marked. He had before neglected scholarship; he felt this, and at once set himself to improve it. His constitutional indolence disappeared; he did brave battle with that last infirmity, which clung to him for long—ambitious cravings—and he applied himself to his pupil work with an ardour which was soon rewarded by increasing fondness and aptitude

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aptitude. He had before been perplexed by religious doubts; and Mr. Keble had advised him to cure himself, 'not by the physic of reading and controversy, but by the diet of holy living;' he now, in spite of his heavy labours, went much among the poor—a duty which he ever insisted upon as most needful to keep the heart and affections fresh—and he assisted the curate both in the parish church and workhouse, and in visiting; and then, when the day was over—after eight or nine hours' reading with his pupils, a bathe in the Thames, and a skirmish across the country—when all were gathered in for the evening, he would sit down in the midst of the party, at a sermon, or a long letter to a friend, or at one of those lively pictures of Roman history which, written by a man of twenty-eight, with few books and less time for reading them, are still for vigour and power of writing superior to anything on the subject in the language.* Of his teaching we will only say, that it was like his after Rugby system: boldly turning off the bad lest they should contaminate the good; devising every plan to interest and attach his boys; feeling, and making them feel, that good honest work is after all the only respectable calling. To use Mr. Stanley's words—'It is the change of tone between the earliest letters of this period and those which immediately succeed them, that marks the difference between the high spirit and warm feelings of his youth, and the fixed earnestness and devotion which henceforth took possession of his whole heart and will.'

In one very characteristic letter, of Nov., 1819, to an old friend (Mr. Tucker), he says:—

'Being now separated from you all, I am most anxious that absence should not be allowed to weaken the regard we bear each other; and, besides, I cannot forego that advice and assistance which I have so long been accustomed to rely upon, and with which I cannot, as yet at least, safely dispense: for the management of my own mind is a thing so difficult, and brings me into contact with much that is so strangely mysterious that I stand at times quite bewildered, in a chaos where I can see no light either before or behind. How much of this is constitutional and physical I cannot tell, perhaps a great deal of it; yet it is surely dangerous to look upon all the struggles of the mind as arising from the state of the body or the weather, and so resolve to bestow no more attention upon them. Indeed, I have far more reason to be annoyed at the extraordinary apathy and abstraction from everything good which the routine of the world's business brings with it; there are whole days in which all the feelings or principles of belief, or of religion altogether, are in utter abeyance: when one goes on very comfortably, pleased with external and worldly comforts, and yet would find it difficult, if told to inquire, to find a particle of Christian principle in one's whole mind.'—vol. i. p. 59.

This was what we may call the second Act of his life. His

* See his contributions to the Encyclopædia Metropolitana.

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character is almost ripened; his views are, if not developed, beginning to expand into their fuller and later form; his style still rough and unpoetical, but clear and manly; but, above all, in his energy, simplicity, and thorough devotion to his calling, was laid the basis of success in a great struggle. He was elected to Rugby in 1827; and there he had a larger field for that game where, to use his own words, 'your pawns are living creatures, and your adversary, in plain language, the Devil.' He was longing 'to try whether our public school system has not in it some noble elements which may produce fruit even to life eternal;' and though, *more suo*, this is mixed up with the lamentation that he could no more 'wear old coats, or hang on a pole, or bathe in the clear Thames,'—yet he seems to have rejoiced in finding himself, when once at Rugby, as absolute a dictator as any of his old Romans; and exclaims triumphantly, 'that he had, happily, more power than Lord Grey's government; and having neither Tories to call for less, nor Radicals to call for more, could reform or forbear at his own discretion.' His Rugby system, his difficulties and triumph, are painted with all the hues of life in Mr. Stanley's pages.

This is not the place for a criticism of public schools; we must content ourselves with viewing them as the chief field for Arnold's ability and goodness. It is, therefore, enough to say, that when he went to Rugby our schools had degenerated not a little from their old *idea* of places of religious training. It would be unfair to say that such is the case now. But to show that great evils there were, and to prove that Dr. Arnold had no small merit in removing them, we must quote a remarkable letter from Dr. Moberly, the present head-master of Winchester—a letter most honourable to his candour—for to him Arnold was a stranger, and their opinions on most important subjects were quite different.

'The tone,' he writes, 'of young men at the University, whether they came from Winchester, Eton, Rugby, Harrow, or wherever else, was *universally irreligious*. A religious undergraduate was very rare, very much laughed at when he appeared, and, I may confidently say, hardly to be found among public-school men; or, if this be too strongly said, hardly to be found except where private and domestic training, or good dispositions, had prevailed over school habits and tendencies. A most singular and striking change has come over our public schools—a change too great for any person to appreciate adequately who has not known them in both these times. This change is undoubtedly part of a general improvement of our generation in respect of piety and reverence; but I am sure that to Dr. Arnold's personal earnest simplicity of purpose, strength of character, power of influence, and piety, which none who ever came near him could mistake or question, the carrying of this improvement into our schools is mainly attributable. He was the first. It soon began

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to be a matter of observation to us that his pupils brought quite a different character to Oxford from that which we had known elsewhere. I do not speak of opinions; these we often regretted; . . . . . but we cordially acknowledged the immense improvement in their characters in respect of morality and personal piety, *and we looked upon Dr. Arnold as exercising an influence for good which (for how many years I know not) had been absolutely unknown to our public schools.*

'I knew personally but little of him: but I have always felt and acknowledged that I owe more to a few casual remarks of his in respect of the government of a public school, than to any advice or example of any other person. If there be improvement in the important points of which I have been speaking at Winchester (and from the bottom of my heart I testify with great thankfulness that the improvement is real and great), I do declare, in justice, that his example encouraged me to hope that it might be effected, and his hints suggested to me the way of effecting it.'—vol. i. pp. 182, 183.

So much for the sort of evils with which Arnold coped; so much for the change he began. It would be unjust to speak of him as the only soldier in the good cause; it would be absurd to say that he and his fellow-workers have finished their fight. A great and good work is going on in our education: Dr. Hawtrey and Mr. Coleridge at Eton, Dr. Moberly and Mr. Wordsworth at Winchester, and Dr. Arnold's own successor at Rugby are, we are well aware, no unworthy fellow-workers with him; but put four hundred boys together at the most trying age, let them be left (as they must be left in a public school) chiefly to themselves, when the body is vigorous, the spirits and passions strong, while the mind is often feeble and the conscience dull—the physical and sensual nature most vigorous, the intellectual and spiritual imperfect or unawakened,—and arrogance, irreligion, an hatred to submission, a cringing to public opinion, a ready combination for evil, must more or less leaven the little world; while that very scope for energy, for freedom, for manliness, which we justly value for its after-effects on the character, aggravates for a while the evil.

This is of course the dark side of the picture; its bright one Dr. Arnold's labours will exhibit. The system he pursued was at once characteristic of him in its outlines, and carried through by qualities eminently his own. We do not mean that he was an enthusiast acting on no fixed principle, merely by his own vigour giving transient life to a system which fell to pieces when he was no longer there to support it. Nothing could be sounder or more sensible than his mode of action, or more in accordance with the whole genius of a public school; but his mere machinery an ordinary man could have devised. To inspire boys and masters alike with love, reverence, and confidence—to make them rest with an implicit trust on his decisions, and then and

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afterwards look to his approbation as the most precious reward of their exertions—and all this by the consistent simplicity and firmness of procedure, manly clearness of mind, love unaffected, and little expressed by words, but most evident and overflowing in acts—this could be done by few, as it was done by Arnold. He saw at once the strength and the weakness of a public school: its weakness in the vices which naturally grow up and are sheltered in its vast numbers; its strength in the sense and energy which he hoped to call forth from those who are its real governors—the fountain-heads of all evil and good—the sixth form; and keenly as he felt, and often bitterly laments, the evils of 'boys' nature,' it was his firm belief that while you may mitigate the dangers of a school, the character which can pass the fiery ordeal is braced to a strength and manliness which is sought in vain elsewhere. He looked to the promise, not the performance—to sowing the seeds, not reaping the fruit of his labour; and granting that other systems might be imagined which, better than our existing one, should resolve that problem so difficult, and to all thoughtful men so interesting, of early awakening the conscience of boys without making them mawkish or sentimental, still he felt it was untried. 'Another system,' he said, 'may be better in itself, but I am placed in this system, and am bound to try what I can make of it.'

A letter to Sir T. Pasley expresses some of the sorrows and joys of a schoolmaster:—

'Since I began this letter I have had some of the troubles of school-keeping, and one of those specimens of the evils of boy-nature which make me always unwilling to undergo the responsibility of advising any man to send his son to a public school. There has been a system of persecution carried on by the bad against the good, and then, when complaint was made to me, there came fresh persecution on that very account; and likewise instances of boys joining in it out of pure cowardice, both physical and moral, when, if left to themselves, they would have rather shunned it; and the exceedingly small number of boys who can be relied on for active and steady good on these occasions, and the way in which the decent and respectable of ordinary life (Carlyle's "shams") are sure on these occasions to swim with the stream, and take part with the evil, makes me strongly feel exemplified what the Scripture says about the strait gate and the wide one—a view of human nature which, when looking on human life in its full dress of decencies and civilizations, we are apt, I imagine, to find it hard to realise; but here, in the nakedness of boy-nature, one is quite able to understand how there could not be found even ten righteous in a whole city. And how to meet this evil I really do not know; but to find it thus rife after I have been years fighting against it, is so sickening that it is very hard not to throw up the cards in despair, and upset the table. *But then the stars of nobleness which I see amidst the darkness are so cheering*

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cheering that one is inclined to stick to the ship again, and have another good try at getting her about.'—vol. i. p. 172.

The strength of his character soon began to tell. With the elder boys his system was emphatically that of trusting and believing all things. Thus, in the higher forms he would at once check an attempt to prove an assertion,—'If you say so, that is quite enough—of course, I believe your word:' and the feeling quickly grew, that 'it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one.' Of course the road was rough at its beginning. For a while he must have been little understood, and his boys must have been puzzled by their energetic and amiable, but somewhat strange and stern master, known to have a high character for talents, and a bad one for Radicalism in church and state, with his many new notions of teaching and discipline, who would speak of them as 'fellows,' and invite them to dinner, and almost treat them as his equals, and yet would check any attempt at forward easiness with an almost terrible severity. But even then they must have caught what has well been described as 'a sympathetic thrill, from a spirit that was earnestly at work in the world, whose work was healthy, sustained, constantly carried on in the fear of God; coupled with such a true humility, such an unaffected simplicity, that others could not help being invigorated by its feeling.'

Four years made his place secure in the affections of his older boys, and he might begin to feel that the victory was won. If they were now annoyed by his scantiness of words, it was because they almost felt that the dust of his words was gold; if they occasionally lamented his reserve, it was when they longed but ventured not to ask his opinion on questions which begin early to stir the heart. 'But all such feelings were merged,' says his pupil and biographer, 'in the proud conviction that they were scholars of a man who would be not less remarkable to the world than he was to themselves; and their increasing consciousness of his own sincerity of purpose, and of the interest which he took in them, often awakened, even in the careless and indifferent, an outward respect for goodness, an animation in their work, before unknown to them.' If this feeling fluctuated at times, it remained on the whole strong to the end. His general tone was that of perfect trust, addressed not to pupils but to fellow workers and friends:—'When I have confidence in the sixth, there is no post in England I would exchange for this; but if they do not support me, I must go.' Mr. Stanley adds, 'That the ground of solemn responsibility on which they were constantly taught that their authority rested, had a general, though of course not universal, tendency to counteract any notions of mere personal self-importance.'

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We wish we had room for many of the anecdotes of his tenderness towards his boys, and their affection to him. 'I felt,' he said once of some great fault, of which he had heard in one of the sixth form, 'as if it had been one of my own children, and till I had ascertained that it was really true, I mentioned it to no one.' No unpopularity abroad ever affected him like the feeling that evil was at work in the school. 'If this goes on,' he wrote to an old pupil, 'it will end either my life at Rugby, or my life altogether.' 'It is a most touching thing to me,' he once said, 'to receive a new fellow from his father, when I think what an influence there is in this place for evil as well as for good. Yes! if ever I could receive a new boy from his father without emotion, I should think it high time to be off.' And all this soon found its echo in the feelings of his boys. 'I am sure,' writes a pupil, who knew nothing of him but officially, 'that I do not exaggerate my feelings when I say that I felt a love for him as one of quite awful greatness and goodness, for whom I well remember that I used to think I would gladly lay down my life. I used to believe that I too had a work to do for him in the school, and did, for his sake, labour to raise the tone of the set I lived in, particularly as regarded himself.' And, speaking of the influence of his sermons, 'I listened to them, from first to last, with a kind of awe; and over and over again could not join my friends at the chapel door, but would walk home to be alone. And I remember the same effects being produced by them more or less on others, whom I should have thought as hard as stones, and on whom I should think Arnold looked as some of the worst boys in the school.'

Our brief sketch can indeed but ill supply that picture of him which Mr. Stanley's full and rich pages exhibit. An outline of his system, and a few anecdotes, do not show the living man as he was in his daily life. It would be hard to take to pieces his influence—to separate, even in idea, the lessons from the sermons, the moral from the intellectual character. His lessons were a subject of most lively interest. His philological power was great; the study of language was to him the appointed instrument for the education of mankind; his translations unequalled for terseness and vigour; but it was perhaps his early want of familiarity with rules which made his scholarship the least effective part of his system. Yet though this was a great defect, and though the interest of many pupils set too early towards his own favourite study of history, his power was immense in making his teaching what he called dynamical rather than mechanical—in drawing out a boy's thought and interest for writers and characters. His favourite books and periods they read zealously; his favourite heroes were theirs. To him indeed

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the characters and thoughts of antiquity were almost living and present. A black cloud was on his brow, as marked as the horse-shoe frown of Redgauntlet, when he spoke of Tiberius, or Augustus, or Napoleon; and few of his pupils have lost his enthusiasm—which was quite equal to Niebuhr's—for the so-often misappreciated and vilified Cicero, or 'the best and holiest of kings,' St. Louis of France. Nor was it without effect that while he keenly relished the freshness of Herodotus, and that 'fountain of beauty' which no one can ever drain dry in Homer, he shared in Niebuhr's abhorrence for the Epicureanism of Horace and the coarseness of Juvenal. The recently published *notes* of Niebuhr's Lectures, imperfect as they are, may give some notion, not only of Niebuhr's, but of Arnold's method of conveying knowledge to youth. These great teachers threw not only all the stores of their minds open to those who sat at their feet—but their hearts too.

It is an easy change from the school to the chapel: the spirit of both was the same. His preaching was not that enthusiastic appeal of the Sunday, which is sometimes felt to be a little out of tone with the rest of the week: it was indeed, earnest, impassioned,—but with an earnestness which those who loved him could trace in every day, almost in every lesson.

'He was not,' says Mr. Stanley, 'the preacher or the clergyman who had left behind all his usual thoughts and occupations as soon as he had ascended the pulpit. He was still the instructor and the schoolmaster, only teaching and educating with increased solemnity and energy. He was still the simple-hearted and earnest man, labouring to win others to share in his own personal feelings of disgust at sin and love of goodness, and to trust to the same faith in which he hoped to live and die himself. . . . . :

'Years,' he adds, 'have passed away, and many of his pupils can look back to hardly any greater interest than that with which, for those twenty minutes, Sunday after Sunday, they sat beneath that pulpit, with their eyes fixed upon him, and their attention strained to the utmost to catch every word that he uttered.'—vol. i. pp. 163, 164.

Meanwhile a striking picture is presented by the 'unhasting, unresting' diligence of his daily labours, and the life and cheerfulness pervading that home which was well called 'a temple of industrious peace.' His work at Rugby was immense. After labours which would have worn out an ordinary man, he had hardly two hours a day to himself for study and writing; yet his excellent edition of Thucydides, three volumes of his Roman History, his large Correspondence, his Pamphlets, and five volumes of Sermons, attest his energy. But the variety of all this relieved him. 'I feel,' he would say at night, 'perfectly fresh, as if I could dictate to twenty secretaries at once.' Besides, his school

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school lessons, from his love of teaching, were a delight to him, and no man ever more keenly enjoyed his relaxation. His friends remember well those daily walks when, by the side of his wife's pony, he would keenly discuss all subjects from the gravest to the gayest—entering with a child's delight into the beauties of earth and sky, and touching life and nature at all their points. Then, when the day was over, he would sit down at night, often with his family about him, for his only quiet hour at Roman history.

On the whole, in the power of winning young spirits to love him, and to love goodness for his sake, Arnold, as Master of Rugby, can hardly be overrated. Nothing weak or inconsistent, no vanity or passion, ever marred the perfect impression of his ability, his simple and manly earnestness, his high standard of duty, his devotion to what he felt his appointed work. What wonder if many were formed upon his character, and in a measure grew into it, looking on him with a mixed feeling of admiration and awe, as a father, teacher, and friend, which no changes in after years could alter?—a feeling so peculiar towards him who was their first impersonation of wisdom and goodness, that no later examples of it can check the longing exclamation, *Heu quanto minus est cum aliis versari quam tui meminisse!*

In following these thirteen years of quiet and successful labour we feel that Niebuhr's words have never been better realised, that 'the office of a schoolmaster, notwithstanding the evils that mar its ideal beauty, is truly, for a noble heart, one of the happiest ways of life.' But still the real interest of this book is elsewhere. It is in the noble thoughts and sentiments, the ardent sympathy for goodness, the abhorrence of evil, the genial, simple, and affectionate mind, which every letter portrays, and which carries us along like a romance or a poem. Events, it is true, are scanty. A few troubles with a small provincial paper—some efforts to liberalise the Christian Knowledge Society, and to Christianise the Useful Knowledge Society and the London University—a summer tour abroad, or a sojourn in Westmoreland—and (though hardly to be mentioned with these) the death of a dear sister, are for many years the only events of a life marked by a domestic happiness so unchequered as to be almost fearful: and yet it had trials which would have embittered and oppressed a weaker mind—and these bravely borne;—and the serious thoughts of a man of such character and calibre are really pregnant, enduring acts, and will suffice to make a life full of deep interest which has not a single incident. We do not agree with all Dr. Arnold's views;—we dissent entirely from many of them:—but it is always a cordial and invigorating thing to contemplate and go along with a man

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a man who is 'heart to heart' as he is—who at one time striving to remedy the social evils, at another the physical wants of the poor—one day denouncing the false side of Liberalism, the next that of Conservatism—now arguing with an unbeliever or an Unitarian—now attacking the Jacobinism of Utilitarianism, now (what he styled) *the Jacobinism of a priesthood*—whatever subject he grapples with—is ever the simple earnest man loving truth and justice almost, as he said, to idolatry—fearless of conclusions and of conventionalities—a very Luther in his zeal and vehemence.

'I meet with a great many persons in the course of the year, and with many whom I admire and like; but what I feel daily more and more to need, as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to be always on the surface of things; and I feel that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are generally talked about, still upon the surface—they do not touch the real depths of life. It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation—that, I believe, is often on the surface, like other conversation—but I want a sign which one catches as by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life, whither tending, in what cause engaged; and when I find this it seems to open my heart as thoroughly, and with as fresh a sympathy, as when I was twenty years younger.'—vol. ii. p. 86.

'It is easier to speak of body and mind than of that which is worth more than either. I doubt whether we have enough of Christian confession amongst us. The superstition of Popery in this, as in other matters, doubly injured the good which it corrupted: first by corrupting it, and then, "traitor-like, by betraying it to the axe" of too hasty reformation. Yet surely one object of the Christian Church was to enable us to aid in bearing one another's burdens—not to enable a minister to pretend to bear those of all his neighbours. One is so hindered from *speaking* of one's own spiritual state, that one is led even to *think* of it less frequently than is wholesome. I am learning to think more and more how unbelief is at the bottom of all our evil—how our one prayer should be, "Increase our faith." And we do fearfully live as it were out of God's atmosphere: we do not keep that continual consciousness of his reality which I conceive we ought to have, and which would make him more manifest to our souls than the Shechinah was to the eyes of the Israelites.'—vol. i. p. 371.

Let us quote also these solemn words:—

'Any man can make himself an Atheist speedily, by breaking off his own personal communion with God in Christ; but, if he keep this unimpaired, I believe that no intellectual study, whether of nature or of man, will force him into Atheism; but, on the contrary, the new creations of our knowledge, so to speak, gather themselves into a fair and harmonious system, ever revolving in their brightness around their proper centre, the throne of God. *Prayer, and kindly intercourse with*

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with the poor; are the two great safeguards of spiritual life;—its more than food and raiment.'

These extracts are no bad introduction to the thoughts and trials of which that quiet Rugby study was the scene; for he *had*, we have said, his trials and his conflicts, and his 'literary life' was no 'elegant leisure,' but one of working, struggling, and conquering. The universal outcry against him, especially among the clergy and at Oxford—his own pain at the state of the country—his efforts to remedy it, with no sympathy or advice to guide or restrain them—the feeling of utter isolation—his very friends looking on him as a hard man: if his natural impetuosity gave any handle to all this, it surely marks a sterling man that he bore it cheerfully, and in the end lived it down! Mr. Stanley tells us—'In the University pulpit at Oxford he was denounced almost by name. . . . . All charges fell with double force on a man already marked out for public odium; persons who naturally would have been the last to suspect him, took up and repeated almost involuntarily the invectives which they heard reverberated around them in all directions.'—vol. i. p. 331.

And yet, bitter as was 'that worst pain he ever felt,' the estrangement of friends and the misunderstanding of the good—bitter to look on evils he could not mend, believing that 'we are engulfed inevitably, and must go down the cataract'—bitter to feel that his great powers of usefulness were slighted because he denounced too boldly the evils of every party—still these unselfish sorrows have always a large counterbalance of happiness. They did not sour or even sadden him: they only made him turn, with a child's freshness, to other sources of enjoyment; and he looked to the peace and beauty of Fox How (his Westmoreland home) with a new and increasing delight. Thither, twice every year, he would lead for their and his holiday a patriarchal family of eleven; and there, after a morning's work at his Roman History, 'sitting away from the window lest he should be tempted to look too much on *Fairfield*,' he would renew his old Oxford skirmishes on Loughrigg, the whole party straggling behind him—himself drinking in delight from the air and scenery, now stopping to point out a view to a friend or pupil, now gently leading some of the youngest of the pack, the life and soul of them all. Then in the evening he would translate a chapter of Guizot in his own pure and lively language, or some of those rich stories in Herodotus, to which even the youngest would listen like a fairy tale. 'Then too it was,' says Mr. Stanley, 'that at Rugby, when friends and acquaintance were falling back from him in alarm, he laid that firm hold on the affections of his elder boys which he never afterwards lost, and saw those growing up under

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under his charge of whom it may be truly said that they would have been willing to die for his sake.' (vol. i. p. 336.)

As a few extracts will, better than even the best description, set before us the very living man,—what he thought, what he hated, and what he loved,—we must give a few pages to this *quasi* autobiography of mind and feelings. His more systematic opinions may be touched on afterwards. First let us take—a cardinal point with him—his keen sense of social evils and of the grievances of the poor. In a letter to Mr. Hare in 1830, he says:—

'I have longed very much to see you ever since this fearful state of our poor has announced itself even to the blindest. If you can get "Arthur Young's Travels in France," I think you will be greatly struck by their applicability to our own times and country. He shows how deadly was the hatred of the peasantry towards the Lords, and how in 1789 the chateaux were destroyed and the families of the gentry insulted, from a common feeling of hatred to all who had made themselves and the poor two orders, and who were now to pay the penalty of having put asunder what God had joined. At this moment Carlile tells the poor that they and the rich are enemies, and that to destroy the property of an enemy, whether by fire or otherwise, is always lawful in war—a devil's doctrine certainly, and devilishly applied; but unquestionably our aristocratical manners and habits have made us and the poor two distinct and unsympathizing bodies; and from want of sympathy, I fear the transition to enmity is but too easy when distress embitters the feelings, and the sight of others in luxury makes that distress still more intolerable. This is the plague-spot to my mind in our whole state of society, which must be removed, or the whole must perish.'—vol. i. p. 284.

To the Chevalier Bunsen, whom he venerated as in the first rank both of scholars and of statesmen, he says, at a later date—

'I feel the state of public affairs so deeply, that I cannot bear to hear, or read, or speak, or write about them. Only I would commend them to God's care and deliverance, if the judgment is not now as surely fixed as that of Babylon.'

And later still to Dr. Hawkins:—

'It seems to me that people are not enough aware of the monstrous state of society, absolutely without a parallel in the history of the world,—with a population poor, miserable, and degraded in body and mind, as much as if they were slaves, and yet called freemen, and having a power as such of concerting and combining plans of risings, which makes them ten times more dangerous than slaves. And the hopes entertained by many of the effects to be wrought by new churches and schools, while the social evils of their condition are left uncorrected, appear to me to be utterly wild.'—vol. ii. pp. 178, 179.

The following beautiful passage expresses the pain of disagreement with some of his dearest friends:—

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'My dear friend, I know and feel the many great faults of my life and practice; and grieve more than I can say not to have more intercourse with those friends who used to reprove me, I think, to my great benefit—I am sure without ever giving me offence. But I cannot allow that those opinions, which I earnestly believe, after many years' thought and study, to be entirely according to Christ's mind, and most tending to His glory, and the good of His Church, shall be summarily called heretical; and it is something of a trial to be taxed with perverting my boys' religious principles, when I am labouring, though most imperfectly, to lead them to Christ in true and devoted faith; and when I hold all the scholarship that ever man had, to be infinitely worthless in comparison with even a very humble degree of spiritual advancement. And I think that I have seen my work in some instances blessed;—not, I trust, to make me proud of it, or think that I have anything to be satisfied with,—yet so far as to make it very painful to be looked upon as an enemy by those whose Master I would serve as heartily, and whom, if I dare say it, I love with as sincere an affection as they do.

'God bless you, and thank you for all your kindness to me always.'

Meanwhile, observe his home happiness:—

'Our Westmoreland house looks right into the bosom of Fairfield—a noble mountain, which sends down two long arms into the valley, and keeps the clouds reposing between them while he looks down on them composedly with his quiet brow; and the Rotha, "purior electro," winds round our fields just under the house; behind, we run up to the top of Loughrigg, and we have a mountain pasture in a basin on the summit of the ridge, the very image of those "Saltus" on Cithæron, where Œdipus was found by the Corinthian shepherd. The Wordsworths' friendship, for so I may call it, is certainly one of the greatest delights of Fox How—the name of my χωρίον—and their kindness in arranging everything in our absence has been very great.'—vol. i. p. 357.*

It was at Fox How that he hoped to pass an old age of retirement;—there he would live in peace 'till his bones could go to Grasmere churchyard, to lie under the yews which Wordsworth planted, and to have the Rotha with its deep and silent pools passing by.'

We see in the next extract that remarkable union of moral elevation and beauty, of intense energy with the longing for peace and rest, of earnest efforts after truth with the warmest love for those friends whom he held to be in error, which constituted the completeness of his character, and part of which was expressed by Archbishop Whately when he said that 'he was

* We must quote a later entry. 'Poor Southey's state is most pitiable—his mind is quite gone. There is something very touching in this end of so much mental activity, but there is no painful feeling of morbid restlessness in his former activity—he worked quietly though constantly, and his faculties seemed gently to have sunk asleep, his body having outlived them, but in such a state of weakness as to give sign that it will soon follow them. Wordsworth is in body and mind still sound and vigorous; it is beautiful to see and hear him.'

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attached to his family as if he had no friends—to his friends as if he had no family—and to his country as if he had no friends or relations.' We have before spoken of the sternness and playfulness which in him were so strikingly combined.

(*Nov.*, 1830.)—'These are times when I am least of all inclined to loosen the links which bind me to my oldest and dearest friends; for I imagine we shall all want the union of all the good men we can get together; and the want of sympathy which I cannot but feel towards many of those whom I meet with, makes me think how delightful it would be to have daily intercourse with those with whom I ever feel it thoroughly. What people do in middle life, without a wife and children to turn to, I cannot imagine; for I think the affections must be sadly checked and chilled, even in the best men, by their intercourse with people such as one usually finds them in the world. I do not mean that one does not meet with good and sensible people; but then their minds are set, and our minds are set, and they will not, in mature age, grow into each other; but with a home filled with those whom we entirely love and sympathise with, and with some old friends, to whom one can open one's heart fully from time to time, the world's society has rather a bracing influence to make one shake off mere dreams of delight.'—vol. i. p. 279.

(*Sept.*, 1836.)—'Our own two boys are gone to Winchester, and have taken a very good place in the school, and seem very comfortable there. I am sure you will give them your prayers that they may be defended amidst the manifold temptations of their change of life. I feel as if I could draw the remaining children yet closer around me, and as if I could not enough prize the short period which passes before they go out into life, never again to feel their father's house their abiding home.'—vol. ii. p. 47.

Many passages from his journals reflect also this truly loveable and poetical side of his character. His extraordinary geographical talent, his love of scenery, his historical associations, all made him a keen and delightful fellow-traveller, and remarks like the following are frequent:—

(*Aug.* 1, 1837.)—'We passed through London, with which I was once so familiar; and which now I almost gaze at with the wonder of a stranger. That enormous city, grand beyond all other earthly grandeur, sublime with the sublimity of the sea or of mountains, is yet a place that I should be most sorry to call my home. In fact its greatness repels the notion of home; it may be a palace, but it cannot be a home. How different from the mingled greatness and sweetness of our mountain valleys! and yet he who were strong in body and mind ought to desire rather, if he must do one, to spend all his life in London, than all his life in Westmoreland. For not yet can energy and rest be united in one, and this is not our time and place for rest, but for energy.'

(*Aug.* 2, 1839.)—'I am come out alone, my dearest, to this spot, to see the morning sun on Mont Blanc and on the Lake, and to look with more, I trust, than outward eyes on this glorious scene. It is overpowering,

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overpowering, like all other intense beauty, if you dwell upon it; but I contrast it immediately with our Rugby horizon, and our life of duty there, and our cloudy sky of England—clouded socially, alas! far more darkly than physically. But, beautiful as this is, and peaceful, may I never breathe a wish to retire hither, even with you and our darlings, if it were possible; but may I be strengthened to labour, and to do and to suffer in our own beloved country and Church, and to give my life, if so called upon, for Christ's cause and for them. And if—as I trust it will—this rambling, and this beauty of nature in foreign lands, shall have strengthened me for my work at home, then we may both rejoice that we have had this little parting. And now I turn away from the Alps, and from the south, and may God speed us to one another, and bless us and ours, in Him and in His Son, now and for ever.'

We see that whenever he was wandering in a brief vacation, his thoughts were perpetually dwelling on his professional, and also on his extra-professional, labours at home. But some readers may here be tempted to repeat the complaint often made in his life, that a schoolmaster should have work enough, without writing essays and pamphlets, denouncing Liberalism or Conservatism, arguing with Unitarians or High Churchmen, devising societies for the manufacturing towns, and improving the state of the poor. If neglect of the school is implied, such a charge needs little refutation. For what man ever did his proper work more thoroughly than Arnold? Assuredly, as he tells Mr. Justice Coleridge, he would have felt it the greatest possible reproach if he were conscious of doing otherwise. 'I can truly say, that I live for the school;' but 'undoubtedly,' he adds, 'I do not wish my mind to feel less or think less upon public matters; ere it does so its powers must be paralyzed:' his deep conviction was, 'I have a testimony to deliver: I must speak it or die.' He must be here judged by his writings and influence: if they do not sustain our estimate of him to the full; if he had not the precious gift of stamping on the minds of his young and ardent admirers many an important truth dimly discerned before; if his words and example have not roused many to stir up the gift that is in them, and meet some of the great evils of the day,—then, and then only, may his zeal be called unreal and exaggerated. It might indeed be urged that these deep interests stimulated his vehement earnestness and unduly engrossed his thoughts: this is a question for a man's own heart, and cannot be settled by others. But the idea is almost ludicrous that such a man was moved to such thoughts by quackery, or even by mere intellectual interest. Every letter attests that his words were those true and earnest ones that are spoken in pain. Ἔχθιστα ὀδύνα πολλὰ φρονέοντα μηδένος κρατέειν,—the fated Persian's lament for his

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his countrymen—was ever in his mouth. 'When I think of the state of the country I could sit down and pine and die.' No! such a man was no talker or trifler.

Neither,—to dismiss another of these charges,—is it true that he was an inconsistent, a 'crotchety' man, if by that ambiguous charge be meant to imply that he indulged in crude and singular oddities of opinion. He says most truly, 'I do not know a single subject on which I have maintained really a paradox—that is, on which I have presumed to set up my judgment against the concurring judgment of wise men—and I trust I never should do it.' Many indeed were inclined (and perhaps with more justice) to think that he cared too much for these *wise men*, and too little for good and quiet and *not* very wise ones—that he went too much by the intellect, that he was too ready, in the word of his biographer, 'strongly to believe in the union of moral and intellectual greatness.' We cannot enter at large into the question, but the following passages bear upon it:—

'Thank you very much for your inclosure against neutrality, which I suspect would be repelled by the state of mind of those for whom it is designed, like a cannon ball by a woolpack. Neutrality seems to me a natural state for men of fair honesty, moderate wit, and much indolence; they cannot get strong impressions of what is true and right, and the weak impression, which is all that they can take, cannot overcome indolence and fear. I crave a strong mind for my children, for this reason, that they then have a chance at least of appreciating truth keenly; and when a man does that, honesty becomes comparatively easy.'—vol. ii. p. 57.

'I call by the name of wisdom,—knowledge, rich and varied, digested and combined, and pervaded through and through by the light of the Spirit of God.'—vol. ii. p. 83.

Our extracts have, we trust, been sufficient to set before our readers, not only the amiability, but in part also the elevation of Dr. Arnold's character. But it is now time to take a more comprehensive survey of his opinions—to see what truths he discovered, or what life he breathed into old ones—to trace his views on what he held, with Algernon Sydney, to be the only subjects of real interest, religion and political philosophy—to explain that great object of his intellectual life which closed the vista of all his speculations—to examine, in fine, what claim he had to the character of a great man. Such we, indeed, believe him to have been: but it is those only who will study for themselves his *whole* life and character—in its deep and earnest interests, its energy and simplicity, its moral even more than its intellectual aspect—who will distinctly recognize his greatness. A sketch of him which is chiefly intellectual can do him scanty justice: it deals,

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deals, we think, with the least striking side of his character, and it must touch on many points of disagreement. We are, therefore, keenly alive to the danger of giving an one-sided notion of Dr. Arnold's character; and write with a deep dread of presumptuously judging a mind, whose faults the weakest may spy out, while only kindred spirits can appreciate its excellence.

Dr. Arnold is, in our view, an original rather than a profound thinker—with a vigorous and clear, rather than a subtle or comprehensive mind. 'He was deficient,' says Mr. Stanley, 'in the dramatic faculty on the one hand, and in the metaphysical faculty on the other:' *i. e.* he could not in proportion to his other gifts enter into characters, or estimate many of the most powerful motives that influence mankind—he had but limited power of reproducing and analyzing various states of feeling in himself, or of imagining them in others—he was not, in fine, what is sometimes called *subjective* enough, and knew too little of men to be much of a philosopher. This is not to deny his greatness: nay, it is upon this view of him, and this alone, that we consider his greatness tenable. We maintain him to have been a most bold and vigorous thinker, rapid in generalizing, fertile in illustration and association, and with a moral earnestness which might have raised an intellect of lead; and we believe that he has brought to light isolated truths of the first importance: but we cannot think that he had the mind which apprehends the great laws of truth and sees it as a whole—and which, being a faithful representative of all human nature, has a place in its system for all its phenomena. It is absurd to call his views shallow because they are not logically worked out or consistent—absurd, both because he has seen some great truths most clearly, and because a man of his earnest goodness, if supported by the smallest ability, is always a true *seer* and a teacher. Neither was he a merely practical man; so far from it, that almost every act, as Mr. Stanley tells us, 'was based upon general principles.' But every sermon, every history, every theory, tell us clearly that his mind was not comprehensive, that his views were imperfect—his truths 'world deep,' it may be, but far from 'world wide:' that he was an earnest, clear, deep, and honest thinker, but not the great philosopher or theologian. And thus in his religious teaching, while the oldest and simplest truths seem new from the freshness with which they are enforced, he has left utterly unworked (as if unconsciously) some of the deepest mines of our nature: his political and social views (these last, we think, his best) are always real and original, but often vague, not seldom narrow; nor can we have a clearer proof of his want of tendency to abstract speculation than the almost total absence of discussion

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cussion of any* doctrine of this character amidst the varied subjects which are treated with so much interest throughout the volumes before us. Aristotle, in fact, and Thucydides—the love of law, rather than the love of beauty—the love of progress, rather than an apprehension of the goodness of the past—the freedom, energy, and simplicity of Christianity, rather than its more mysterious and devotional side, are the *ideas* of his mind.

With this view all his virtues and all his defects agree: his manly and simple character—his love of justice—his desire to see Christianity recognized as the law of a Christian commonwealth—his keen sense of evils, and his impetuous warfare against them; and, on the other hand, his inability to understand the views of others, or to see the strong parts of any but his own—an excessive self-confidence—and a vehemence of invective, intelligible indeed, but unjustifiable.

Standing as he did alone, looking up (in England at least) to no set of men, the temptation was almost irresistible to be sometimes unmeasured in his language. Vehement he always was; but the Lentuli and Cethegi at Rome, or Prince Rupert's bravoes in England, were what he calls them, 'the coarsest and most profligate of the aristocracy;' '*men the most hateful and contemptible—who have ever thwarted the cause of God and of goodness;*' and we certainly cannot refute, though we almost start to read, his attack upon 'the Movement party in France and England,'—that Jacobinism which '*he detested in its root and in its branches, with all its godless utilitarianism. Nothing,*' he adds, '*within my knowledge is more utterly wicked than the party of . . . . —men who fairly and literally, as I fear, blaspheme not the Son of Man, but the Spirit of God; they hate Christ, because He is of heaven, and they are of evil.*' But when good men whom he '*knew to be thoroughly in earnest, fearing God and loving Christ,*' scarcely ever appear in these pages without some opprobrious epithet — when, after admitting that he could see '*much of holy, just, and pure*' in their writings, he can yet pour on them unmitigated expressions of stern and contemptuous severity—and when with pain we remember that even his Sermons are not free from certain missiles of the Odium Theologicum (which in his own case he so sincerely deprecated)—we cannot but think that his very earnestness and love of truth sometimes led him into that error which he himself denounced, of allowing our sense of intellectual error to overpower our sense of moral

* The beautiful letters on the subject of infidelity, addressed to Lady Francis Egerton, are perhaps the nearest approach to an exception. We cannot too much recommend their perusal to our readers.

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goodness. This, we know, implied no *habitual* bitterness; yet we cannot deny that—on the very weak ground, as it seems to us, of attacking measures, not men—he allowed himself too often to adopt a tone most inconsistent with Christian charity; and if some of those he assailed may be charged with similar intemperance, that can afford neither excuse for him nor consolation to us.

Our general estimate of Dr. Arnold's character will exempt us from the suspicion of alluding to these things without pain. It would be, however, far greater if we thought the defect was chiefly a moral one. The fact is, he could not, as he tells us himself, the least enter into his opponents' views; and seeing nothing strong or good—no, not even '*any respectable weakness*'—in their system, and nothing feeble or difficult in his own, he spoke of views, and sometimes too of men, either with utter contempt, as in his earlier days of the 'Evangelicals,' or with bitter abhorrence, as later of what he called the Oxford school. But while we add that this appearance of harshness perhaps accounted for the general feeling against him as a partisan, we should be unjust if we did not quote, at once *against* him, but far more *in his favour*, the following beautiful expressions of his wiser mind:—

'*I earnestly pray for the utter overthrow of this system: but, on the other hand, I will not be tempted to confound the authors of the system with the system itself; for I know that the most mischievous errors have been promulgated by men who yet have been neither foolish nor wicked; and I nothing doubt that there are points in Mr. Newman, in which I might learn truth from his teaching, and should be glad if I could come near him in his practice.*'—Pref. to vol. iv. of Serm.

'I am vexed to find how much of hopeless bigotry lingers in minds . . . δις ἡκιστα ἔχρη. I am sure old —— is personally cooled towards me, by the Essay attached to the Sermons, and the Sheffield Courant Letters. And another very old and dear friend wrote to me about my grievous errors and yours, praying "that I may be delivered from such false doctrines, and restrained from promulgating them." These men have the advantage over us, λέγω κατ' ἄνθρωπον, which the Catholics had over the Protestants; they taxed them with damnable heresy, and pronounced their salvation impossible; the Protestants in return only charged them with error and superstition, till some of the hotter sort, impatient of such an unequal rejoinder, bethought themselves of retorting with the charge of damnable idolatry. But still I think that we have the best of it, in not letting what we firmly believe to be error and ignorance shake our sense of that mightier bond of union, which exists between all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; perhaps I should say, in not letting our sense of the magnitude of the error lead us to question the sincerity of the love.

'I must conclude with a more delightful subject—my most dear and blessed

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blessed sister. I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and of love, and of a sound mind; intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness—a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribands of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child,—but of herself, save only as regarded her ripening in all goodness, wholly thoughtless, enjoying every thing lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's work, or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise, though never leaving her crib, nor changing her posture; and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death from all fear or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason, which might mar the beauty of Christ's Spirit's glorious work. May God grant that I might come but within one hundred degrees of her place in glory! God bless you all.'—*Letter to the Archbishop of Dublin*, Sept. 1832.

Dr. Arnold's writings on History are those on which his literary reputation must principally rest. To a man of his character of mind, history was sure to be the school for a knowledge both of men and of states—the open book where he might see written in their largest characters the workings of his hated evils of Aristocracy, Jacobinism, and Priestcraft. His early views of history made it the great teacher of political wisdom; but as Mr. Stanley tells us 'that the more abstract and metaphysical grounds of truth, divine and human, which he had formerly been accustomed to consider in its purely practical aspect, became afterwards invested in his mind with a new value,' so it would seem from his Lectures on Modern History that he had greatly modified the truism (or falsism) about 'philosophy teaching by example,' and that without going the lengths of saying that 'her best lesson is to show us how little she can teach,' he would at any rate have agreed that history must be long occupied in turning about her facts before she can talk of her philosophy. The value, assuredly, of history does not consist so much in its teaching us new views as in its correcting and extending our old ones: let any honest student, starting with certain moral and political notions (they are to be drawn, says Dr. Arnold, from Aristotle and the Bible), be set down to the history of Rome or Greece, and the Cleons and the Claudii, Sylla and Marius, the factions of Rome and Corcyra, will extend his horizon of facts, and modify his aristocratic and democratic partialities. And further, as history may get hereafter the philosophy which she has not yet, it is most important that, independently of their bearing on present theories, facts should be thoroughly sifted and characters fairly painted as the only basis for any really valuable conclusions. In both points of view Arnold's merit is great. Of the two great

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classes of historians—the philosophical, such as Schlegel, and Guizot in his 'Civilization of Europe,' and those who, while philosophical in tone, aim mainly at vividly painting a nation's life (like Mr. Carlyle in his French, and Guizot in his English Revolution)—he clearly belongs to the latter. It gave the greatest scope to all his powers, and he did not believe that we were yet ripe for purely philosophical history.

He has not, we think, worked out a system—his views are rarely closed against attack: but his power of clear analysis and combination—his strong and true, though somewhat rude colouring—his passionate fondness for military details, and his remarkable geographical eye—are some of the greatest qualities in an historian. For vivid pictures his sketch of the sufferings during the siege of Genoa, and that real Epic Poem in which the struggle of one man against the whole might of the Roman people is so nobly depicted—the history of the second Punic war—can hardly be surpassed: while his power of analysis is well shown, when, comparing the seditions of Corcyra and of Marius, he paints the dangers which beset civilized society in the change from an aristocracy of wealth to a democracy—when, in the admirable Essay in his first volume of Thucydides, he traces the successive periods of a nation's life—when, in his view of the parties of the reign of Charles I., he follows from their birth to their death the history of the Puritans—their repression by the great qualities of Elizabeth—their advance under James I.—their full-blown vigour under Charles—distinguishing well the narrowness of their religious from the boldness of their political element—or, lastly, when in his Church Reform pamphlet he sketches that 'awful time of trial for a nation, the first seventy years of the eighteenth century.'

Further, while he has sometimes discovered really extensive *principles*—we allude especially to the Essay in Thucydides—his exquisite feeling and tact about the ancient world led him to many isolated truths which, without actually coalescing into a system, threw a brilliant light upon all history. Such are several of the notes in his Roman history: his account, in the Preface to the third volume of Thucydides, of some distinctive features in the principles of antiquity; his clear exhibition of the changeableness of party principles—a popular party being often conservative, and conservatives joining with the mob; and the abundant illustrations of the good and evil of an aristocracy in every chapter of his Roman history.

The interest of his writings is increased by his hearty sympathies and antipathies, his store of analogies and illustrations, and his lively fancy. He loved and hated well: that dark frown which (as his boys

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boys knew) nothing but moral evil called forth, expressed itself in vehement and stern denunciation when he spoke of the merely selfish demagogue, aristocrat, or tyrant, as men 'in whom all virtue necessarily blighted; neither genius nor courage, nor occasional signs of human feeling, can atone for their deliberate wickedness;' and he luxuriated in illustrating a principle as much as in describing a country. His love of natural scenery and his study of history were indeed the main springs that freshened his style and his mind. Half his metaphors were the product of Westmoreland; and every page of the Roman history reflects that of Greece and of England. The principle which he maintained of looking to the present in writing of the past, is open perhaps to some objections, but certainly not to that of dulness: and his comparison of Hannibal and Napoleon—his contrast between the war loans in England and the sacrifices made by the Romans in the Punic wars—his illustration of the long indifference of the plebeians to political rights, by the refusal of our own early parliaments to trouble themselves with questions of war and peace, give us, at least, the same pleasure that we derive from a lively traveller who can compare the men and manners of every country with his own.

A frequent fallacy, as we think, with him is that old one of wise men who make words their counters, and give them their own meaning. The Liberal party to him is synonymous with 'advance in goodness'—the Conservative with 'resistance to all change;' when he speaks of a Democracy ('if there is any truth short of the highest, for which I would gladly die,' he once said, 'it is Democracy without Jacobinism') he never forgets the republics of Aristotle's Politics; when he turns to an Aristocracy, the old Claudii, Cethegi, and Lentuli rise up in all their horrors; and though his intense hatred of Jacobinism can never be concealed, and he occasionally speaks of an aristocracy of blood as the greatest element of national happiness, yet in his prevailing course of thought and exposition he seems to us at once to underrate the inherent (we do not say insuperable) dangers which all history as well as theory points to even in the purest republic, and the immense blessing (so long as it can exist) of that 'true guidance in return for loving obedience,' which might and ought to be the aim of an aristocracy.

But here, as elsewhere, Dr. Arnold's vocation was to set forth one side of the truth most vividly, and (with a few modifications) in spite, or in consequence, of its giving us a liberal lesson, every one may read his Roman history with profit. Our own sympathies, we own, are with Arnold, Niebuhr, and the Plebs. The vain effort of an exclusive and accidental aristocracy to crush a people in

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in all respects—in wealth, intelligence, even in birth their equals—is the moral of the Roman history. The patricians played the game which has often been played since: they multiplied their taxes, their wars, and their alliances, and endeavoured to impoverish and crush their opponents. Axes, dungeons, and assassination—Earls of Cassilis and Front de Bœufs—were as common at Rome as long centuries afterwards in Britain or France; and the old French law which allowed a lord to embowel 'not more than two' serfs to warm his cold feet after a hunt was but the counterpart of the permission by which a Roman creditor was to cut a pound of flesh from his debtor:—'si plus minusve secuerit, sine fraude esto'—was added with a foresight which Shylock might have envied;—nor can we read the truculent enactments of the Twelve Tables against lampoons and libels, without a twinge of remembrance of Star-Chamber pillories and split noses, and the stern archbishop's thankfulness that 'Mr. Prynne spoke many words against him, but left his ears behind him.' But this game never succeeds where a people is resolute. Slowly but surely the Plebs gained on their opponents—winning at first a noble and a peaceful victory, though, when the conflict began again, it was embittered with social evils, which, after depraving the morals, destroyed first the freedom, and ultimately the happiness of Rome.

Such is the Liberal side of his Roman history; but as we have already said, he was not blind to its Conservative lesson. 'Monarchy,' says Dr. Arnold elsewhere, 'and an aristocracy of birth, as distinguished from one of wealth or of office, appear to me the two most precious elements which still exist in most parts of Europe, and to lose which, as has been done unavoidably in America, would be rather our insanity than our misfortune.' And as he has eloquently said that 'no present can yield fruit, or the future have promise, unless their roots be fixed in the past,' and agreed with Niebuhr that 'every new institution should be only a fuller development of what already exists,' he is constantly pointing to the moderation and slowness of the advance of the people, and the just failure of attempts to obtain their power prematurely. He rejoices that the Plebs at the time of the Decemvirate was unable to wrest what it was still unfit to use—the great censorship of Fabius and Decius was to him in the truest sense aristocratical and conservative, for taking away political influence from those who were socially unimportant; and, finally, it was because the Plebs was unfit to use its power—because it forced the Senate to enter on the first Punic war—that it destroyed for ever, 'not indeed the pride of the Roman dominion, but the well-being of the Roman people.'

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One of the finest passages in his Roman history is the following on the character of Scipio:—

'A mind like Scipio's, working its way under the peculiar influences of his time and country, cannot but move irregularly—it cannot but be full of contradictions. Two hundred years later, the mind of the dictator, Cæsar, acquiesced contentedly in Epicureanism; he retained no more of enthusiasm than was inseparable from the intensity of his intellectual power, and the fervour of his courage, even amidst his utter moral degradation. But Scipio could not be like Cæsar. His mind rose above the state of things around him; his spirit was solitary and kingly; he was cramped by living among those as his equals whom he felt fitted to guide as from some higher sphere; and he retired at last to Liternum, to breathe freely, to enjoy the simplicity of childhood, since he could not fulfil his natural calling to be a hero-king. So far he stood apart from his countrymen—admired, reverenced, but not loved. But he could not shake off all the influences of his time: the virtue, public and private, which still existed at Rome—the reverence paid by the wisest and best men to the religion of their fathers—were elements too congenial to his nature not to retain their hold on it: they cherished that nobleness of soul in him, and that faith in the invisible and divine, which two centuries of growing unbelief rendered almost impossible in the days of Cæsar. Yet how strange must the conflict be when faith is combined with the highest intellectual power, and its appointed object is no better than paganism! Longing to believe, yet repelled by palpable falsehood—crossed inevitably with snatches of unbelief, in which hypocrisy is ever close at the door—it breaks out desperately, as it may seem, into the region of dreams and visions, and mysterious communings with the invisible, as if longing to find that food in its own creations which no outward objective truth offers to it. The proportions of belief and unbelief in the human mind in such cases, no human judgment can determine—they are the wonders of history; characters inevitably misrepresented by the vulgar, and viewed even by those who in some sense have the key to them as a mystery not fully to be comprehended, and still less explained to others. The genius which conceived the incomprehensible character of Hamlet would alone be able to describe with intuitive truth the character of Scipio or of Cromwell. . . . . With all his greatness there was a waywardness in him which seems often to accompany genius—a self-idolatry, natural enough where there is so keen a consciousness of power and of lofty designs—a self-dependence which feels even the most sacred external relations to be unessential to its own perfection. Such is the Achilles of Homer—the highest conception of the individual hero, relying on himself, and sufficient to himself. But the same poet who conceived the character of Achilles has also drawn that of Hector: of the truly noble, because unselfish hero—who subdues his genius to make it minister to the good of others—who lives for his relations, his friends, and his country. And as Scipio lived in himself and for himself like Achilles—so the virtue of Hector was worthily represented in the life of his great rival Hannibal, who, from his childhood to his latest hour, in war and in peace, through glory and through obloquy, amid victories and amid

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amid disappointments, ever remembered to what purpose his father had devoted him, and withdrew no thought, or desire, or deed, from their pledged service to his country.'—*Roman Hist.* iii. 387.

It would be absurd to identify Dr. Arnold with the mass of Liberals. A party of French whom he once met at Geneva thought him 'quite an illiberal;' and *he* denounces *their* views as absurd and unchristian. He tells Sir John Coleridge, laughingly, that if he had two necks, each party would hang him up by one of them; and there are proofs enough in the letters, besides Mr. Stanley's assertion, that he seldom found much sympathy when he had to act with Whigs. And it was said to have been especially because he was 'an uneasy man,' that he whose ability was so high, whose lofty purity of character none that ever were connected with him could mistake—whose opinions were on the whole more Whiggish than those of almost any other highly distinguished clergyman in England—never received, as he would certainly never have asked, any favour from the Whig Ministry, save the extorted offer of a laborious situation at Manchester, and a professorship of 300*l.* a year, which they must have thought scarcely worth his acceptance. But, right or wrong, he belonged in fact to no party in Church or State, and, like his favourite Falkland among the most violent of the Cavaliers, felt that 'there was no spot on earth where his sympathies could breathe freely.'

Lastly, if we were asked to name the central points of his system, they would be,—desire of advance and hatred of Jacobinism. For a tendency to 'let well alone,' 'to oppose all change,' had ever, he thought, been the worst of political follies and evils; and as we are living, he would say, in the dregs of the feudal system, and most of our institutions have originated in violence and barbarism, the presumption is always in favour of change. But he never identified these 'liberal' principles with 'popular' ones,—nay, he contended that they are never, except accidentally, joined, and often essentially opposed. And while he denounced the illiberality of the most popular times of Athens, and attributed in great measure to the popular party at the beginning of the last century that irrecoverable neglect in what he called the trial-time of our own nation,—on the other hand, the paternal government of Austria had its place in his affections, and he looked to the ministry of Guizot in France, and to the modern government of Prussia, as completely exemplifying his idea of wise and gradual advance.

His interest in social questions was still keener than in political ones: they lay (he thought) deeper, and their difficulties were greater. Thus, the most disastrous revolutions, he observes, have been caused by physical wants; it was their social changes which

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so grievously affected the character of the Roman people; it was the 'folly of letting evils go on unheeded' in the 18th century which is so startling to look back upon,—it is the growth of that vast body, which he styles our slave population, which is the worm at the root of our national power.

Hence the deep gloom which beset him, in common with many of very different views, in 1830. The disturbances which preceded the Reform Bill—(of the Bill itself he was an admirer)—the neglect of all moral and religious teaching in the publications, then most in vogue, of the Useful Knowledge party,—the same fires through the country which had been the very precursors of the first French Revolution,—the Church and Aristocracy despised,—the widening breach between the rich and the poor,—bore to him almost the appearance of 'the coming of the great day of the Lord.' He felt about England as Niebuhr did; it was a doomed country,—'die Stadt der ewig blinden,'—a city of destruction. 'My sense,' he writes, 'of the evil of the times, and to what prospects I am bringing up my children, is overwhelmingly bitter.' Then too it was that, speaking of the 'devilish doctrine' which would make rich and poor natural enemies, he yet thought that the language of the Hebrew prophets was but too applicable to the neglect of our duties towards a population 'whom we treat with all the haughtiness and indifference with which we could treat slaves,'—and whose position in a free country he always said was one of the hardest questions of modern civilization. And then he asked earnestly—yet not in fact more earnestly than the wise and gentle Southey had done twenty years before—

'What is the good of a national Church if it be not to Christianize the nation, and introduce the principles of Christianity into men's social and civil relations, and expose the wickedness of that spirit which maintains the game laws, and in agriculture and trade seems to think that there is no such sin as covetousness, and that if a man is not dishonest, he has nothing to do but to make all the profit of his capital that he can?'

And this brings us to Dr. Arnold's great remedy for all our evils, moral, intellectual, and physical;—'*the vision which closed the vista of all his speculations,—his theory of the working of the Christian Church.*'

A man so earnest could not but see from the beginning that external and political remedies never get to the root of a deep disease. It was the Christian religion, but especially the Christian Church,—he thought with Coleridge,—which had been intended and alone is able to put down that moral evil which he saw daily growing;—a Church to be worthy of the name must be

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be not merely an apparatus for highdays and holidays, but a voice of warning to the rich, and of comfort to the poor; it must aim to check suffering and ignorance no less than luxury or carelessness; it must be a power of life and holiness, which shall leaven the laws and institutions, animate the acts, guide the thoughts, possess the love of its members, and, in fine, to quote his own beautiful words,—

'which shall contain the very food, and more than the food, of man's life, the remedy for all troubles and sorrows, from the simplest physical suffering of the rudest nature, up to the mental conflicts which are the inevitable portion of the loftiest and most sensitive: the medicine for all moral evil, from the mere bodily appetites of the most grossly ignorant, to the most delicate forms of pride or selfishness in minds of the highest intelligence: the light to clear up every perplexity of practice, strengthening the judgment through the purified affections—the most exalted hope united with the deepest humility,—because we believe in Christ crucified—because we trust in Christ risen.'

Therefore it was with no unsympathising heart that he read of what he deemed most mistaken efforts after this noble object; it was he who first drew attention to those grand conceptions 'of establishing the dominion of good over evil,' which might be well pleaded, he thought, in spite of their errors, for Gregory and Innocent: it was the question of his opening manhood,—'why is this work of raising up God's kingdom stopped?'—it was the last prayer of the night of his death that he might be allowed to take part '*in that great work.*' If we are not bigots enough to doubt the solemn testimony of him whose dying words were, 'I have loved justice and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile'—we may earnestly sympathise with the prayers of one no less noble, who sought for the same object with the same undivided heart.

'The King,' says Dr. Arnold—for we will use, as far as possible, his own words—'before the introduction of Christianity, had been the head of the State; he was equally the head of the perfected State, that is, of the Church; with him rested the duty of disposing and superintending all the details of the society's government . . . . and this is not the State governing the Church, but the Church through the medium of its supreme government is ruling itself. . . . . The founders of the Protestant Church of England considered the Church and State as identical: the Christian Nation of England was the Church of England; the head of that Nation was for that very reason the head of the Church; the public affairs of the Nation, whether civil or ecclesiastical, were affairs therefore of the Church.'

And then he proceeds to urge that the Civil Power is far more able than the Clergy not only to govern but also to fix the doctrines of the Church,—that there is no difficulty in any important doctrines which a man of plain sense may not see through,—

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through,—that errors about the doctrine of the Trinity are not *per se* seriously reprehensible (*Life*, vol. ii. p. 120),—that the Athanasian Creed, and like over-definite statements, are but that 'provoking and ill-judged language' of Trinitarians which has served 'as a stumbling-block to good Unitarians,' and are in truth only the natural products of 'the priestcraft heresy.' As to the last point,—he considered *Ordination* to be simply the appointment of important public officers by the Crown—'officers who are required to practise no virtue beyond the rest of their brethren;'—and practically, he wished to realise these views by a system of comprehension in which all bodies (except Jews, Quakers, some of the Unitarians, and the Roman Catholics) might worship together. So ample a fold might well, he thought, include 'good Arians,' because 'we are in no way injured by their praying with us to Christ as a glorified man, while we pray to Him as God,'* and 'if an Arian will join in our worship of Christ, and will call Him God and Lord, there is neither wisdom nor charity in wishing that he shall explain what he means by these terms;' and all whose bigoted views would prevent their entering this Church of England must be excluded also from the State. They must lose the right of citizens; they could but live among us, like the Jews, as aliens and sojourners:—if they did not like these terms they, like Louis XIV.'s Protestants, might emigrate.

Such is the practical comment on Dr. Arnold's theory of Church and State, which we have not, we trust, misrepresented in any point, although we would remind our readers that we have been obliged to deal chiefly with its negative and not its positive side—with its false views of the Church, and not its noble view of the State—with its deficiencies rather than its excellencies. This Grotian scheme,—for in Grotius it may be read almost in Dr. Arnold's words,—certainly appears to us to be weak in its philosophy and history, and to lead to a painful indifference to truth of doctrine;—and as Mr. Hallam tells us that such a theory cannot appear tolerable to any zealous Churchman, so we may add that the obvious difficulties which Dr. Arnold does not solve will seem to most religious minds insurmountable. Indeed, the ease with which he cuts this knot is to us the clearest argument against the truth of his views. 'Objections,' he says to one of his doubting correspondents, 'do not bring us to the point; my view stands on four legs, and I think meets all the difficulties of the case.' It is, in fine, a good paper constitution; but we may

* Let no reader for a moment suspect that there was any unsoundness in Dr. Arnold's own views respecting the doctrine of the Trinity. See especially a letter in vol. i. p. 233.

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add, in all good humour, his favourite history should have told him that 'constitutions will not always march.'

The end of a long article is not the place to begin a discussion on Church and State; but it may be well to look for an instant at the difficulties which are despatched thus summarily. They touch, as no thinking man will deny, on some of the hardest questions in theology and history—questions which perhaps no one has yet fully fathomed—and which are never entered into by Dr. Arnold, who continually assumes the point which he ought to prove! The whole view, *e. g.*, that strict creeds and doctrinal statements are not important as a guard for true belief, is *assumed*, as if its author was not aware that there was much to be said on the other side—*assumed* against the almost universal consent of divines and good men, from Ignatius to Luther and Calvin—*assumed* too by one the manifest tendency of whose mind and studies hardly, we think, fitted him to estimate the importance of a precise doctrinal system. If there were much appearance of Dr. Arnold's having entered into the question whether such statements might not (say at the time of the Arian controversy) have been essential to protect the simple and unlearned against the insidious tone and feeling of 'good Arians,' we should (what, in opposition to the almost consentient voice of good men, we can hardly do now) have listened with deep respect to his authority; but we cannot forget that, while the sneer about the Christian world disputing for an *iota* came from Gibbon, the *iota* was the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, and the disputant was Athanasius. That great man's views, on this point at least, are the views of almost the whole Christian world. It is too much to be required to lay them aside at once; and Dr. Arnold, though on many points well fitted to be an *Athanasius contra mundum*, was not likely on this one to destroy, single-handed, the work of ages, and to substitute himself '*a system better and deeper than has satisfied the last seventeen centuries.*'

One or two other points are equally left *in ambiguo*. The belief that a mixed body, of whom the mass (unless we take a very mild view of human nature) will be neither religious nor instructed, nor under the same check of public opinion which must always influence the clergy—that, in fact, the Civil Executive will better guard the interests of religion than a Church government constituted *chiefly* of clergy—this *may* indeed be true; but it certainly needs proof, and this its advocate is so far from giving that many of his facts tell the other way. In one of our own recent Articles,* if we may be allowed to refer to it, strong evidence

* Art. on Hume, Quart. Rev., No. 146.

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has been adduced of the very extensive goodness and ability of the clergy even in the 'dark ages;' and as Dr. Arnold is himself constantly reminding us that in their conflicts with the civil power the clergy were almost always in the right, it is only his vehement and not, we think, very consistent 'anti-priestcraft' view, and his strong dislike of our own modern clerical history, which accounts for this *high-state* theory. Again, is it not almost chimerical to think that earnest men can be united in one church, on the basis of merging their peculiar opinions with men from the opposite poles of religious belief? Nor is the charge of persecution easily avoided, and persecution too of the most odious kind, when those who are earnest (or bigoted, as Dr. Arnold would say) are to be made men without a country because they cannot live on a system of negations.

Apart from the weakness of these details, the view was one that suited Arnold's nature well. His intensely national and political turn of mind, combined with those early studies in which the old Greek devotion to the State and the majesty of human law met him perpetually, strengthened the natural tendency of a practical intellect to look on active life as the scene in which alone religion is to be developed. Then came his conviction (how sadly true!) that the Church had *not* been doing its work; his horror of the overstrained distinction between worldly and religious duties; his prejudice against the existing clergy as a narrow-minded class; his want of subtlety and comprehensiveness; his very scanty knowledge of mankind; and hence a theory with little to support it in history, theology, or philosophy, yet well meriting attention for the great truths with which it is connected—faulty intellectually, but morally, in its source at least, most noble. We look on it, in short, as an ideal mode of expressing the grand object of his life—to show that Christianity is at once real and universal—that it does not belong to one set of persons, but to all—not to one institution, but to all—not only to religious, but equally to what is called secular occupation—and ought to raise its voice not only in the pulpit, but in education, in literature, in Parliament—not only in questions between Churchmen and dissenters, but on every subject where there is a right and a wrong, of war or peace, of suffering or of injustice. In fine, to quote Mr. Stanley's words (who is as enthusiastic about the *objects* as he is ominously silent about most of the *details* of Dr. Arnold's system), he held that—

'the work of Christianity itself was not accomplished so long as political and social institutions were exempt from its influence—so long as the highest power of human society professed to act on other principles than

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than those declared in the Gospel; but whenever it should come to pass that the strongest earthly bond should be identical with the bond of Christian fellowship—that the highest earthly power should avowedly minister to the advancement of Christian holiness—that crimes should be regarded as sins—that Christianity should be the acknowledged basis of citizenship—that the region of political and national questions, war and peace, oaths and punishments, economy and education, so long considered by good and bad alike as worldly and profane, should be looked upon as the very sphere to which Christian principles are most applicable—then he felt that Christianity would at last have gained a position where it could cope, for the first time, front to front, with the power of evil; that the unfulfilled promises of the older prophecies, so long delayed, would have received their accomplishment; that the kingdoms of this world would have indeed become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ.'

In estimating this and others of Dr. Arnold's views we receive great help from his Sermons. There we may read much of his career and his opinions; and what Mr. Stanley has said of all his works is true especially of them—that they at once express the feeling of the hour which dictated them, and the fixed ideas by which the whole life of their writer was regulated. It is undeniable that late in life the speculative element came forward in them more clearly; but, even remembering that they are written for boys—to whom, of course, *frequent* discussions of doctrine would soon become tiresome—yet no one, we think, who reads the Sermons on Justification in the fifth volume, or who bears in mind how small are the traces in his three first volumes of any definite doctrinal views, will rise from them with the belief that Dr. Arnold was a great doctrinal theologian. But look to the practical side of any of his volumes—to the lesson which, in a vast variety of forms, he is ever inculcating—the paramount claims of Christianity not merely on our feelings or our respect, but on our actions—whether he describes the careless tone of worldly men or the thoughtlessness of boys, our coldness to friends or distance to the poor, or analyses the evils and shows the capabilities of a public school. Personally, too, how vast is the interval between that early lamentation of his, over 'whole days in which all the principles of religion and belief were in utter abeyance,' and the quiet abiding in love of his last year! And yet there is seen at the very beginning the germ that ripened afterwards: there was 'first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.' He was ever growing. Thus, though the earliest sermons are very full of interest as showing the first workings of his earnest mind, the last are far more beautiful; and each successive volume is more full of that which was so deep a feeling in him—his personal

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sonal connexion with our Lord and Saviour. We will not venture to quote his words, but no one can fail to observe that it was not so much doctrine about Christ as the thought of Christ himself that was before him, and that he dwelt habitually on His words and acts with (if we may venture to call it so) the most affectionate reality; and let this be once more impressed upon us by Arnold's example, as a truth much needed in these controversial days, that however injurious we think the *tendency* of those opinions to which with pain we have drawn attention, yet their maintainer himself was in doctrine as in action '*rooted and grounded in love.*' His Sermons, but above all his Journals, exhibit a most earnestly religious man; but a man of no party, and whom for that very reason it will be good for men of every party to contemplate.

We have perhaps allowed ourselves to diverge too long from his external life; but we cannot now dwell as we could wish to have done on its closing period. We spoke, many pages back, of his hard struggles during his first years at Rugby. Few can have forgotten that quackery and violence were for a considerable space the ideas most commonly associated with his name. But in his latter years he may be truly said to have seen and enjoyed the fruit of the labour of his hands. The tide of popular favour turned. His character was better understood—his system, moral and intellectual, was in high repute at the Universities—his numerous pupils were in general enthusiastically attached to him—his very views, on their negative side, at least, became popular—and, finally, his election as Professor of History at Oxford was hailed enthusiastically by all who knew that, right or wrong, he was, at least, one whose energy was sure to quicken the long suspended animation of the professorial system. He was himself, we learn from Mr. Stanley, still desponding; but his deep love for Oxford made him joyfully catch at such a realisation of long-cherished hopes.

'This it was,' says the biographer, 'that cast so bright a gleam on his last year.' His inaugural lecture had been attended with a concourse that might have reminded a spectator of the palmiest days of professorial life five hundred years ago, and the remainder of the course was eagerly expected. He came up to deliver it during the first three weeks of the Lent Term of 1842.

'The recollections of that time will not easily pass away from the memory of his audience. There were the Lectures themselves, with the unwonted concourse which to the number of two or three hundred flocked day after day to the Theatre to listen with almost breathless attention to a man, whose opinions, real or supposed, had been in the minds of many of his hearers so long associated with everything most adverse

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adverse to their own prepossessions; there was his own unfeigned pleasure, mingled with his no less unfeigned surprise, at the protracted and general enthusiasm which his presence enkindled; his free acknowledgment that the favour then shown to him was in a great measure the result of circumstances over which he had no control, and that the numerous attendance, which his Lectures then attracted, was no sure pledge of its continuance. There are many, too, who will love to recall his more general life in the place; the frankness and cordiality with which he met the welcome of his friends and pupils; the anxiety to return the courtesies with which he was received both by old and young; the calm and dignified abstinence from all controversial or personal topics; the interest of the meeting at which, within the walls of their common college, he became for the first time personally acquainted with that remarkable man, whose name had been so long identified in his mind with the theological opinions of which he regarded Oxford as the centre. All his early love for the place and its associations returned, together with the deeper feelings imparted by later years; day by day, on his return from Oriel Chapel to his house in Beaumont Street, he delighted to linger in passing the magnificent buildings of the Radcliffe Square, glittering with the brightness of the winter morning; and as soon as his day's work was over, he would call his children or his pupils around him, and, with the ordnance map in his hand, set out to explore the haunts of his early youth, unvisited now for more than twenty years; but still in their minutest details—the streams, the copses, the solitary rock by Bagley Wood, the heights of Shotover, the broken field behind Ferry Hincksey, with its several glimpses of the distant towers and spires—remembered with the freshness of yesterday. "And so ends our stay in Oxford," were the few words at the close of his short daily journal of engagements and business, "a stay of so much pleasure in all ways as to call for the deepest thankfulness. May God enable me to work zealously and thankfully through Jesus Christ."' —vol. ii. p. 290-91.

He returned to Rugby with invigorated spirits—but we shall not venture to describe the touching recollections of the brief sequel. In speaking of his opinions, we can look at them apart from the man himself, and view the nobleness and the beauty as his own, while we know that the more earthly part was scarcely his, and is now passed away for ever. But the last days—the goodness and gentleness so ripened—the affectionate, tender, forbearing spirit—the last offering up of himself to God;—of all this we cannot write,—and all this we may well leave to Mr. Stanley.

His health, in general remarkably strong, had been severely tried during some weeks after his excursion to Oxford; but at the end of the half-year he seemed to be rapidly recovering, and was on the point of leaving Rugby for the holidays. To the last day of his life (June 12, 1842) there was so little appearance of the

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the disease—Angina Pectoris—which carried him off, that when he spoke in the afternoon to a friend of 'a little pain across his chest,' he added, 'I must not mention it, or my wife would be afraid of my bathing.' That day his conversation was fresh and joyous as usual,—and in the evening he was out till late,—sitting upon the grass, and enjoying the mildness of that early summer, and at times, in conversation with a friend and pupil, entering upon topics of the deepest interest with a more than ordinary kindness and affection. He retired to rest with the appearance of perfect health;—in the morning before eight o'clock he was no more upon earth:—

'It was between five and six o'clock on Sunday morning that he awoke with a sharp pain across his chest, which he mentioned to his wife, on her asking whether he felt well,—adding that he had felt it slightly on the preceding day, before and after bathing. He then again composed himself to sleep; but her watchful care, always anxious, even to nervousness, at the least indication of illness, was at once awakened; and on finding from him that the pain increased, and that it seemed to pass from his chest to his left arm, her alarm was so much roused from a remembrance of having heard of this in connexion with Angina Pectoris, and its fatal consequences, that, in spite of his remonstrances, she rose and called up an old servant, whom they usually consulted in cases of illness, from her having so long attended the sick bed of his sister Susannah. Reassured by her confidence that there was no ground for fear, but still anxious, Mrs. Arnold returned to his room. She observed him, as she was dressing herself, lying still, but with his hands clasped, his lips moving, and his eyes raised upwards, as if engaged in prayer, when all at once he repeated, firmly and earnestly, "And Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed;" and soon afterwards, with a solemnity of manner and depth of utterance which spoke more than the words themselves, "But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons". . . . .

'The physician then quitted the house for medicine, leaving Mrs. Arnold, now fully aware from him of her husband's state. At this moment she was joined by her son, who entered the room with no serious apprehension, and, on his coming up to the bed, his father, with his usual gladness of expression towards him, asked,—"How is your deafness, my boy?" (he had been suffering from it the night before,) —and then, playfully alluding to an old accusation against him, "You must not stay here; you know you do not like a sick room." He then sate down with his mother at the foot of the bed, and presently his father said in a low voice: "My son, thank God for me;" and, as his son did not at once catch his meaning, he went on, saying,—"Thank God, Tom, for giving me this pain: I have suffered so little pain in my life, that I feel it is very good for me: now God has given it to me, and I do so thank him for it." And again, after a pause, he said,—alluding to a wish, which his son had often heard him express, that if he ever had

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had to suffer pain, his faculties might be unaffected by it,—"How thankful I am that my head is untouched!" Meanwhile his wife, who still had sounding in her ears the tone in which he had repeated the passage from the Epistle to the Hebrews, again turned to the Prayer Book, and began to read the Exhortation in which it occurs in "the Visitation of the Sick." He listened with deep attention, saying emphatically,—"Yes," at the end of many of the sentences. "There should be no greater comfort to Christian persons than to be made like unto Christ." "Yes."—"By suffering patiently troubles, adversities, and sickness." "Yes."—"He entered not into His glory before He was crucified." "Yes."—At the words "everlasting life," she stopped, and his son said, "I wish, dear papa, we had you at Fox How." He made no answer, but the last conscious look, which remained fixed in his wife's memory, was the look of intense tenderness and love with which he smiled upon them both at that moment. . . .

'The physician now returned with the medicines, and the former remedies were applied: there was a slight return of the spasms, after which he said:—"If the pain is again as severe as it was before you came, I do not know how I can bear it." He then, with his eyes fixed upon the physician, who rather felt than saw them upon him, so as to make it impossible not to answer the exact truth, repeated one or two of his former questions about the cause of the disease, and ended with asking, "Is it likely to return?" and, on being told that it was, "Is it generally suddenly fatal?"—"Generally." On being asked whether he had any pain, he replied that he had none but from the mustard plaster on his chest, with a remark on the severity of the spasms in comparison with this outward pain; and then, a few moments afterwards, inquired what medicine was to be given; and on being told, answered, "Ah, very well." The physician, who was dropping the laudanum into a glass, turned round, and saw him looking quite calm, but with his eyes shut. In another minute he heard a rattle in the throat, and a convulsive struggle,—flew to the bed, caught his head upon his shoulder, and called to one of the servants to fetch Mrs. Arnold. She had but just left the room before his last conversation with the physician, in order to acquaint her son with his father's danger, of which he was still unconscious, when she heard herself called from above. She rushed upstairs, told her son to bring the rest of the children, and with her own hands applied the remedies that were brought, in the hope of reviving animation, though herself feeling, from the moment that she saw him, that he had already passed away. He was indeed no longer conscious. The sobs and cries of his children as they entered and saw their father's state made no impression upon him—the eyes were fixed—the countenance was unmoved: there was a heaving of the chest—deep gasps escaped at prolonged intervals,—and just as the usual medical attendant arrived, and as the old school-house servant, in an agony of grief, rushed with the others into the room, in the hope of seeing his master once more,—he breathed his last.'—vol. ii. p. 333–5.

We take the last entry in his Diary on the last night of his life . . . . . as

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as being almost unprecedented in its tone of solemn foreboding, and as well expressing the whole spirit of his life:—

'Saturday Evening, June 11th.—The day after to-morrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to live to see it—my forty-seventh birthday since my birth. How large a portion of my life on earth has already passed! And then—what is to follow this life? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age! In one sense, how nearly can I now say, "Vixi." And I thank God that, as far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully mortified; I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still there are works which, with God's permission, I would do before the night cometh; especially that great work, if I might be permitted to take part in it. But, above all, let me mind my own personal work,—to keep myself pure and zealous and believing,—labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others if God disapproves of my doing it.'—vol. ii. pp. 329-30.

We must say a few words in conclusion. This will strike every one, at first sight, as a *remarkable* man—a man of a character rarely met with now, who united the simplicity and heroism of a past generation with the practical energy and inquiry of our own—a man truly English in his noblest points, and yet tempering the stern vigour of the English character with a reflection and an amiability which rather belong to the Greek or the German mind. He will strike those who study him more closely as a *complete* character—complete in its union of moral and intellectual gifts, and in the steady growth and development of both; for his greatness did not consist in the pre-eminence of any single quality, but in several remarkable powers, thoroughly leavened and pervaded by an ever-increasing moral nobleness. He was not one of those men who, beginning well, are stunted, in mind and in heart, at a certain age—often, perhaps, because their thoughts are at war with their feelings—because the latter are not fresh and pure enough to give vigour and manliness to the former. It was the very reverse of this with Arnold: the same holy objects on which his affections were unceasingly fixed—the same great subjects of moral and intellectual interest—the same simple and innocent pleasures are seen, as it were, sensibly growing in almost every successive letter from the first days at Laleham to the last at Rugby. Connected with, and indeed an instance of this completeness and consistency of character, is *the concentration of his thoughts and interests on a few great moral subjects*, which, if it diminished his intellectual breadth, yet increased the intenseness of his moral and intellectual vision. He was not an artist, an architect, a painter, and was without a glimpse of that world into which Music admits her votaries; but

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no man ever felt more keenly the bond which bound him to his brother men, or devoted his thoughts more earnestly to their good. Some of our extracts have shown this; and we would gladly have drawn attention to a most interesting correspondence with Mr. J. Marshall on the state of the poor, and with Sir J. Franklin on the colonies. This too it was that pervaded his theory of Church and State; for it was because, as we have said, he considered Christianity as the very appointed remedy for all that suffering and sin that now stalks giant-like amongst us, that he longed and strove to reanimate a moral power, and to restore a moral law as the principle of government; and in this lay his strength of character—to be measured rather by what he persevered in attempting than by what he was able to effect. In this sense he was an enthusiast. To do his duty towards his fellow-men, to pursue it by every variety of means—in his school, in his writings, and in his preaching—was his only *ideal* of happiness. Thus, literature with him, literary enjoyment, literary conversation, were wholly in the back-ground; and his friends thought of him not as a clever or a learned man, but as one wholly absorbed or rather inspired by the ideas of duty, labour, earnestness, and self-devotion. And the next point upon which we believe our readers' attention will be fixed is that which his large heart, in embracing many other and what might seem higher interests, ennobled and almost idealised—the common sphere of school-life; inspiriting other fellow-workers by his example, and calling forth towards himself affections which were never felt to any who did not possess something of the spirit of an apostle. When we dwell on this, we confess it seems almost a wrong that we should have permitted a discussion of his theories to withdraw us, even for a time, from the contemplation of his high character and beautiful example.*

ART. VIII.—*Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, First Earl of Malmesbury, &c.* Edited by his Grandson, the Third Earl. 2 vols. London, 1844.

HOWEVER important or interesting a diplomatic correspondence may be while the events are pending or recent, nothing can be much less so when they are become in any degree obsolete. It is the misfortune of diplomatists, that—besides being liable to the natural delusion of seeing the objects near their own eye in too large dimensions and in too vivid colours—they have to fill up as they best can a series of dispatches, which, however

* See Note at the end of this Number.

filled,

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filled, must set off, like a stage-coach, at a certain day. Nor indeed do we think that it is in that department of public life that a high order of intellect has the most favourable opportunity of displaying its powers: it was with reference to a packet of diplomatic dispatches that the Chancellor Oxenstiern uttered his celebrated exclamation of 'How little of wisdom there went to the government of mankind!' But even when the minister may possess superior talents and his dispatches distinguished merit, a negociation is in most instances a drama that ceases to amuse when we have reached the catastrophe—a kind of enigmatical exercise of our curiosity that loses its interest when we arrive at the solution: and although the conscientious historian or the political student will be anxious to explore the details of such matters to their sources, they are seldom of much practical use even as guides to statesmen, and can have little or no attraction for ordinary readers.

But though this be true of the official communications of diplomatists, the case is very different with their private correspondence; there, if they happen to have, to use a trivial but expressive phrase, a turn that way, we are likely to find not only the real secret of business important at the moment, but the—to aftertimes—more interesting views of characters and manners, which no one has better opportunities of sketching to the life than an intelligent foreign minister—when he is inquisitive about such extra-official subjects, and familiarly understands the habits, and, above all, the language of the country where he resides.

These general views are strongly corroborated by the volumes before us: of what relates to public affairs little is new to the public, and that little is of minor importance, and now of remote and only reflected interest. Such, for instance, are most of the letters in which Lord Malmesbury thought it necessary to give his Government what he considered enlarged views of the political objects and interests of the court and country to which he was accredited, but which by the lapse of time and change of circumstances seem to us of very little substance or value; while the most amusing, and to this generation the most instructive, portions are a few personal anecdotes preserved in his private diaries and extra-official correspondence.

The work is edited by Lord Malmesbury's grandson, the third and present Earl, with judgment and taste; and if on this head we could venture to make any complaint, it would be that we do not see quite enough of the editor: wherever he appears, it is with propriety; but we could wish that he had appeared oftener. He has elucidated some obscure passages, but there are many more which would have been the better for his explanatory intervention.

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tervention.* He has prefixed to the work a biographical sketch of his grandfather, which, though rating both his talents and his services on a somewhat higher scale than we should be disposed to allow, is on the whole modestly and ably written, and leads us to conclude that, in good taste, good sense, and good principles, the third Earl of Malmesbury has not degenerated from his ancestors.

We shall now endeavour to arrange, in the chronological order of Lord Malmesbury's biography, some of the most prominent and interesting topics of the work.

James Harris, the only son of James Harris the author of 'Hermes,'—a treatise more celebrated than read, and more read than understood,—was born on the 21st of April, 1746; of the place of his birth, and of the country-gentleman habits of his family, we cannot resist copying the following short and amiable notice of the editor:—

'He was descended from a Mr. Harris, who in 1565 was living on his estate at Orcheston St. George, in Wiltshire, where the successive and simple monuments of his posterity record no ambition on their part to leave, in life or in death, the neighbourhood of its parish church. They had a house in the Close of Salisbury, which is one of the most beautiful spots I know in any English or foreign town; and here, with such of the squires as were not in parliament, they repaired in those days when the provincial gentry filled and enlivened, during a portion of the year, our now deserted and mournful cathedral cities.'—vol. i. p. vi.

Hermes Harris, however, had the usual country-gentleman's ambition, and in 1763 got into parliament for the borough of Christchurch, where he had a family interest, and subsequently into political office—holding finally that of Secretary and Comptroller of the Queen's Household till his death, in 1780. On his first appearance in parliament, 'John'—says the editor, but we rather suppose Charles—'Townshend asked who he was, and, being told that he had written on *grammar* and *harmony*, observed, "Why does he come *here*, where he will find neither?"'

James the younger was educated at first at a private school,

* There are several errors of the press, some of which are of importance. In the biographical notice it is stated (vol. i. p. xi), that Lord Malmesbury received his appointment to Madrid in the autumn of 1767: whereas it appears (ib. pp. 30, 40) that he spent the whole of that year and the ensuing spring in Poland, and did not arrive at Madrid till the very last days (Dec. 28) of 1768. Again, it is stated in a note of the dotations made by the Empress Catherine to her favourites, that 'the family of Prince Orloff had received, from the year 1762 *down to the present time*, 1783-4—5 *thousand peasants*.' It should have been '*down to the present time*—1783—45 *thousand peasants*.' Again, where Bishop *South* is quoted as applauding the '*Hermes*,' instead of Bishop *Lowth*. And again, where Lord Malmesbury is stated to have been born on the 21st April, 1746 (vol. i. p. vi), the *day of the battle of Culloden* (ib. p. xvii), which in fact was fought on the 16th—a discrepancy which we cannot account for.

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and subsequently at Winchester; and then, after six months of London under his father's roof, was in the spring of 1763 sent to Merton College, in Oxford, where, he tells us, he spent the two most unprofitable years of his whole life. But we suspect that in this he may have been mistaken. Men of business are apt to underrate the benefits derived from their college life: it is a transition state between the school and the world, where two strong and contrasting colours, being blended into one, lose, on retrospect, much of their distinct effect; and the ripening process is forgotten in the maturity which it has created. When Lord Malmesbury tells us that he 'lived with a set of very pleasant but very idle fellows—Charles Fox, Lord Romney, Bishop North, Lord Robert Spencer, William Eden, &c.'—we cannot but suspect that even the lighter hours of such society may have had a beneficial influence on the taste and manners, and perhaps on the mental dexterity and colloquial powers of the future ambassador.

On leaving Oxford, in 1765, his father—already destining him, we presume, for the diplomatic career—sent him to the University of Leyden, where he spent a studious and useful year—an excellent prelude to the ensuing thirty-five years of his life, which were passed, with very short intervals, on the Continent. At first he was only a traveller—but no doubt, with an eye to his future profession—for we find that he had letters of introduction to the King of Poland from Sir Joseph Yorke—then one of the most celebrated diplomatists of Europe—as a young gentleman travelling '*par curiosité et l'envie de s'instruire.*' His advancement was early and rapid; but he had prepared himself for it in the best school.

Passing through Holland, of which no mention is made, he proceeded to Berlin, and what he saw of Frederic the Great, and what he heard of his father, do no great honour to the personal character of either monarch. Harris gives some instances of the brutality of the father and the falsehood and meanness of the son; but we must attribute to his youth and inexperience that he seems to have taken no note of the higher qualities by which the first had consolidated the infant kingdom of Prussia, and the latter had extended and elevated it into a first-rate power: and when, ten years later, after having been minister at his court, he forms a more extended and elaborate estimate of Frederic II., he still dwells more upon the vices and littlenesses than on the great military and political capacity—we had almost said *genius*—of that extraordinary man. He does justice, however, to the personal courage of the king, which had been maliciously questioned; and adds a circumstance which will rather surprise those who have only heard of him in his mature

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mature character. Mr. Harris says that he read in the letters of Sir Charles Hotham, British envoy to the court of the old king, that the prince was at the time of his visit (about 1730) the 'most *modest, benevolent, timid,* and *dejected* young man he had ever seen!' This young Prussian eagle reminds us of the '*ministrum fulminis alitem*' of Horace—weak and listless in the paternal nest, but soon to plume his wings and whet his beak and talons for plunder and blood—*mox in ovilia—nunc in reluctantes dracones.*

In October, 1767, Mr. Harris pursued his journey into Poland, and arrived at Warsaw during the sitting of one of those Diets which, by their alternate turbulence and cowardice and their constant incapacity, prepared—indeed, we may almost say produced—by every extravagance of corruption, folly, and faction—the annihilation of their monarchical republic. Russia had already military occupation of the country, and her ambassador, Prince Repnin, enacted ostentatiously the part of 'viceroy over' the puppet-king Poniatowski. Harris touches very slightly the causes which rendered Poland an anarchy within and a dangerous nuisance to her neighbours, and which alone can account for the apathy with which the more western nations of Europe acquiesced in her destruction; but he gives us a few characteristic sketches of some of the principal actors, from which we may infer that the catastrophe was inevitable. The king, a private gentleman, elected to 'that crown of thorns,' as he calls it, by the arts of the Empress Catherine, was a good-natured, amiable man, and in private life not deficient in accomplishments or good sense—but much higher and bolder talents would have been necessary to overcome the combined difficulties of his personal position and of the anarchical constitution of which he was the creature, and not even the organ—but the victim.

'Prince Repnin, the Russian Ambassador, plays a much greater part at Warsaw than the King. The line he takes is so high towards the men of the first distinction, and of such overbearing gallantry towards the women, that it is quite shocking. In the Delegation [a kind of standing committee of the Diet] he orders with the most despotic sway, and immediately silences any one that presumes to speak against his will. He treats all in the same cavalier manner—even the King.'—vol. i. p. 18.

And then follows an anecdote of Repnin's bullying the King about some question of dancing at a ball, and another less violent, but more contemptuous:—

'At [dinner at] the Primate's there was a question of some of the ancient Polish monarchs, who, being driven from their own kingdom, were obliged, by way of support, to exercise a trade; one particularly who, for a while, was a goldsmith at Florence. The present King, discoursing

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coursing on this to Repnin, said, "He should be extremely embarrassed if he was put to the trial, as he knew no way of getting his livelihood." "*Pardonnez, Sire,*" said the Ambassador, "*votre Majesté sait toujours très bien danser.*" '—vol. i. p. 20.

Apart, however, from this *brusquerie* and *hauteur,* which seems to have been rather manner than design—

'Prince Repnin is a worthy man, very feeling and humane—great natural parts, and very agreeable. He has in all these transactions behaved with great disinterestedness, and is personally attached to the King, and in a manner saves him from falling. His Majesty was so embarrassed and vexed with the situation he saw himself brought to —partly by the ill-timed zeal and partly by the boundless ambition and restless disposition of his subjects—that, had he not been firmly buoyed up by Repnin and others, he would have abdicated.'—*ib.*

That is, Catherine was supporting Poniatowski till her designs of *partition*—no doubt already contemplated—should be ripe.

The poor King, who had been in England in early life, and remembered his English friends with affection, seems to have treated young Harris with peculiar kindness and some confidence. On one occasion he said to him, in a strange mixture of style which paints very strikingly the man and his anomalous position—

'Quant à moi, je ne sens que trop les épines avec lesquelles ma couronne est semée. Je l'aurais déjà envoyé à tous les cinquante milles diables si je n'avais pas hésité d'abandonner mon poste. Croyez moi, ne courez jamais après les grands emplois. Il n'en resulte que des amertumes. Quand ils viennent inattendus et non cherchés, acceptez-les. Si j'avais suivi cette maxime, j'aurais mieux fait. Mon ambition m'entraîna. J'osai prétendre à une couronne, j'ai réussi, et je suis malheureux.'—*ib.*

The nation itself, if we may judge from its leaders, and in such a case they are the truest index, was really incapable of self-government. Take a great example :—

'Prince Radzivil, the Marshal of the Confederation while it existed, was one of the most powerful princes in Poland. His revenues amount to near 500,000*l.* sterling. He was at one time the declared enemy of Russia, and had an army of 8000 men, with which he opposed all her measures. On new tumults he changed his party, and became *l'âme damnée* of the Empress, and was put by her at the head of the Confederation, and was rewarded with the first palatinate in the kingdom and a present of above 100,000*l.* He is about thirty-five years old, goes always dressed in the old Polish habit, and is so great a sot that Prince Repnin quartered a colonel and sixty men in his hotel to prevent his drinking while he held such considerable posts. I myself saw him, the day the Diet was dissolved and the soldiers relieved from his palace, come quite drunk to Repnin's and bluster that *now* he had a right to do so. His morals and behaviour little exceed his own vassals.' —vol. i. p. 25.

Mr.

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Mr. Harris left this scene of profligacy and confusion in March, 1768, and in the same year commenced his diplomatic profession and career, as Secretary of Legation under Sir James Gray, our minister at the court of Spain. He proceeded through France, and arrived at Madrid in the last days of the year. We have a short graphic description of his journey in the usual traveller's style, introduced, we presume, into a publication in which it seems otherwise rather out of place, for the purpose of showing that his eye had a fondness for scenery, and his pen some power of describing it.

Of the royal family of Spain he gives some sketches. The King, Charles III., he found—contrary to the general opinion—'a clear head—an excellent heart—the best of fathers and of masters—and, though despotic, not a tyrant;'—but, on the other hand, obstinate, indolent, and absorbed from more important avocations by his passion for the *chace*. 'The Prince of Asturias' [the King deposed by Buonaparte] has a good heart and clear head, but, by a neglected education and a continued suite of childish amusements, neither the one nor the other does him credit. The Princess [afterwards Queen] is of an engaging, affable character—artful and ambitious, joined to boundless vanity—and a desire to please carried even to coquetry, in which she excels. She has gained so thorough a possession of the mind of the Prince that she guides him in every thing, and does at the same time whatever she chooses.' The other princes seem to have been chiefly employed in rearing chickens and killing game. Here were the elements of the misfortunes which five-and-twenty years later consigned this unhappy family to French captivity, and their country to a series of calamities not yet closed.

In 1769 Sir James Gray returning to England, Mr. Harris remained Chargé d'Affaires at Madrid, and in 1770 he had an opportunity of distinguishing himself in the affair of the Falkland Islands—a discussion the interest of which is just now revived by its similarity, in some points, to our recent communications with France about the affair at Otaheite. Lord Egmont, First Lord of the Admiralty in 1765, a fanciful and eccentric man, had formed an establishment—called after him Port Egmont—on one of the Falkland Islands, with, no doubt, some speculative design of curbing the power of Spain in the South American seas. It is not clear whether this establishment had been heard of in Spain, till Mr. Harris learned, as it seems accidentally, that Buccharelli, the Governor of Buenos Ayres, had fitted out an expedition to dislodge the English—considering them as intruders on the *Magellanic* dominions of Spain. On this our Government made, through Mr. Harris, a strong remonstrance, and required the court of Spain to disavow Buccharelli, and restore Port Egmont.

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mont. The Spanish Prime Minister, Grimaldi, stated that he much regretted the step taken, and had, as soon as he heard of it, despatched orders to prevent it, but unfortunately too late; but still, although Buccharelli had acted without any authority from home, that he could not disavow him, because he had followed their general orders to all their American Governors to permit no trespasses on their dominions. This, of course, was by no means satisfactory to England, and became still less so when the accounts arrived of the actual expulsion of the English by a force so overwhelming that the garrison and two small frigates which were in Port Egmont made a mere nominal resistance: a few shots only were fired, no blood shed, and, except the actual detention for some days of the frigates, no other violence or even incivility was shown. This affair now excited a violent flame in England, where the Opposition of the day, after the fashion of the Oppositions of all days, took it up as a theme of reproach against the pusillanimity of the Government at home. In Spain the King and his first minister seem to have been all along in favour of pacific courses, feeling probably that there could be no dishonour in disavowing an aggression which they had neither ordered nor wished for; but there were others of the Spanish ministry who were desirous, for their own objects, of driving the matter to hostilities. The difference, in short, was pushed to such extremes that Mr. Harris received on the 13th of January orders to quit Madrid;—and he did so, though, as it would seem, somewhat slowly and reluctantly, for we find him on the 8th February at Algoa, only a couple of days' journey from Madrid, where he met a king's messenger with dispatches announcing that Prince Massarano, the Spanish Minister in London, had at last subscribed to the terms originally proposed by England. In this success Mr. Harris does not appear to have had any share; and it may indeed be attributed to the disgrace of the Duke de Choiseul at Versailles, which, happening at this moment, deprived Spain of all encouragement from France.

On this affair we may be permitted to pause a moment to ask—with reference to what has just passed between us and France, and to the efforts of the Oppositions in both countries to force the reluctant governments into a war—to ask, we say, how any government can be said to sacrifice dignity or honour by disclaiming violences committed by an unauthorized and distant subordinate? Spain had a right to remonstrate against our establishment at Port Egmont: if her remonstrances had been disregarded, she had a right—if she thought her claim just and, moreover, worth so extreme a course—to order a forcible re-occupation of what she considered her property; but the fact appearing to be that Buccharelli acted

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acted of his own mere motion—the Madrid government denying, truly or falsely, but *denying*, all participation in the aggression—there was no reason why Spain should not have done at first, what she did with less credit at last—disavow the unauthorized violence, while she reserved the question of territorial right for the soberer and more authoritative judgment of the respective cabinets. The English government were so highly and so warmly censured for their acceptance of this verbal, and, as it was alleged, insufficient, reparation of so great a violence, that it became one of the trials of strength of the then Opposition—one of the inflammatory topics of Junius—and produced by way of a sedative reply the celebrated pamphlet of Dr. Johnson on the Falkland Islands: while, on the other hand, equal efforts were made in Spain to discredit Grimaldi's ministry as having basely sacrificed the national honour by their concession. But who now doubts that the Spanish Government were right in every view of patriotism and honour in making amends for an involuntary insult, and that the British Government were equally justified in accepting the Spanish apology?

This wretched squabble occupies some pages of European history, and even of our domestic literature: yet who can now look back upon it but with contemptuous pity, and at the same time with alarm, as an example of what slight and foolish and factious causes might have spread the horrors of war over two hemispheres? And how, we again ask, in the present state of the world—with the possessions and fleets of all the great European nations scattered over the face of the globe—how is the peace of the world to be preserved if, by an abrogation and violation of all international law, Governments are to be forced by captious principles of a false honour, or deference to the party clamours of hostile factions, to vindicate as national acts involving national honour every indiscretion to which ill temper, ignorance, or accident, may prompt any subordinate and distant officer, or which even any wandering subject may happen, to commit? If such a doctrine is to prevail, the laws of nations are a farce, governments are no longer national representatives, and the world will become a vast slaughter-house.

> 'War is a game which, were their subjects wise,
> Kings should not play at.'

Such was the sentiment of the poet in those days when it was still the traditionary fashion to charge all the miseries of nations on the ambition of kings and the profligacy of courts; but those who looked deeper into the springs of action knew that kings and courts were not alone, nor even in recent times, chiefly to blame; and that in the modern civilized world, at least, the most despotic monarch

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monarch had seldom ventured to commence a war without the concurrence of his people. Even Buonaparte himself could not have pursued his ambitious extravagancies, if the Revolution had not poisoned and perverted the mind of France to a morbid appetite for unjust aggrandizement and false glory. The People, it is true, are always the first to tire and to complain of so costly and precarious an amusement; but it is equally true that they have generally been ready to encourage, and often to instigate its commencement. The spread of representative governments in Europe and America, and the influence of the popular press over the whole world, have an obvious and growing tendency to control and embarrass the direct and, what used to be thought, the exclusive power of kings, and even of cabinets, in international questions, and to give a more considerable share of the *jus belli et pacis* to the less discreet and, as we think it will always be found, less pacific tribunal of public opinion: it therefore becomes the duty of all those who have any share in forming the public voice, and particularly in the press, to treat international questions with the more circumspection and reserve, and to employ a certain share of diplomatic caution in handling the share of diplomatic authority which the circumstances of the times have thus conferred upon them.

For our own parts, *we* are almost inclined to exclaim, like the repentant Conventionel Kersaint—'*Je suis las de ma part dans cette tyrannie.*' We would willingly defer international questions to the sober and, comparatively, dispassionate discussions of Governments; but in the present circumstances of the world, and considering the general intervention of the press in all such objects, we have thought it our duty to express from time to time our opinions on such international points; but always, our readers will recollect—whether Charles X. or Louis Philippe occupied the throne of France, or Lord Palmerston or Lord Aberdeen the Foreign Seals—with the same moderation, the same pacific temper, and the same respect for—that only check on national jealousy and ambition—the law of nations—that we have taken this new opportunity of expressing.

There is another point in which the affair of the Falkland Islands has a present interest. It was part of the factious misrepresentations of the day to set forth that Spain had made this apology only on a *secret* condition that England should herself evacuate the island within two months. This was an absurd invention; for, first, the matter having been altogether a *mere point of honour*, as to a *public* reparation such a *secret* article would have served no purpose; but, secondly, no such evacuation was made, and the lie, of course, fell into contempt and oblivion: but it has been strangely

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strangely revived just now for another purpose. In a bulky octavo, recently published by Mr. Greenhow, a clerk in the department of State at Washington, in defence of the American claim to the Oregon territory, he thinks it helps his argument to establish the old Spanish sovereignty of the American seas, and for this purpose he revives the obsolete absurdity of 1771, and insists that England did give such an engagement of evacuation, and that such an engagement was an admission of the general sovereignty of Spain in those seas; asserting that it is a fact admitted by Dr. Johnson in his pamphlet, and universally stated at the time, and never doubted, till denied by Lord Palmerston in a discussion with Buenos Ayres in 1834,—(Greenhow's 'Oregon and California,' p. 111.)—To which we reply that it was not so admitted by Dr. Johnson—that what Mr. Greenhow calls a universal statement was that only of Opposition orators and newspapers, and was denied by the best authorities, and that finally it was contradicted by the notorious facts. It now appears that Mr. Harris's papers afford conclusive evidence 'that the restitution was, both in letter and in spirit, *bonâ fide*, without any such article of restitution.'—i. p. 78. We do not see how the alleged fact would have helped Mr. Greenhow's argument, but, however it might operate, it fails him.

We must now return to Mr. Harris—who, on receiving at Algoa the intelligence that the difference was thus satisfactorily arranged, showed more alacrity in returning to his post than he had in quitting it, and, availing himself of the messenger's licence for post-horses, rode back, not without some personal peril, in a very dark night and over dangerous roads, to Madrid, and presented himself at an early hour at M. Grimaldi's levee, where, however, his national triumph over the Spanish minister was a little alloyed by a personal mortification. Grimaldi, with a parade of individual civility, refused to receive him in the public character which Mr. Harris had thus hastened to *resume* as a matter of course. 'He had been formally recalled,' said the minister; 'he had left the capital; he now reappeared, but without producing any fresh order or credentials from his court, and was nothing but a private gentleman.' Mr. Harris was probably in some degree right in attributing this strictness of etiquette to Grimaldi's vexation at the result of the affair; but his point was good, and Mr. Harris was forced to submit: his embarrassment, however, did not last long, for in about three weeks he received new credentials in the character of Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Spain.

This, though an appointment only till the arrival of Lord Grantham, was a great advancement for a young man of twenty-four; and it was soon followed by his removal, towards the close of the same year, to the more really important court of Berlin.

Soon

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Soon after his arrival on this new scene, in March, 1772, Mr. Harris announces rumours of the *partition* of Poland; and the noble Editor censures the indifference with which the English ministry looked at this event—Lord Suffolk, then Secretary of State, only styling it, when first announced to him by Mr. Harris, 'a curious transaction:' but this is, we think, not a quite accurate statement of the case. It seems to us that Lord Suffolk's reply, in which he uses the term 'curious transaction,' and which is dated *5th June*, 1772, cannot be, as the Editor represents it, a reply to Mr. Harris's announcement of the partition dated 1st March; indeed, on the face of Lord Suffolk's letter it is clear, that though the words 'curious transaction' may refer generally to the whole project, they were more particularly prompted by some contradictory information as to the *details* of the negociation which had reached his Lordship from Mr. Harris, as well as from other quarters; and it should be recollected that at this period the plan was not only a profound secret between the three partitioning powers, but was, in fact, by no means settled; and assumed, as far as it was known, the comparatively unimportant character which Mr. Harris himself gives it in his dispatch of the 7th of April, of 'a treaty relative to the *distribution of certain districts in Poland*,' over which the parties had claimed some ancient possessory rights (i. 81); and in the same letter Mr. Harris states that he is 'positively assured that the Court of France is kept totally in the dark on the subject.' The noble Editor, too, forgets that it would not be through its Minister at the Court of Berlin that the British Government would have either addressed its remonstrances or employed its influence against this transaction. The interest of England was remote; and her power of actual interference absolutely null, as she had no point of contact with any of the parties; her opposition, therefore, would have been naturally exerted in endeavouring to enlist the other and nearer powers—France, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, the Germanic body, &c.—against this usurpation. If we had Lord Suffolk's correspondence with those courts, we should probably find much stronger language; but without their active and more authoritative concurrence, and in the menacing aspect which our differences with our American colonies had taken, we know not that we could expect to find in the British Cabinet's despatches to its Minister at Berlin anything more than 'the utmost caution not to convey any favourable sentiments of a transaction which, from *its inconsistency with national equity and public honour*, must engage his Majesty's disapprobation, though it has not been so *immediately interesting* as to deserve his interposition' (i. 92). In truth England had at that moment no power whatsoever to interrupt the partition; and she could

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could not have interposed with any prospect either of success or honour.

It is impossible to imagine any thing worse than Mr. Harris's account of the moral, or rather immoral, state of society in Berlin at this period, much of which was fairly attributable to the low and dissolute practices and irreligious sophistry of the *Philosophe de Sans Souci*—as, we have reason to hope, a great improvement has been since operated by the very contrary influences of the benevolent and virtuous monarchs of the last half century.

Mr. Harris had little to do at Berlin, but his dispatches, though empty of substantial matter, if we are to judge by the specimens given, were written in a style that gave a high opinion of his zeal and talents, and aided, no doubt, by the influence of the Queen's Comptroller and that of the patron of the borough of Christchurch, procured him, in 1777, the appointment of minister to St. Petersburg, where he arrived about the close of the year, charged, in addition to the ordinary duties, with special directions to endeavour to obtain with the Empress of Russia a treaty of alliance—(meaning 'a treaty defensive and offensive,' though the latter term was soon dropped, as being in itself *offensive*)—a visionary resource, which our American war and our critical situation with France, Spain, and Holland induced our ministers to grasp at, and Mr. Harris to pursue, with a confidence, or at least an eagerness, which appears to us at this day almost childish. We are not surprised to find that, in spite of all Mr. Harris's dexterity and *savoir faire*, he failed in every point of his Russian mission, and finally solicited his recall, in the mortifying conviction that he had become worse than useless at St. Petersburg, and had really made matters rather worse than he had found them. This was no fault of his: for we are satisfied the object was altogether impracticable; yet he persisted to urge it in various shapes, not merely as a prescribed duty, but frequently with strong expectations of success. Indeed all this class of the correspondence exhibits a tendency to the *quod volumus facile credimus*—to believe what he wished, and to permit himself to be deceived by fair appearances, to a degree somewhat inconsistent with what we had always believed of his natural sagacity. Every now and then he sees his true position, but yet is ready at the next change of the sky to indulge his hopes of a permanent change of weather, and like Ixion to embrace every passing cloud. It must have been under some such delusion that he advised and procured, in November, 1779, an autograph letter from the hand of George III. to the Empress (vol. i. p. 264), soliciting, in no very dignified tone, a naval demonstration on her part to intimidate his enemies; and that he pressed upon and obtained from his court the modification in favour

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favour of Russia of our belligerent right of search, making what the Editor's own good sense teaches him to call '*another sop to the Empress*' (vol. i. p. 269).

We need look for no stronger instance of the poor policy of this *sop* system than the following anecdote. On the 26th February and 3rd March, 1780, Mr. Harris gives Lord Stormont an account of two interviews with the Empress,—one an audience of business, the other a most condescending and flattering evening conversation, in both of which she professed an extravagant friendship for England,—and concludes as follows:—

'If these distinctions and marks of good will, both in the Sovereign and her principal favourite [Potemkin], cover any insidious and false design, the intrigue is too artfully concocted for me to unravel it; and if in any description of the sentiments of this court I deceive your Lordship, it is because *I myself am most egregiously deceived.*'—vol. i. p. 284.

He *was* most egregiously deceived! The very next dispatch, only four days later, announces one of the most formidable blows ever aimed at British interests—the celebrated *Armed Neutrality!*

Alarmed at this and several other indications of malevolence, Sir James Harris—(he had in December, 1778, been honoured with the red riband)—conveyed to his government a proposal, suggested by Prince Potemkin as a means 'to cut up the Armed Neutrality by the roots,' and obtain the long-sought alliance—for ceding to her Imperial Majesty the Island of Minorca, which we then held:—'If we do this, there is every reason to hope and expect that we shall *reclaim her entirely*, and that a year will not elapse before she will become our firm friend and *ally*' (vol. i. p. 370). The Government at home were but too ready to authorize the offer—and the first event that occurred during the pendency of this negociation that was to *reclaim the Empress* for ever, was, that she seduced the Dutch United Provinces into the *Armed Neutrality*—which all this while the Empress and Potemkin, the better to deceive Sir James Harris, affected to laugh at as the '*Armed Nullity.*'

Again; in consequence of this accession of the Dutch to her favourite project, she offered her mediation to arrange *separately* our differences with Holland. 'I see,' says Sir James, 'in as forcible a light as your Lordship can, the very many great objections to a separate negociation with Holland, and the various inconveniences that must attend either its success or its failure;' but, 'if the friendship of the Empress is worth having, we must gratify her in this proposal' (vol. i. p. 441). Another *sop!* The ministry at home—reluctantly, but in deference to Sir James's advice—consented, though with a significant hint at the ill success

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of all his former attempts. The mediation came to nothing—the hostility to England of the Empress increased—Prince Potemkin, upon whom Sir James Harris had always reckoned as a fast friend, grew colder and colder, and at last the King of Prussia, who had not a cock-boat in the world, was received into the *Armed Neutrality*.

In spite of all this, Sir James is still so willing to hope, that when he announces to his government (21st June, 1782) as a most important secret 'that the Empress has ordered every ship she possesses to be collected and got ready for sea as soon as possible,' he states his conviction that this is done with a determination

'in case the Dutch should continue to refuse the offers we make them for peace, to support her mediation by a formidable armament. This intention is so profound a mystery that I am almost afraid of mentioning it even in cypher—not a soul knows it but those few who enjoy her Imperial Majesty's entire confidence, and all the good effects would be lost for ever if it was suspected that I knew it prematurely. I can indeed venture to give it you as the *most authentic information*.'—vol. i. p. 514.

This most important and authentic fact seems to have been a bottle of smoke, about which we hear nothing more, except that about six weeks after, Sir James incidentally informs his government that the Empress's thoughts had taken another direction. We ourselves do not believe that there was any such secret design—we doubt whether any such orders were given, and still more that they had any such object. If it was only to obtain such secrets as this—and this is, we think, the most important in the whole Russian correspondence—that Sir James tells us that he was obliged to spend large sums of secret service money, we think he had but a bad bargain; and in general we are strongly inclined to believe, and Sir James Harris's experience seems to corroborate our opinion, that money paid in this way to spies and traitors is, besides all other objections to the practice, *worse than thrown away*. We suspect that nine times in ten this dearly bought intelligence is only what the adversary wishes to deceive us with, and would be for the most part best employed by being taken *au contrepied*—in reverse of whatever it professes.

Sir James Harris seems to us to have been inclined to assign too much importance to this mode of influence; for instance, he asked and obtained leave to bribe 'the only person whom Prince Potemkin admits to his entire confidence' (meaning, we presume, his namesake, Major-General Potemkin)—i. 316, and from him he obtains a string of vague and, as they seem to us, valueless common-places; on which Sir James says that—

'What he said was so perfectly conformable to what *I see*, and agrees so well with what *I know*, that I trust your Grace will not think the money entirely flung away.'—vol. i. p. 310.

We

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We have seldom read a more palpable *non sequitur*. It seems to us that the Secretary of State might rather have concluded that the money *had* been flung away, as it produced no more than Sir James himself already *saw* and *knew*. Within a fortnight after this friendly confidence of the Favourite's agent, the *Armed Neutrality* was proclaimed; and Sir James Harris was forced to write home,—

'I submit it to your Lordship's judgment and opinion to decide whether it would not be infinitely important for his Majesty's service that I should be removed from hence,' &c.—vol. i. p. 317.

It may appear over-bold in us to question such high authority, but we must confess that we cannot attribute so much as Sir James Harris does of his ill-success to the bribes of his antagonists:—

'Your Lordship can have no idea of the height to which corruption is carried in this country, of the exorbitancy of the demands, or the barefacedness with which they are made. The French, the Dutch, and even the Prussian ministers, are most profuse in this article; and the first has, I am certain, expended (*to very little purpose indeed*) vast sums since his arrival. The Duke of Courland spends 20,000*l.* here [in bribes], and may boast of having amongst his pensioners Count Panin [Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and almost Prime Minister], Count Czernicheff [Minister of Marine], and Count Osterman [Minister, we believe, of the Interior].'—vol. i. p. 370.

And again:—

'I am happy to find that it does not appear that I fling away too much of the public money in obtaining *necessary* intelligence.' [We do not find that he ever by these means obtained any worth a penny.] 'The lavishness of the French, and even of the Prussian party, is beyond conception, and their profusion will, I fear, make me appear very extravagant. The Empress herself sets the example: she gave Prince Potemkin the other day, *for no reason in the world*, 40,000*l.* sterling; and so spoilt is this singular man, that he scarcely considered the sum worth thanks.'

The idea that 'the Empress sets foreign powers the example' of bribing her ministers, because she rewards one of her own personal favourites, is somewhat singular: but, after having just said that there was '*no reason in the world*' for this liberality, Sir James proceeds:

'It is remarkable that, in the *Ukase* on the Treasury [the warrant for the gift to Potemkin], it is set forth that her Imperial Majesty makes Prince Potemkin this gratification for the assistance he has given her in perfecting the Armed Neutrality. He himself insisted on this notorious falsehood being inserted, in order to prevent, on some future day, any suspicions of his having been *bribed by us* [*sic*]: his character is strongly marked by this trait.'—*ib.* p. 405.

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We admit 'the trait marks character,' but we think it is Sir James Harris's more than Prince Potemkin's. Our baffled minister cannot be persuaded that Potemkin deceived him in the matter of the Armed Neutrality; and though there is a document publishing to all the empire that Potemkin was rewarded by his sovereign with 40,000*l.* for perfecting that convention, Harris insists that the money was given *for no reason in the world*, and that Potemkin himself procured his sovereign to insert this notorious falsehood in a public document to 'prevent future suspicions that he was *bribed by us*.' We ask *whose* suspicions were the Empress and her Favourite thus guarding against—and for what could he have been suspected of being *bribed by us?* If the Armed Neutrality had failed, Potemkin might have been suspected by the Empress of having been '*bribed by us;*' but the establishment of the Armed Neutrality having, on the contrary, struck a deadly blow at us, we do not comprehend anything in this entire story, but that Sir James Harris was so mortified at the success of the Armed Neutrality, and the additional affront of Catherine's giving Potemkin a public reward for having perfected it, that he blinded himself to the inconsistencies of his statements, and to the true causes of his defeat.

Indeed, for so clever a man, Sir James seems to have been strangely prone to take narrow and exclusive views of the policy of other courts, and to assume that whatever he did not approve of must be the result of corruption, prejudice, or folly.

It is hardly worth while at this time of day to revive so obsolete a subject; but as it is the essence of the volume that we are reviewing, it may not be superfluous to remark, that we cannot concur with Sir James in his vehement censures of the evasive and temporising policy of the Empress. When we now look back calmly and dispassionately at the events of that day, we can see very good reasons why Russia—even if she had really been well disposed towards us—might have hesitated and ultimately declined to assist us in the complicated difficulties of our then position. Of these there are two so obvious and so important, that we need look no farther: the first, the unpopularity, the impolicy—not to say the injustice of our quarrel with America;—and secondly, the very rational doubt whether the intervention of Russia could have been of any essential advantage to us that would have compensated the expense and risk to herself. Unless she had entered —*à corps perdu* and as a principal—into the war, she could not have much changed its general aspect;—and we doubt whether her most active co-operation would have enabled us to subdue the Colonies. But, in fact, as Sir James Harris subsequently saw (ii. 27, 29), the Empress had no desire to stop hostilities in the western world,—quite the reverse. Her own objects in Poland, Crim Tartary, and Turkey, could, she felt, be best managed while the

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the maritime powers were thus exhausting and endangering each other. This, which is the obvious and sufficient key of her whole conduct, does not seem to have struck Sir James Harris, though it was suggested to him by Lord Stormont, in January, 1782. That suggestion, however, is not further noticed, and the whole of Sir James Harris's transactions in Russia seem to us to have been nothing but a series of delusion on his part, and deception on that of the Empress and her ministers. The only portion therefore of this correspondence that has now, in our opinion, any interest, is the personal views that are given of the remarkable characters who in that day figured at the Court of Russia,—and even these have been anticipated by the graphic and vivid pencil of the Prince de Ligne,* whose brilliant portraits of Catherine and Potemkin, so familiar to every reader, are, however highly coloured, substantially justified by the soberer and more business-like estimates of Harris.

Of course the first figure is the great Empress herself, who united a masculine understanding with womanish passions, and a singular dignity of mind as well as of deportment with the indulgence of the lowest personal profligacy. The facts themselves are hardly more disgusting than the total indifference with which they seem to have been looked on by both the court and the country, and the *nonchalance* with which the foreign ministers speculated on this continuous change of favourites. The influence of Potemkin, and in a less degree that of Orloff, survived the guilty intimacy; and one of the main rivalries of the after-life of those two princes was the selection and artful production of new candidates for the 'attention,' as it was delicately phrased, of their mistress. There was always a favourite *en titre*, who had apartments, appointments, and attendants attached to *the office;* but the frequent change of these official paramours did not prevent still more frequent indulgences of the fickle and excursive sensuality of the northern Messalina. These changes and the *tracasseries* they produced used to affect the temper of Catherine for the moment, and the Court would be in a state of agitation and confusion till the new aspirant was fairly installed;—but it does not seem that these deplorable weaknesses had any influence on her public conduct, or that she ever allowed any *mere favourite* to influence her policy, except indeed in the indirect way of straitening her finances by the prodigality with which she repaid their services, and in the cases of one or two hot-headed youths, purchased a resignation, which some how she seemed afraid to exact. Sir James Harris states (i. 496), that no less

* See his letters, published by Madame de Staël. It seems odd that Sir James Harris, who was at St. Petersburg during the Prince's first visit, merely mentions his name incidentally, but takes no notice of that very remarkable person.

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than a million of roubles were expended within each year since he had been at that Court, in 'the *leave-taking presents*' given on the dismissal of these successive minions.

We find in these papers 'a memorandum of the donations of Catherine II. to her favourites, considered by Sir James Harris as correct,'—correct it may be as far as it goes, but Sir James's preceding correspondence proves that it does not contain all the items of this strange account:—

'The family of Prince *Orloff* has received since 1762, down to this date, 1783,—47 thousand peasants,* and 17 millions [of roubles, no doubt] in jewels, plate, palaces, and money.

'*Wasiltzschikoff*, a lieutenant in the Guards, received in his twenty-two months of favour 100,000 roubles in money; 50,000 in jewels; a palace furnished at an expense of 100,000 roubles; 50,000 in plate; 7,000 peasants in Russia, a pension of 20,000; the riband of St. Alexander, and the Key of Chamberlain.

'*Potemkin* in two years of favour received 37,000 peasants in Russia, and in jewels, palace, plate, pensions, 9,000,000; all possible ribands, and was created a prince of the Holy Roman Empire of three generations ago.†

'*Savodowsky*, a native of the Ukraine, received, in eighteen months of favour, 6,000 peasants in the Ukraine, 2000 in Poland, and 1800 in Russia; 80,000 [roubles] in jewels, 150,000 in plate, and a secret service pension of 10,000; the Blue Riband of Poland, and the Chamberlain's Key in Russia.

'*Zaritz*, a Servian, was only one year in favour, and received an estate in Poland of the value of 500,000 roubles; in Livonia 50 haacks of land worth 100,000, in ready money 500,000, in jewels 200,000; a commandery in Poland of 12,000 a-year, and from being a major of dragoons became at once a major-general. The King of Sweden gave him the Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword, and the King of Poland the riband of the White Eagle.

'*Korsakoff*, a Russian subaltern,‡ was sixteen months in favour, and received in presents 150,000 roubles; and on his dismissal 4000 peasants in Poland, 100,000 roubles to pay his debts, 100,000 for travelling equipage, and 2000 roubles a month for travelling expenses; the palace that had been Wasiltzschikoff's; the rank of Major-General, the Key of Chamberlain, the Polish riband, &c. &c.

'*Landskoy*,—a Russian, one of the Horse Guards,—diamonds of 80,000 roubles; 30,000 to pay his debts; his sister and cousin maids of honour; still in favour.'—vol. ii. p. 57.

* The value of landed estates is estimated by the number of peasants that inhabit and cultivate them. The *rouble* was in those days worth near 3*s.* 6*d.*—or about six to the pound sterling. See, as to the number of Orloff's peasants, the note to p. 510, *ante*.

† *Depuis trois générations passées.* The editor should have given an explanation of this curious phrase. Its meaning is, that the precedence conferred on Potemkin was antedated, as if the creation had been of his great-grandfather.

‡ *Bas officier*—which in general means a lower rank than what we call *subaltern*, and Korsakoff was not a gentleman. His real name was *Korsak*, but as that was too vulgar a name, it was, on his promotion, expanded into *Korsakoff*.

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The profligacy and prodigality of Charles II. and Louis XV. were in themselves less flagrant than those of Catherine; but, considering the difference of sexes, and the other circumstances of the case, the misconduct of the latter was incomparably the most scandalous and disgraceful; and, notwithstanding her great qualities, would probably not have been tolerated, if the example of the Empress Elizabeth—whose memory was popular, and in other respects deservedly so—had not accustomed the narrow circle of the Russian public of those days to these imperial frailties. That there were some who thought of applying to Catherine the only check which the old Russian constitution* afforded against the abuse of sovereign power, and which she herself had employed against her husband, is hinted in the following paragraph of one of Sir James Harris's letters:—

'The interior of this court is one continued scene of intrigue, debauchery, iniquity, and corruption. The Grand Duke [Paul, afterwards Emperor] and Duchess may be excepted from any share; they live in great harmony together, and interfere in nothing. I wish, sooner or later, he may not be tempted to take advantage of the confused state of things, and attempt a project which certainly would prove fatal to him. I know evil spirits are not wanting to excite him to it.'

This Grand Duke, who at this early period was an amiable and honourable exception to the profligacy of the court, was destined—probably from physical disorder of mind—to fall into extravagances which brought down upon him the fate which Harris feared might be in preparation for his mother. We shall close this melancholy subject with an awful picture of retributive justice.

On the 15th of November, 1782, Sir James Harris acquaints the Secretary of State, Lord Grantham, that,—

'A dark cloud has been cast over the course of ambition and glory that the Empress seemed to be so prosperously running..... A most unfortunate accident to Prince Orloff, who is returned to this capital after an absence of a few months, in a state of perfect insanity; this impresses

* We ourselves once heard a Russian of high rank—in a room where the Emperor Alexander was present, but not within hearing—say, that 'the bowstring was the *Magna Charta* of Russia;' and defend it, not merely as the only check which a despotic government afforded, but as the wisest and most humane, where the *one* guilty person suffers instead of such slaughter and miseries as the revolutions, rebellions, and civil wars of Western Europe have for centuries inflicted on millions. The paradox itself was startling, but still more so from the very peculiar circumstances in which it was uttered. We trust that a few enlightened, virtuous, and civilizing reigns like those of Alexander and Nicholas—two of the best sovereigns that ever blessed any country—may have the effect of exterminating all such barbarian ideas and practices; but when we read of the occasional severity of punishments for political offences in Russia—such, for instance, as that of Trubetskoi and Co., which we noticed a few numbers since—we should in fairness recollect that even now political conspiracies are likely to be of a far deeper die, and to aim at more atrocious purposes in that country than in other parts of Europe.

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her with the deepest concern, and it should appear that at no period of her life were her feelings so strongly and painfully moved as by this melancholy event which has befallen her earliest favourite, and a man who at all times has been the first object of her affections, if not of her passions. Her conduct has been one of the most boundless regard, carried even to weakness. She absolutely forbids any harsh methods to be employed, rejects all ideas of confinement or discipline, and hoping, against all precedent, to restore him by gentleness and indulgence, she suffers him not only to visit and be visited, but admits him at all hours and in all dresses, whether she is alone, in company, or engaged in the most important concerns, to her presence. His situation of mind when he is there, his wild and incoherent discourse, even affect her to tears, and discompose her so entirely that for the remainder of the day she can enjoy neither pleasure nor business. She is sometimes exposed to hear the most unwelcome of all language; and a few nights ago he exclaimed of a sudden, that remorse and compunction of conscience had deprived him of his senses, and that the share he had in a *transaction long since past* [the murder of Peter III.] had brought down on him the judgment of Heaven. Your lordship may easily guess to what a cruel recollection such expressions in his mouth must give rise, and how intimately connected the tranquillity of her conscience must be with that of his; but, however these ungrateful subjects may embitter the moments she passes in her closet, their influence does not stop the progress of public business or that of her ambitious pursuits.'—vol. ii. p. 11.

Sir James Harris, baffled in all his objects, dispirited, and out of health, had, as we have seen, pressed to be recalled, and was so, by Mr. Secretary Fox, in the autumn of 1783—with an offer, which was accepted, of early employment at the Hague. The Coalition ministry, however, was dissolved almost as soon as Sir James arrived in England, and before his appointment to the Hague could take place. He now for the first time had an opportunity of taking a part in domestic politics; and we may as well take this occasion of endeavouring to develope something of his parliamentary history, and to discover what really were his political principles, as between parties at home, which the Editor leaves, we think, in some kind of doubt.

All that his lordship tells us on this point is comprised in half-a-dozen lines. Talking of the year 1784, he says—

'Sir James Harris had been since 1770 member for the borough of Christchurch, from which the Treasury, under Lord North's former Government, had in vain tried to expel him, although he served it abroad, and his opinions were decidedly those of the Whigs of that time. He had the strongest personal admiration and friendship for Fox, and now supported him in the House of Commons, and voted for him at his famous Westminster Election.'—vol. i. p. xii.

We wonder the noble editor should state so coolly that Sir James was member for Christchurch during fourteen years—being all the

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the while resident at foreign courts. But this was not the case.* He was, during his absence at Madrid, returned for that borough in 1770, when a seat was vacated by Lord Grantham's elevation to the peerage: but we suppose he was only a *locum-tenens;* and at the general election of 1774, Hermes Harris had for colleague, not his son, but Mr. Hyde Villiers. The two Harrises were returned together in 1780.

Again, that Sir James Harris had always been a *Whig,* in its original meaning of a friend to Revolution principles and the Hanover succession, may be quite true—so were Lord North and Mr. Pitt, and all the ministers—not even excepting Lord Bute—of the last century; but, with the meaning the term had towards the close of the American war begun to assume, it would be hardly accurate to designate Lord North or Mr. Pitt, or their followers, as Whigs; and at the period in question we should, for sundry reasons, conclude that Sir James Harris must have been considered not a *Whig,* in the then meaning of the term, but a well-wisher to the existing ministry—first, because they employed him: secondly, because they gave him the red riband—such favours are, we admit, sometimes conferred upon political opponents, but not often: thirdly, his father was in office—in 1762 a Lord of the Admiralty, in 1763 a Lord of the Treasury—in 1774, and till his death, in 1780, Secretary and Comptroller to the Queen, and a personal favourite, as we have heard, with George III.—it is very unlikely that his son should, in these latter years, have been a known partisan of Mr. Fox: fourthly, he writes to his father, on the 27th of May, 1778, that he imputes a great deal of the irresolution of the English government, and the consequent loss of character on the Continent, 'to the *virulence and inconsiderate conduct of the Opposition*' (vol. i. p. 199)—a phrase that a follower of Mr. Fox would scarcely have used: fifthly, the first letter addressed to him by Mr. Fox, as Secretary of State, is not at all consistent with the supposition that their early college friendship had been continued and cemented by a community of political and party feeling:—

'The intimacy which formerly subsisted between us, and which has been interrupted only by the accidents which have separated us, and not by any ill-will on either side, will, I trust, make it not disagreeable to you to correspond with me.'—*Mr. Fox to Sir J. Harris, 2nd April,* 1782, vol. i. p. 493.

We are therefore satisfied that the noble editor is incorrect as

* See p. 126 of the 'Parliaments of England from 1st George I. to the Present Time,' by Henry Stooks Smith, vol. i. part i.—Bedfordshire to Hampshire inclusive. London, 12mo., 1844. We hope this neat compilation may be encouraged and completed. It would form an indispensable part of every historical library.

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to the period at which Sir James Harris became a Whig of Mr. Fox's peculiar school. We strongly suspect that his political leanings were affected by something that occurred with reference to the Christchurch election in January, 1781, occasioned by his father's death; and we think it is pretty clear that his special adherence to Mr. Fox did not take place till about the dissolution of the second Rockingham administration, when we find Sir James Harris writing to Mr. Fox, under the date of 2nd August, 1782, that, if not immediately recalled, he will resign; and adding—

'I am desirous of having an opportunity of convincing you of *the sincerity of what I now write.* Whether you return to power or remain unemployed, I shall be equally proud and happy to call myself your *friend* and *follower*.'—vol. i. p. 523.

This letter seems to have been in cypher, and Fox had not the means of getting it decyphered for some months, and only answered it on his second return to the Foreign Office, 11th April, 1783, alleging, amongst other reasons for his delay, that it seemed to ask advice [on the point of resignation, no doubt] which he was reluctant to give in the then doubtful prospect of political events (vol. ii. p. 40).—But however all this may be, it is clear that Sir James Harris, on his arrival in London towards the close of 1783, joined the Coalition-opposition, though he seems not to have been a very constant attender in the House of Commons; for we find by letters to him from his brother-in-law, Sir Gilbert Elliot, that he was not present at two most important divisions, in one of which his party had a majority of only seven, and in the other of only *one*. Sir Gilbert Elliot had, like Sir James Harris, married a daughter of Sir George Cornewall; and he seems to have been, from first to last, of the same political sentiments.

In the autumn of 1784, as soon as Mr. Pitt had time to turn his thoughts to foreign affairs, he confirmed the nomination which Mr. Fox had made, or intended to make, of Sir James Harris to the Hague. The chief object, both of Mr. Fox and subsequently of Mr. Pitt, in this mission, we shall give in the clear summary of the noble Editor:—

'To banish the harsh feelings retained by the Dutch republic towards England, after the severe lessons we had taught her during the last war; and that the English party, which were identified with the Stadtholder, might recover from the *Patriots* [as they impudently called themselves] and the French faction the ascendancy they had lost. The Bourbons were still playing the blind and desperate game against us in Holland which they had successfully tried in America, and encouraged the Dutch democrats with money and promises to establish a pure republic independent of the Stadtholder. They hoped thus to render the States a French province. Our object was to fortify the national independence

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pendence of Holland under its ancient constitution, and recover her friendship and alliance. *In this trial of skill we were completely victorious, mainly owing to the boldness and ability of Sir James Harris, who may be said to have created, fostered, and matured a counter-revolution in the States*, which restored to the Stadtholder his power—to England her ally—and left nothing for the King of France but the deeper infection of those dangerous doctrines which his ministers, in their eagerness to spread them amongst his enemies, received into the vitals of his kingdom, to burst forth for its destruction in 1789. History affords no instance of a political retribution so rapid and so crushing.'—vol. ii. p. 66.

This is generally correct; but we hesitate to accede implicitly to the amiable partiality which assigns to England and to Sir James Harris a much larger share in the actual success of the Stadtholderate cause than we think the proofs afforded by his own dispatches warrant. The editor quotes, with pride, the compliments paid to the address, sagacity, and zeal of his grandfather by one of the founders of, and earliest contributors to, this Review—Mr. George Ellis,—in an account of the Dutch Revolution, published anonymously in 1789; but he does not tell us that Mr. Ellis composed this little work in Lord Malmesbury's house, and under his eye, and probably under his dictation; and we can easily imagine that it was Lord Malmesbury himself who brought to Mr. Ellis's notice the complimentary invective of Mirabeau, who, in relating the transaction in his '*Cour de Berlin*,' calls our minister '*ce rusé et audacieux Harris*.' We confess we were under the same pleasing misapprehension until—just as in the preceding case of Russia—Sir James's own dispatches have come to attenuate very seriously his supposed share in the triumph.

The duties Sir James had to perform on this mission were very peculiar, and such as foreign ministers are very seldom charged with: he had to act not so much as the interpreter of the sentiments of one sovereign to another, as to help the Stadtholder in fomenting, extending, and maintaining a *party* amongst his own subjects. It may, we think, be fairly doubted whether the object pursued, and still more whether the means employed, by Sir James Harris, were within the strict limits of legitimate diplomacy. The best defence for his proceeding is, that he entered on an arena into which our antagonists the French had been previously invited by those who had usurped the government, and we only imitated their example, though in the opposite direction.

Backed by the ancient and more general disposition of Holland in favour of a Stadtholder—by the dread of France—by the influence of England—by a good many of her guineas, and by expensive hospitality—(for which Sir James requested and obtained an extra

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extra compensation*)—he no doubt became, as he describes himself, a considerable '*chef de parti*;' and we dare say kept alive the hopes, and perhaps may have consolidated the force, of the Stadtholder's party;—but with no great *direct* benefit to the cause. He complains that all those who were the most interested abandoned him, and of none does he more complain than of the Prince of Orange himself, whom he describes as very low in every quality that his position required:—

'He is neither animated by the spirit of the people and assurances of his friends, nor alarmed at the manifest designs of his enemies; and he beholds, with the same callous insensibility, the distress of the republic, his own approaching disgrace, and the inevitable ruin which threatens his family.'—vol. ii. p. 99.

Sometimes these complaints take even a more serious and ominous form, which we know not how to interpret:—

'It is impossible to see, without being hurt even to dejection, the want of energy and vigour of mind in the Prince of Orange. Such a man never can win at any game; and unless a *sleeping potion* [a strange remedy for want of energy] be administered to him, total ruin must follow. This unpleasant disorder in the state is like the toothache—incurable, unless by *drawing the tooth*.'—*ib.* p. 97.

And the motive of these strange suggestions—which savour so strongly of the *Russian* school—seems to have been that the Prince was reluctant to adopt the violent measures suggested to him by Sir James Harris:—

'Would the Stadtholder suffer himself to be directed, ... and were the friends of the Prince assured of a support, I have little doubt that the *patriotic* body would soon dissolve itself, or become an easy victim to a *short popular insurrection*.'—*ib.* p. 105.

'The only possible means of serving the House of Orange, and of saving the country from falling into the hands of France, is to oppose the violence of the ruling party *by violence*.'—*ib.* p. 169.

We have no doubt that the aspect of affairs was very variable, but we confess we wonder that the views of a man of Sir James Harris's experience and local knowledge should have been so widely inconsistent and fluctuating as they sometimes appear; for within a few weeks we find him alternately sanguine and despondING, and in the end equally deceived by his fears as by his hopes. He writes to the Secretary of State, Lord Carmarthen:—

* Sir James states that at the close of his Russian mission he had diminished his private fortune by 20,000*l.* Clever men make strange calculations occasionally. No man, the most romantically disinterested, could be expected to make any such sacrifice; and Sir James seems to have been not at all romantic on such matters. We see that having in Holland the superior emoluments of an *ambassador*, he condescended to ask compensation from the *secret service* of the Foreign Office, for some extra dinners which he thought himself obliged to give.

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'3 *Feb.*, 1786.

'It is needless, I trust, to say, that I can do nothing in favour of the Stadtholder. Besides the *no-weight* of an English minister here, the Prince himself has put it out of my power to assist him, by the infinite pains he takes to declare that he has no relation or connexion with me.' —vol. ii. p. 185.

And again— '24 *Feb.*, 1786.

'I am unalterable in my opinion of what will happen relative to the Stadtholder. The Faction wait in hopes to force him to consent to their terms, and to make the subversion of the Stadtholderate his own act and deed.'—*ib.* p. 187.

'31 *March.*

'The Stadtholder *had* a party; but as he did not know how to use it, it cannot be supposed that he can restore it from its ashes.'—*ib.* p. 194.

'7 *April.*

'The Faction are greatly elated and confident in their strength. They will proceed without loss of time in the execution of their plan, which I have little doubt will end in the total subversion of the Stadtholderate.' —*ib.* p. 196.

All, it seems, was lost; yet in little more than a month from this period of despondency Sir James Harris becomes, without any good reason that we can see, equally sanguine. Our readers will recollect that these affairs were decided in the States-General by the votes of each of the seven provinces, and the struggle was for the majority. From the beginning the Stadtholder's party had the voices of *three*—Zealand, Friesland, and Gelderland—the other four, Utrecht, Overssyel, Groningen, and Holland, with the city of Amsterdam, being the hostile majority. Sir James had cast off his despair, and now hoped to break down this majority.

'13 *June*, 1786.

'From the state of the provinces, there is every reason to expect that they will warmly concur with the Prince and Zealand. Amsterdam, if properly managed, will certainly go with us.'—vol. ii. p. 204.

And this he repeats still more strongly in a subsequent dispatch:

'23 *June*, 1786.

'Four provinces, and I trust the town of Amsterdam, are ready to co-operate with the Prince, under the influence of England, to restore the constitutional government of this Republic; and it scarce admits a doubt, that if the Stadtholder will join us, that we shall drive the Pensionaries [leaders of the adverse party] from their strongholds, and wrest the administration from their hands.'—vol. ii. p. 205.

But when the crisis came, all these prospects were found to be utter delusion; and so entirely were his hopes deceived and his exertions fruitless, that he is forced to confess in a dispatch of the 10th Sept., that he

'—— scarce now sees a ray of hope left within the country itself, or any province where we can expect a systematic conduct, except that of Gelderland.

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Gelderland. Groningen and Overyssel are *irrevocably gone*. Utrecht I am satisfied will remain no longer attached to the Stadtholder than they want him. In Friesland the majority of the States are unfavourably disposed; and even Zealand [which had been so zealous as to offer to annex herself to England] has swerved from her allegiance.'—vol. ii. p. 237.

His own direct measures were equally unfortunate. In June, 1786, he drew up a memorial to the States, in which, with more of the *audacieux* than of the *rusé*, he disavows in the name of his Britannic Majesty all intention of *interfering in their domestic concerns* (his whole mission having been employed with nothing else), but expresses a wish that the ancient Constitution should be preserved. His memorial, he says, makes the *desired* impression, and he states (18th July) that he is endeavouring to influence the other States to adopt the favourable answer which Zealand was resolved to give it. On the 25th he still writes in spirits:—

'I have only to say, that everything is prepared [for obtaining a favourable answer] in the manner mentioned in my last dispatch; and unless the Faction produce some counter-operation to-morrow, when the States of Holland meet—(which we do not expect)—there is every reason to hope that we shall *carry every thing with a high hand*.'—*ib.* p. 213.

Alas! they carried nothing,—nay, they lost every thing. The States of Holland—put on their mettle by these intrigues, so very inconsistent with Sir James's public declaration—took the bold and extreme measure of depriving the Stadtholder of the command of the garrison of the Hague. This blow, equally fatal to the Stadtholder's power and insulting to his honour, and which alarmed every one else, Sir James Harris, whose interference seems to have provoked it, consoles himself with thinking no disadvantage at all, 'because so violent an outrage will irritate all moderate men, and will not place the Stadtholder in a worse light than he stood before.' So fondly will even the ablest mind seek and find excuses and palliations for its own miscalculations.

Not one of the numerous projects or measures proposed by Sir James Harris during this long struggle seems to us, as far as we can understand the dispatches, to have produced any permanent good. It is curious enough that the step most favourable to the Stadtholder in the whole series—the vote of the *States-General* in May, 1786 (by the union of Zealand, Friesland, Gelderland, and Utrecht), to exert their supreme authority over that assumed by the *factious* States of Holland, was taken while Sir James Harris was absent in England—whither he had been called to consult with our Cabinet. He seems to have got back the day after this—'the most decisive step yet taken'—had passed; and unluckily, within a fortnight after his return, strengthened with the approbation and authority of his own Cabinet,—the *Factious* recovered their majority in the States, and rescinded that important

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important resolution. It is true that Sir James did make a very able, and in part, successful effort to repair this check, and recover the vote of Utrecht which had been lost; but while he was thus employed, more important events supervened, and at last the crowning success came unexpectedly, by accidents over which he had no control, and from a quarter whence he the least expected it—to use a quotation of his own on a less apposite occasion—

——— 'Via prima salutis,
Quod minimè reris, Graiâ pandetur ab urbe.'

The Stadtholder, his wife and family, had been forced to quit the Hague and retire to Nimeguen, where, wearied, as she well might be, with all these idle and vacillating proceedings, the Princess of Orange, whose courage, talents, and strength of mind had been conspicuous throughout these transactions, communicated to Sir James Harris and the heads of the Orange party a proposal that she should come secretly and suddenly to the Hague, and *place herself at the head of the party*. This, from all Sir James's preceding dispatches, we should expect to have met his warmest concurrence;—but it was not so,—he doubted,—he 'saw room at least for reflection; but as the Dutch leaders did not hesitate a moment in giving it their approbation, he felt it out of his power to refuse his to a measure of such uncommon magnanimity and spirit.' He only begged that the Princess's messenger, M. de Hogendorp, 'would give her a faithful account of the situation of things—not depreciating her adversaries, nor overrating her friends; and if *after this* she *still* remained of the same opinion, it would be impossible for her to doubt their straining every nerve to assist her.'—ii. 323. This, if not absolutely throwing cold water on the proposition, was at least a disclaimer on the part of Sir James of confidence in or any responsibility for the result.

The Princess, however, set out,—but though her journey had been arranged with the greatest secrecy, she was arrested by a detachment of the Free Corps (a kind of National Guard created by the Patriots), and conveyed to a small town, called Schoonhoven, where she was kept in custody, and under a strong guard. Though Sir James met this misfortune with apparent fortitude, and suggested to his Dutch friends bolder and more decisive measures than they ventured to adopt, he was in truth altogether dispirited by it. He writes to Lord Carmarthen:—

'*29th June.*

'The event which has happened oversets our whole plan; and the conduct of the States-General exposes me to such a wretched prospect of what is to be expected from them in the hour of trial, that almost every hope vanishes. I greatly fear that we must look on the disease as incurable, and confess our party here to be struck with a political palsy, from which no assistance we can afford will be equal to recover it.'—vol. ii. p. 328.

And

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And again,—

'*Check to the Queen*, and, in a move or two, check mate, is I fear the state of our game. Politics have often vexed, but never angered me till now. . . Your kind praises for what I did to recover our lost ground in the States-General were very grateful to me, my dear Lord. I hope you and your colleagues will not ultimately measure my merits by my success; if you do, I may end my days in the Tower.'—vol. ii. p. 328.

This is the state in which, so far as Sir James Harris was directly engaged, he left the Dutch revolution—he had utterly and entirely failed in everything he had attempted—he was now neither *rusé* nor *audacieux*—and nothing certainly could be more distant than *his* prospect of success. Yet it was close at hand, and Lord Carmarthen in his reply anticipates it. He writes with pleasantry and sagacity:—

'*Whitehall*, 3*rd July*, 1787.

'My dear Harris,—Don't be so disheartened by a *check to the Queen*—let her be covered by *the Knight* and all 's safe. Seriously, I am sorry for any thing so unpleasant happening to the Princess, whose character so highly deserves a better fate: the event, however, may still be productive of good. If the King [of Prussia], her brother, be not the dirtiest and shabbiest of kings, he must resent it, *coûte qui coûte*.'—*ib.* p. 329.

Sir James Harris had been through his whole mission complaining of the conduct of Prussia, and impressing on our Cabinet that Prussia was really playing the game of France, and even on this occasion he seems never to have looked in that direction for assistance. Yet thence it came—and it seems to us that the policy of the Prussian court was (in spite of the severe censures of Sir James Harris's *amour propre blessé*) wise and prudent. It prepared itself for the emergency by collecting, on other pretences, an army in the Duchy of Cleves, and waited till some event should occur to justify an interference that we are satisfied it all along contemplated. We have little doubt that the Princess's adventurous journey towards the Hague was made in concert with her brother, who would naturally expect that out of it—whatever turn it might take—something would arise which would justify his active interference in support of so near a relative. It happened, as the King of Prussia probably calculated, and as Sir James Harris did not—an insult was offered—his interference became decent—his army was at hand—and under the command of the Duke of Brunswick entered and overran Holland, and restored the Stadtholderate. . . . . .

In thus questioning, contrary to our own antecedent opinions, the extent to which Sir James Harris's diplomacy is entitled to claim so largely, indeed so *exclusively*, the merit of having brought about this revolution, we perform what we consider a duty dictated to us by the most attentive consideration that we have been able

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able to bestow on the evidence furnished by these dispatches. But let us not be misunderstood—we do not question the zeal, the boldness, the diligence, and the other diplomatic talents of Sir James Harris, which on this occasion were rewarded by the Government which he served with a peerage—nor do we doubt that without his exertions the Stadtholder's party could probably not have been kept together, nor the unequal struggle prolonged to the tardy occasion which brought it to so fortunate a result. We question not the merits of Sir James Harris, but the degree of their practical efficacy in this case.

Indeed we are inclined to think that the power of deception usually attributed to diplomatists is seldom so successfully employed as in *deceiving themselves*. Sir Henry Wotton's ambiguous definition of an ambassador as 'one sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country' is an ancient truth, of which even diplomatists themselves are not unconscious, and we therefore believe that they very seldom impose upon each other; but we suspect that they do sometimes egregiously deceive themselves, especially in the estimate they are apt to form of the importance and influence of diplomacy in public affairs. Diplomacy is a kind of telegraph—it lets you know what is doing at a distance, but has no share in the events it announces.

A minister at a foreign court is in one important respect unfavourably circumstanced. There are several ways in which he may do mischief, while the occasions in which his personal merits obtain any advantage are very rare. Ill manners, ill temper, indiscretion may embarrass affairs, alienate sovereigns, and embroil nations; but the contrary good qualities, though they—as Lord Stowell used to say of a parish dinner—*lubricate* business, will seldom if ever alter its essentials, or obtain any solid advantage that the other party is not, for other and more cogent reasons, disposed to concede. If Talleyrand had been the minister of Spain, and Godoy the minister of France, the abdication of Charles III. would have equally happened. It is the power of nations, and not the dexterity of envoys, that decides great questions. When the Abbé de Pradt called Buonaparte's diplomacy '*ruse doublée de force*'—trick *lined* with force—he knew very well that though all the world yielded to the force, no one was a dupe to the trick.

But there is another failing which we before alluded to as very general in diplomatists, and from which we think Sir James Harris was by no means exempt—we mean the exaggerating the importance of the matter which they happen to have in hand, and in looking at it exclusively from their own point of view. For example, in the whole of his long negociation with Russia we hardly remember an instance in which he recollects

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that that great empire could have any other interests than those connected with his own business—he seems to have looked on *his* negociations as a kind of tournament between him and Count Goertz or any other adversary, and that the Empress had nothing in the world to do but to sit as a mere umpire, to decide, not by any views or interests of her own, but on the dexterity of the English or Prussian champion. So when he reckoned Potemkin as a 'friend,' and Prussia as an 'enemy,' or *vice versâ*, and acted as if there could be any room for personal friendship or enmity in such affairs, and chose to forget that both were equally playing the parts assigned to them by their politic mistress and their official duties. So when he could discover no reason for Catherine's refusal to take part in the American war but the intrigues of France or Prussia—an obstinate delusion from which the Armed Neutrality and the invasion of Crim Tartary hardly awoke him to the real state of the case. And so in the Dutch affair, he seems to have found it difficult to conceive that Prussia could have any other possible reason for acting an ambiguous and cautious part than a predilection for France.

This kind of pre-occupation, if we may so call it, is perhaps not peculiarly remarkable in Sir James Harris—who was certainly one of the luminaries of his profession—but seems to us to affect in a certain degree all the dispatches we have ever seen from ministers *resident* at foreign courts—and more particularly prior to the French Revolution. We have long thought, and Lord Malmesbury's dispatches do not diminish our conviction, that the most empty and futile volumes that ever were penned are the records of the old diplomacy. The French Revolution has in this, as in so many other matters, made no trivial alteration. It has changed diplomatists from spies into sentinels, and has had the effect of creating a more general interest and copartnership, if we may use the expression, amongst the other nations of Europe, and of diminishing, in a considerable degree, the disposition to local jealousies, petty rivalries, and territorial aggressions. We believe that *all the Governments* of Europe—and all the *nations* (must we add—*except one?*) are satisfied with the *status quo*, and have as one common object the maintenance of general peace and things as they are. The diplomacy of the present day is perhaps not more astute or more able than that of the last century; but we suspect that it is more frank, more honest, more extensive in its views, and we are sure that it is higher, because more pacific in its objects.

On the 14th March, 1788, Sir James Harris was raised to the rank of Ambassador—an accession of dignity which was received with general satisfaction at the Hague, where his hospitality, as well as his political reputation and services, had rendered him

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him very popular; and on the 18th April, Mr. Pitt, in consequence of a complaint from some economical member of the increased expense to the public arising from this change of rank, produced in the House of Commons a treaty of alliance just negociated to replace those abrogated by the late war, which he had happened to receive at the moment; and he took that occasion to pronounce a panegyric on Sir James Harris's services and merits—little foreseeing how soon a new war was to annihilate this treaty, and with it the constitution, and even the national existence, of the United Provinces.

In May, 1788, Sir James Harris was recalled to England for a fortnight—by the King's commands—no doubt to be advised with and instructed on a treaty of alliance with Prussia, and probably with more especial reference to a visit which his Prussian Majesty was expected to make to the Court of Holland. On this occasion he received the personal commands of George III., and saw his Majesty, in his closet, write with his own hand a letter to the Princess of Orange, which, as being a kind of State Paper drawn up by the King himself, without the intervention of a minister, may interest our readers :—

'*St. James's, ce 6 Juin*, 1788.

'MADAME MA COUSINE,—Le retour du Chevalier Harris à la Haye me fournit l'occasion de vous renouveler les sentiments d'admiration que m'a inspiré votre conduite dans ces circonstances critiques. Heureusement le traité d'alliance avec les Provinces Unies a rétabli un système qui a toujours été avantageux aux deux pays, et vous me trouverez en tout temps prêt à resserrer ces liens par tout ce qu'on pourrait me proposer à cet effet qui ne serait contraire aux intérêts de ma couronne.

'Le Chevalier est mis en état de parler avec le Roi de Prusse, si Sa Majesté trouvait qu'il fût avantageux de dresser un traité d'alliance entre nos deux couronnes avant que de sonder d'autres puissances. Je vous prie d'être persuadée que je regarde l'alliance que j'ai fait avec le Roi votre frère, en ma qualité d'Electeur, comme un garant du maintien de la Constitution Germanique, et que je considérerai une alliance semblable entre nos deux couronnes comme un moyen d'obliger les cours de Vienne et de Versailles à désirer la continuation de la paix de l'Europe, et pour cet effet entre autres à travailler à une paix en Turquie.

'Je ne cesserai d'être,' &c. &c.

—vol. ii. p. 420.

In pursuance of the instructions thus received, Sir James took advantage of the anticipated visit to meet the King of Prussia at his arrival at Loo—to negociate at a ball—draw up during the remainder of the night, and sign early next morning (13th June), with the only minister the King had with him—a provisional treaty of alliance between England and Prussia, with a common

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guarantee for Holland—which was the foundation of a formal treaty of defensive alliance subsequently completed, and signed at Berlin, 13th August, 1788.

This affair seems to have been managed with great tact as well as decision by Sir James Harris, and was much facilitated by the communication of King George's autograph letter. One small circumstance is worth notice. Sir James was fearful that a Prussian gentleman named Stein, who had followed the King to Loo and was notoriously adverse to the English interest, might see the King before Sir James, and produce an unfavourable predisposition: upon which Sir James gave the valet-de-chambre who stood at his Majesty's closet-door, and whom he had known at Berlin, *a hundred ducats*—with a promise of as many more—if he would—on any pretence he could find—refuse M. Stein the *entrée* before next morning (vol. ii. p. 225). When Stein was admitted next morning, the treaty had been already signed.—'*Audacieux et rusé!*'

Soon after this (19th September, 1788), Sir James Harris was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Malmesbury. Sir Joseph Yorke, who had had twenty years' longer service, was announced in the same Gazette, but with one day's priority of date, Baron Dover. These volumes do not contain (except in the introductory biography, which barely states the fact) any allusion to this the most important event of his life; about which the circumstances that so soon followed it, have excited some curiosity. This peerage was almost the last public act of George III. before he was visited by his first great derangement; and the earliest mention we find of it in these volumes is a letter addressed by Mr. Fox to *Lord Malmesbury*, which is rather curious:—

'*St. James's, Nov.* 27, 1788.

'My dear Lord,—I hear a messenger is going to you; and, hurried as I am at this crisis, I take the first opportunity of letting you know that I think that your presence in England may be of exceeding service, whatever turn affairs may take. I am sure, *if they take the turn which I expect*, I should feel myself very much in want of your advice and assistance on some very important points.

'I am, very sincerely, yours ever,

—vol. ii. p. 433. 'C. J. Fox.'

This, our readers will recollect, was at the opening of the great Regency battles; and they will not fail to observe the hint of Mr. Fox's expectation that he was likely to again occupy the Foreign Office. We observe also, in a long subsequent letter (23rd July, 1793) of Lord Malmesbury to Mr. Pitt, that 'he much regretted the interruption of the intercourse between them in consequence of what passed at the regency,' and which Mr. Pitt had expressed a wish that it might be altogether forgotten. He certainly could hardly

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hardly have expected that so very soon after so great a favour from the King and the minister as the peerage, the new Lord would have hastened to take an active part with those who were considered the enemies of both, and were assuredly the enemies of the minister; and we know privately, what might be conjectured from the public circumstances, that Mr. Pitt thought that he had reason to complain of Lord Malmesbury's desertion on the Regency question. But without pretending to know the details of what may have passed between Mr. Pitt and Lord Malmesbury on this very peculiar occasion, we must, at least, say for Lord Malmesbury—that he had, as we have seen, professed political allegiance to Mr. Fox as early as 1783; that it appears, by papers in this collection, that he was a confidential friend of the Prince of Wales in 1785; and that therefore, as far as we are informed, there was no inconsistency in accepting, *salvâ amicitiâ*, the reward of public services from the minister, nor any ingratitude in thus adhering to the political friendships he had previously formed.

We know not whether it was this affair that rendered Lord Malmesbury less anxious to attend to his parliamentary duties, but we find that he visited the continent in the winter and spring of 1790-1, and some of his notes on the state of France, and particularly as to the assemblage of the emigrants on the Rhine, are not without some interest:—

'*Coblentz*, 20*th Oct.* 1791.

'The most steady and reasonable amongst them [the emigrants] appear to be the two Princes. Monsieur [Louis XVIII.] eminently deserves this character; and the Comte d'Artois [Charles X.] is very much reclaimed from that dissipated and flighty reputation he once possessed. They [the Emigrants] highly deserve compassion. They are in general brave and high-minded, and bring a much larger share of good humour and pleasantry into society than I believe any other nation in a similar situation would do. The two Princes, I repeat, are the most striking instances of this truth, and it is impossible to see them and the evenness of their temper and patience, without feeling anxious and interested about them. *They* are too wise to hope for immediate relief, and think but ill of the prospect they have before them; but they consider it their duty to keep up the spirits of their followers.'—vol. ii. p. 442.

Here closes the *Correspondence;* there then follows a Diary—curious enough, but too minute to be extracted—of the schism in the Whig party in 1793, in consequence of Mr. Fox's violent adhesion to the principles of the French revolution, by which it appears that Lords Loughborough and Malmesbury and Sir Gilbert Elliot had a larger share in effecting this secession than (as to the two latter, at least) we had been before aware of: but, as we have already hinted, when a man is telling his own

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own story, he and his friends fill a larger space than they do in the narratives of other parties. Burke's and Windham's papers would probably take much less notice of Malmesbury and Elliot than this diary does of *them*. It is, however, certain that Lord Malmesbury's part in these transactions was large, wise, disinterested, and influential. The most interesting of these notes is the detail, which we have not seen so full elsewhere, of a strong effort made by the moderate Whigs to avoid an open breach in their party by a general *coalition* with Mr. Pitt and his friends. This project was, we think, hopeless from the beginning—but was attempted, it seems, to satisfy the timidity and scruples of the Duke of Portland, who was equally reluctant to adhere to or to separate from Fox, and whose irresolution and incapacity for the position of head of a party—though really an honest, sensible, and well-judging man—these papers too abundantly prove. Pitt, it seems, did not negative a junction with Fox, nor was the King decidedly adverse; but they both thought that Fox, instigated by Grey and Sheridan, had gone too far in the French direction to be able to come into an administration which was pledged to anti-Gallican principles. Fox said 'he loved *coalitions*,' and seemed at moments willing to accede, but insisted, as a preliminary, that Pitt should resign the Treasury—a proposition so extravagant that none of the moderate Whigs countenanced it, and it may be fairly considered as the mode that Fox took for breaking off a negociation which—for very different reasons—he was conscious never could succeed.

The result was that Lords Loughborough, Carlisle, and Malmesbury, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, imitated Mr. Burke, in joining the Government at once—while the Duke of Portland, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Spencer, and some others, after a longer struggle between their sense of public duty and the imminence of public danger on the one hand, with their personal affection for Mr. Fox and an Englishman's reluctance to change his party, on the other—followed, in a few months, their example.

The first fruits of Lord Malmesbury's junction with Mr. Pitt was his appointment, in 1793, to a special mission to the court of Berlin, 'to prevent the King of Prussia withdrawing from the general alliance and plan of operation' (ii. 509); and with this announcement, but without any details of the mission, the volumes conclude.

We suppose that a further publication may be expected, which perhaps has been postponed from considerations of delicacy to persons still living. In doubt, therefore, whether we may have an early opportunity of continuing the subject, we are obliged—in order to complete our biographical account—to borrow the following scanty notes from the noble editor's Preface.

Lord

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Lord Malmesbury returned from his Berlin mission in 1794, having—as seems to have been his diplomatic destiny—failed in his object; but we must add, in justice to him, that we are satisfied no one could have succeeded.

In 1797 he was employed as plenipotentiary in the negociations at Lisle for a peace with the French Directory, and fortunately failed once more: and here again most assuredly any other minister must have equally failed.

In 1800 he was advanced to a viscounty and earldom in the British peerage.

In 1807 he was appointed lord-lieutenant of Hampshire and governor of the Isle of Wight.

He died on the 21st of November, 1820, after a most prosperous life—full of years and honours—the founder of a noble house—in high estimation for his public services, and beloved and respected in a remarkable degree by his family and friends.

We have already intimated our opinion that this publication will not add much to Lord Malmesbury's diplomatic reputation; but it is only fair to observe that the dispatches are presented to us with many intervals and *lacunæ*, which very much interrupt the march of the events, and present rather a piecemeal view of the minister's proceedings. One volume of important papers (often referred to) is altogether lost; and in the course of the correspondence, as now printed, we find frequent references and allusions to intermediate dispatches, which do not appear. If the series were full and complete, it is *possible* that we might receive a stronger impression than we now have of the influence of Lord Malmesbury on the final results of the transactions in which he was engaged. It is true that there is abundant evidence that successive Secretaries of State set a high value on his services; and not unjustly; for his activity and zeal are unquestionable; and he probably did as much as any one could have done in the circumstances—generally unpropitious—in which he was placed. Our opinion of the general inefficacy of his labours has been formed altogether on the evidence before us, of which we have extracted enough, in Lord Malmesbury's own words, to enable our readers to judge whether our inference is correct; or at least to induce them to examine the matter for themselves.

As to literary merit, the volumes have none at all. In his style, the son of the author of '*Hermes*' follows his father's example,* rather than his precepts. It is flat and ungrammatical; and, what is more surprising, sometimes vulgar '*to a degree!*'—to use one of his own slip-slop phrases: and we do

* Mr. Harris's style is flat and heavy, and Dr. Johnson observed to Mrs. Piozzi, that 'in the fourteen lines of which the dedication of the *Hermes* consists, there were no less than six grammatical faults.'—*Piozzi's Anecd.*, p. 6.

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not know that we ever read so many letters in which there was so little of that occasional ornament and *relief* which literature and wit can impart even to the driest business.

In his official character he displayed one great quality, and it was that to which no doubt he principally owed his reputation and his advancement: he was resolute and daring—his mind was vigorous, and his heart stout. He was no official automaton—he took his full share in the councils he had to execute, and, with a becoming spirit and self-confidence, courted rather than evaded responsibility. Over this firmness of purpose was spread a brilliant varnish of address. He was polished steel of the finest temper and brightness: the fascination of his manner, especially towards women, was very great, and seems to have been not the least effective of his diplomatic qualifications. He was placable, and even generous, in the trials of temper to which both private and political life are exposed; and he had, even before experience had matured it, a great dexterity in availing himself of all his personal advantages. This, however, had a drawback—he attributed, we have learned from those who knew him well, too much to dexterity—he relied on it in himself, and suspected that every body else was playing a rival game; and he had the misfortune—though it may be a diplomatic merit—of having a somewhat low opinion of mankind, and of being predisposed to unfavourable constructions of their views and principles.

Of these last traits of character this publication affords, we think, many instances. Of his higher and more amiable qualities there are, of course, fewer traces—they existed in the person, but were, from their nature, not transferable to his paper. In the few notes, however, that relate to his private conduct—those of his conversations with the Prince of Wales in the hey-day of his Royal Highness's youthful extravagance—and those relative to the junction of the Duke of Portland with Mr. Pitt—there is abundant proof of his good sense, integrity, patriotism, and honour—and these few green spots of home-life have been, we confess, very refreshing after our long and tedious detention in the barren maze of his Russian delusions, and the profitless bustle of his Dutch intrigues.

NOTE.

We are anxious to state that, in the Article on 'Dr. Arnold,' several paragraphs at the conclusion were accidentally omitted, in which we had dwelt more fully on some other points in Dr. Arnold's character—the remarkable freshness, for instance, pervading every part of it—without which we are well aware that our sketch may appear incomplete to those who knew and loved him. But we the less regret this, because we hope to have an early opportunity of bringing this striking character again before our readers by a review of his Roman History.

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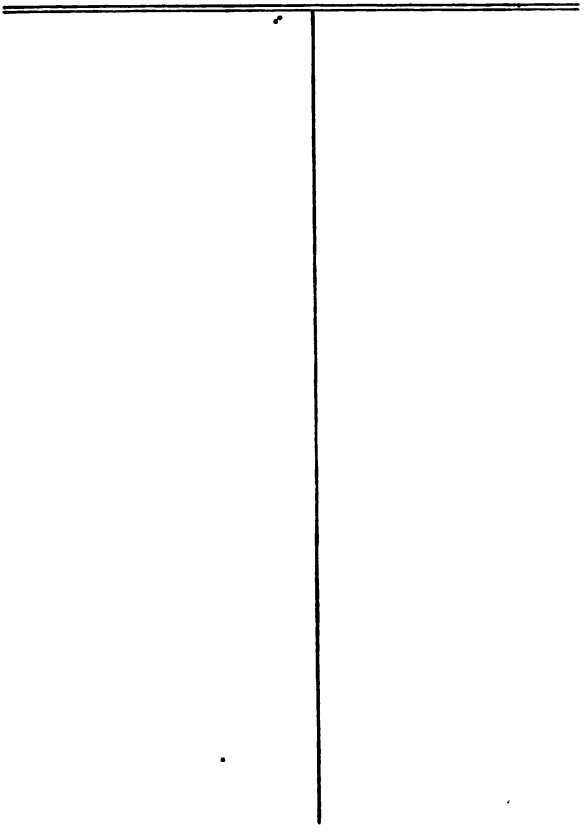

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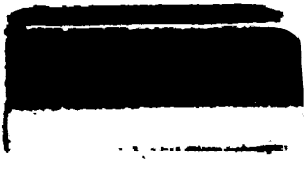

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